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HOME WORDS

FOR
HEART & HEARTH

1877

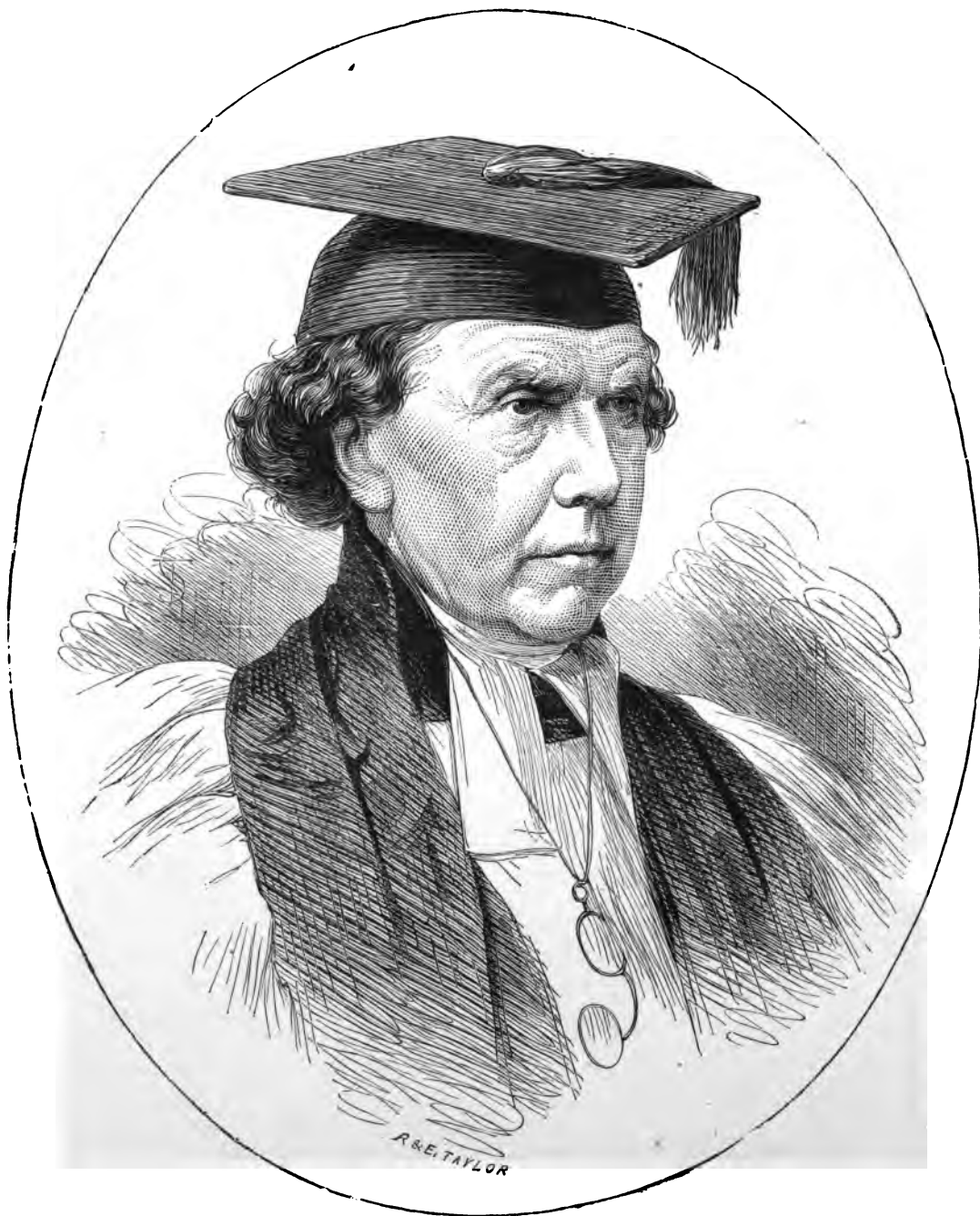


The Heart has many a dwelling place

But only once a Home



Per. 1419 d 279.
1877.



W. Cantu

THE TWO

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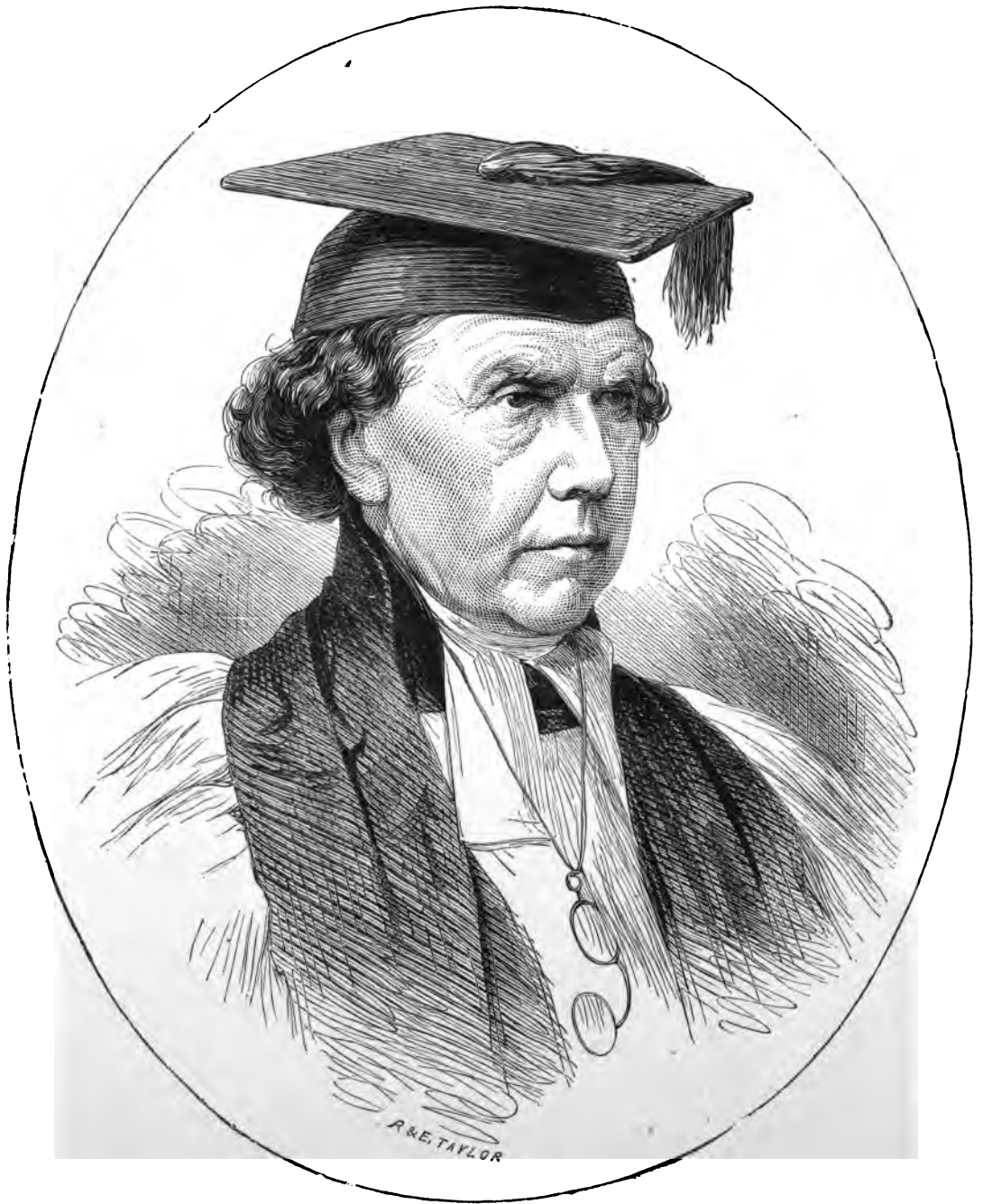
THE TWO

1877.

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W. Cantu

HOME WORK

FOR THE YEAR 1877

EDITED BY

CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,

OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER;

EDITOR OF "THE SUNDAY OF DAY," AND "HAND AND FOOT."

1877.

FROM

THE "HAND AND FOOT" PUBLISHING OFFICE,
1, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.



HOME WORDS

FOR

HEART AND HEARTH.

CONDUCTED BY THE

REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,

FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER;

EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," "THE DAY OF DAYS," AND "HAND AND HEART."

The free fair homes of England !
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall !
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

MRS. HEMANS.

1877.



London :

"HAND AND HEART" PUBLISHING OFFICE,
1, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.

BUTLER & TANNER,
THE SELWOOD PRINTING WORKS,
FROME, AND LONDON.

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HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The New Year.

BY THE REV. E. WILTON, M.A., RECTOR OF LONDESBOROUGH, YORKSHIRE.



LORD, fill my life with service or with song
 To Thee my Master, through the gliding Year;
 For daily praises may my voice be clear,
 For daily labours may my hands be strong.
 Thy Sovereign ownership let me not wrong,
 Or that sweet love which cost my Lord so dear:
 Touch Thou my heart and tongue, mine eye and ear;
 Let all this breathing frame to Thee belong.
 Oh, may the leaves of Life's new volume shine
 With holy thoughts and deeds, like radiant flowers,
 Meet for the hand and eye of Love Divine:
 So shall they vocal be, like vernal bowers,
 With songs of hope, the earnest and the sign
 Of that long Summer which will soon be ours!*

His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

(See Frontispiece.)



THE Archbishop of Canterbury was born at Edinburgh, December 22nd, 1811. He is the fifth and youngest son of the late Crauford Tait, Esq., of Harvieston, County Clackmannan; his mother being a daughter of the late Sir Islay Campbell, Bart., of Succoth.

Educated at the High School and at the Academy, Edinburgh, he afterwards went to the University of Glasgow.

In 1830 he was elected an Exhibitioner to Balliol College, Oxford, where he became successively Scholar, Fellow, Tutor, and Public Examiner. Whilst residing at Oxford he took a prominent part in opposing the spread of Tractarian principles.



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In 1842, on the death of Dr. Arnold, he was elected to fill the important office of Head Master of Rugby School, which he held for eight years. During this period he married a daughter of Archdeacon Spooner.

A severe illness, occasioned by over-exertion in his arduous post, probably induced Dr. Tait to accept, in April, 1850, the deanery of Carlisle. But, to a man of his mental activity and conscientious devotion to his sacred calling, this could be no post of indolent retirement. He originated, and generally conducted himself, an additional pulpit service on Sundays, besides undertaking an amount of labour in visiting the poor, instructing the young and ignorant, and superintending the public charities of a large town, seldom equalled by the most hard-working parish clergyman.

In 1856 Dr. Tait was appointed Bishop of London. He brought to his diocese, with its enormous population, the same ardent zeal for missionary work among the poorest and most ignorant that he had shown at Carlisle. He appeared more than once as an open-air preacher in Covent Garden Market, and in an omnibus yard at Islington, meeting with the heartiest reception from those whose interests he sought so earnestly to promote.

In 1863 he proposed, and by his zealous efforts powerfully contributed to the success of, an extensive scheme for supplying the deficiency of church accommodation in London, by raising a fund of £1,000,000 in the course of ten years.

On the death of Dr. Longley, in 1868, Dr. Tait was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. Of his Grace's busy life and the devoted discharge of the duties of his exalted position since his appointment, it is needless to speak. Few, if any, of our

Archbishops have laboured more zealously; whilst his uniform kindness and courtesy, and the "fatherliness" which characterizes his intercourse with the clergy, has won him the highest esteem and regard.

The Archbishop has contributed several important works to theological literature. We wish one of these works, "The Word and the Ground of Faith," could be published and widely circulated in a cheap and popular form.

The recent "Charge" of the Archbishop has excited considerable attention; and we cannot close our brief notice better than by giving a few earnest and faithful words in which his Grace urged the more diligent study of the "pure Word of God" as the best safeguard against the perils of the age.

"One thing, I think, is very plain—that every clergyman, and every layman who would assist the clergy, had better look very carefully to his study of the Holy Scriptures. All of us, at all events, have that Book, the greatest of all books, continually in our hands; let us see that we really study it as in the sight of God. I do not think we want any new school of theology. What I do think we want, is to revivify the old, and to apply the old truths more thoroughly to the exigencies of the time in which we live. I believe that such a school will found all its teaching on the Holy Scriptures. I think there will be this difference between such a school and that which preceded it: that it would be more jealous than that which went before it was of any human additions to the pure Word of God; that it will be very careful not to exalt any human authority,—however venerable, and however important it may be to pay due attention to such human authority in its place,—to an equal rank with the Divine Revelation of God."

A Daily Journey.

MAKE a journey every day to three mountains. Go to Sinai, and see your sins; go to Calvary,

and behold the Lamb of God; go to Zion, and view the Heavenly City.—*Dr. Marsh.*

The Witherbys;

OR, A HOME IN MARKET THORESBY.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "WILL FOSTER OF THE FERRY," "NOT FORSAKEN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

JACOB'S HOME-CIRCLE.



ELL,—I'll have to be patient a bit. I don't see as there's anything else to be done. Things are not so bad that they mightn't be worse, and maybe they'll mend soon. I'll just have to be patient."

There was a certain air of quiet endurance about the man, which matched not ill with the muttered words. It was a dismal sort of day; the streets being covered with an ankle-deep slush of half-frozen mud, while the few patches of snow remaining partook of the same dingy hue as sky and atmosphere. And Jacob Witherby formed no refreshing contrast whatever in the leaden-tinted scene; for he wore an old grey suit much the worse for use; and though his age numbered only some forty-five summers, yet his hair was grey as well as his quiet eyes, and even round his lips there was visible a certain grey tinge, as if of habitual ill-health. He trudged onwards heavily through the mire, with a weary droop in his head and arms; and he looked altogether, not only footsore and weary, but downhearted and disappointed as well.

"It don't really matter so much after all though, if I could only think it," he mused. "It don't matter so much; things'll come straight somehow, and I suppose I mustn't mind a while of trouble first. Most folks have it sooner or later. I've a lot of mercies to be thankful for."

It was a little difficult to look upon them steadily that day, however. And Jacob Witherby found himself speedily gazing at the other side of affairs.

And the other side was not bright.

Trials seemed somehow to be crowding upon him as he had never known them to do before; and Jacob could not at all see his way out of the tangle.

It was not through any fault of his own

that they had come; and indeed, nobody was to blame in the matter. But this gave poor consolation.

Only three months back, Jacob Witherby had been the trusted and well-to-do head gardener on the grounds belonging to a large country mansion, some twenty miles distant from the town of Market Thoresby. He had lived there, in the snug little cottage which had formed his home for thirteen years past, just in the rear of the hot-houses, fruit-houses, and vineries, where his chief interest had centred; devoted to his work, and thoroughly happy, Jacob had never dreamt of a change. Of course those thirteen years were not absolutely without trials. His master and his wife, though so far removed in outward circumstances, were both individuals of fidgety anxious tempers; and any less yielding man than Jacob might have found considerable difficulty in getting on with either of them. Nevertheless, taken all in all, those thirteen years, and indeed, the whole sixteen of his married life, had slipped past very quietly, and doubtless more peacefully than at the time he at all realized.

Then came the break which, at one time or another, does almost always come to such a placid flow of events. Jacob had a severe chill, and was laid aside by a sharp attack of rheumatic fever. It was a long trying illness, and just as he was rallying back to something like health, a heavier blow fell upon him. One evening his master was sitting in the little cottage parlour, with its round table and its well-filled book-case, and its neat prints, congratulating Jacob on his recovery. That day week, Mr. Enniskillen, stricken by the unseen hand of the last enemy, lay in his coffin, and his property passed into the hands of a distant relative.

One change succeeded another with sad rapidity. The house and grounds were sold by auction, and the new possessor did not require Jacob's services. Moreover, in his rickety state of health, made worse by grief for the loss of his master, no one seemed dis-

posed to engage him in the capacity of gardener. He had to leave his home, and no other cottages were vacant in the village; added to which, Jacob could not afford to live there without work. He had not neglected to lay by something for a rainy day, though the rainy day had long appeared so unlikely to arrive; but now that it had fairly come, the savings seemed to melt away like snow.

An opening was found at length in the town of Market Thoresby; and thither Jacob moved with his family and belongings, to take up his abode in a certain newly-built cottage, sufficiently inconvenient in position and arrangement to affect the rent considerably. They had arrived the evening before, and already an unexpected disappointment had fallen upon Jacob; for the promised work had failed him. Nobody could help it, and it seemed to be nobody's fault; but he felt very down-spirited and hopeless, on first hearing the tidings, and his heart sank at the thought of telling Dorothy.

Then it was,—as he made his way with aching limbs and sorrowful musings, to the new home, which as yet seemed so unhomelike,—then it was that there came to him a little whisper of comfort. Jacob could not have told how it came. He only knew that all at once there passed through his mind five simple and not unfamiliar words, which had never made any particularly deep impression on him before.

"YE HAVE NEED OF PATIENCE."

True enough that. He had need of patience indeed, sorer need than he had ever known before.

Jacob held the words fast for a little while, and then went back to the contemplation of his anxieties. Yet somehow that thought came up again and again in a persistent sort of way.

"Ye have need of patience!"

He had absolutely forgotten the rest of the verse. He did not know in the least what part of the Bible it came from. He wondered a little that the words should soothe him as they did, for there seemed nothing very comforting in the statement that he wanted patience. Yet he did feel in a measure both soothed and comforted. Without reasoning very clearly about the matter, he felt that his troubles were distinctly recognized by his Heavenly Father as troubles; that his need

of patience and strength was known; and that if he sought what he thus needed, he would surely receive.

Passing steadily onwards he came by-and-by to the outskirts of the town, where a row of small bare red cottages, roughly and cheaply run up, stared him in the face. Each contained four rooms; two below and two above; and not a few sheltered two and even four families; but the Witherbys had not been able to make up their minds to any such arrangement. It might have been more prudent perhaps, but then they could not tell how speedily the hoped-for work would fail. The front doors opened upon the pavement, and at the back might have been found a row of little gardens or plots of ground, enclosed by rather high walls, just as stiff and new and red as the cottages themselves.

Jacob gave one look up, thought of the creeper-covered house he had left, and sighed; then with downcast eyes, he made his way to Number 9.

"Father! O father, I'm glad you're back!"

If Jacob Witherby had a favourite among his five children, that favourite was undoubtedly his second girl, Rachel. She was a slender neat little maiden of about eleven, with a bright but not over healthy colour in her cheeks, and shining gentle dark eyes. Jacob loved her dearly, and was proud of her sweet ways, and there was nobody whom Rachel loved like her father; while the two were so completely one in their deepest interests and feelings, that the natural tie was greatly strengthened. Rachel never failed to be at the door to welcome her father home from work; and this first day in a strange place, she would not have missed doing so on any account.

"Father, I'm so glad you're back. And how have you got on?"

Jacob shook his head, but said nothing. Rachel scanned his face anxiously.

"I'm afraid all isn't right. But never mind, father. Things'll come straight somehow." Just what Jacob had been saying to himself, but it lightened him to hear the same words from Rachel's lips. "We've been working hard to-day, and all's put right and tea's ready."

"And mother?" whispered Jacob.

"She don't like the change, you know, father,

but maybe she'll get used to it after a bit."

"Go,—I'll come in a minute, child," said Jacob huskily. "Yes, I'll be glad of a cup of tea. It's no good news I've got to tell you all, though."

Rachel twined her arms round his neck for a moment, but made no answer. Then Jacob went upstairs to one of the tiny bedrooms, and returned in a few minutes, having left behind him a good deal of the mud gathered up during his long walk. Cold water is a freshener, and Jacob's face looked some degrees more cheery than when he first entered the cottage.

In the front room, which was half as large again as the back one, and which had to serve as kitchen and parlour all in one, Rachel was busily toasting some bread before the fire; while a spotless cloth covered the round table, and pretty red and white cups and saucers and plates were spread neatly thereon. The room had evidently been well scoured and dusted that day, and the furniture had been arranged to the best advantage, though it could not by any possibility look as well here as in the pretty country cottage. Some portion of what had been therein was not properly Jacob's own, and had gone with his master's property, but he possessed enough and to spare for these little rooms. The old bookcase, having found a snug corner near the door, gave a sort of home-like appearance to the place.

Ruth Witherby, a rosy-cheeked merry-faced girl of about thirteen, stood gazing out of the window when her father came in; and Tom, the only boy, just between Ruth and Rachel in age, was busily reading in a corner, with his hands pushed up into his shock of rough reddish hair; and Sue and Nell, the two little ones, were seated at the table, waiting impatiently for leave to begin. Dorothy Witherby, whose natural pleasantness of countenance was only marred by certain lines of fretfulness about the brow and mouth, and whose print gown wore traces of that day's dusty work, sat before the fire, in an attitude of deep dejection.

"Father's come, mother," cried two hungry little voices from the table.

Dorothy didn't even look round; so Jacob walked straight up to her, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Dolly, my dear, haven't you a word of welcome to me this first day?" he asked.

Dorothy hid her face in her apron and began to cry.

"Come, come!" said Jacob cheerily. "You haven't been doing this all day."

"I've been too busy," sobbed Dorothy. "But, oh dear,—to see you come back;—it makes me think of what *used* to be."

"I've got you still, and you've got me, and we've both got the children," said Jacob. "Dolly, woman, you're miserable too soon. How'll you bear what I've got to say?"

Dorothy looked up with a little gasp.

"What,—you don't mean to say as there's anything *more*?"

"No more than is good for us. The work's failed me."

Dorothy sat up and looked straight before her.

"I knew it!" she said. "I could have told *you*, 'most. I knew it. We're just going down from bad to worse, and we'll end our days in the workhouse!"

"Hope not," said Jacob. "Where's your trust gone this evening, Dolly?"

"I've got none," said Dorothy rather doggedly, as if she were a little disposed to pride herself on the lack. "If I ever had any, its gone like everything else. But I'm not like you. I've a mind to see things straight before me; and when I don't, folks needn't wonder if I'm miserable. Get away from that window, Ruth, and don't be staring at the neighbours. 'Tisn't your business. Tom, if you want any tea at all to-night, just put down that book."

Speaking sharply in her soreness of heart, Dorothy rose with a jerk, and came to the table. Jacob sighed and followed her.

CHAPTER II.

THINGS SEEN CROOKED.

TEA was a silent meal that evening; not according to its wont in the old home. Before the coming of all their troubles, the Witherbys had been in the habit of making merry at the evening gathering, with the bright simple household mirth which does everybody good and nobody harm. Sue and Nell, when they had done eating, used to climb, one upon each of father's knees; and

Tom used to talk about his school work; and Ruth would ask questions about the garden, or tell bits of village news; and Rachel would stand lovingly close behind, listening and smiling, and awaiting her own time, when the little ones should have gone to bed; and Dorothy, though often irritable and irritated at other hours, generally managed to recover her serenity by tea-time. So that had once been the hour of the day which all the children loved best, and not the children only.

But a change had come. Jacob's weakened limbs were now scarcely able to bear the weight of two heavy children; and Dorothy's spirits were still less equal to the merry fun which she had once enjoyed. So tea of late had grown to be a quieter meal, and to-night it promised to be almost gloomy. The little ones ate without a word, but not without some timid glances at mother's face. Ruth was the only one brave or happy enough to speak, and Ruth's chatter was never easily checked.

"Father, d'you know? the school's just at the end of the next street; for Tom told me so; but mother would not let me go and look," she said, with her mouth full of bread and butter. "How soon will we have to go?"

Nobody spoke for a few seconds, and then Dorothy said,—

"There isn't much chance of school or anything else being paid for now."

"Oh, then we'll have a bit of a holiday. I shan't mind that," said Ruth, who was a somewhat giddy little maiden. "Oh, father, do you think we'll know the neighbours, all of them? There are such lots! And do you know? next door on *this* side, there's the Dixes and the Chapmans living all in one house, the Dixes upstairs and the Chapmans down. And the other side, there's the Mitchells and the Barthers and the Callaghans, all in one house too. I shouldn't like that. It's little enough room we have here."

"How do you know all about it so soon, Ruth?" asked Jacob.

"Ay, you may well ask!" put in Dorothy shortly.

"Why, I couldn't help it, father," began Ruth, half bashfully. "Nancy Dix came and looked over our garden wall while I was out there, and she told me ever so many things. She said she was the eldest of six,

and there are only three Chapmans; and she told me the Mitchells are so proud, nobody can't know them; and Mrs. Callaghan's a widow, and such a scold everybody's frightened of her, and she has only one little niece that she beats when she's angry; and the Barthers' father won't work and is always drinking, so they have to live huddled up all together in one room. And she said"—

"That'll do, Ruth," interposed Jacob with decision. "We'll learn fast enough all the bad things about our neighbours, and no fear. I'd sooner hear some good about 'em."

"Nancy didn't tell me any good, father; but I think I'd have-liked Nancy Dix, if she was a bit tidier."

Jacob shook his head slightly, and Dorothy broke out:—

"I've been telling Ruth it's the first and last time I'll have her taking up with strange folks without my leave. I'd sooner shut her up and never let her go nowhere, than see her turn into one o' them idle, tawdry, bold-faced, gossiping girls, as are lounging all over the place, a disgrace to their homes. I've no fear for Rachel; but Ruth's a naughty girl to-day, and she knows it, and I wonder she dares tell it all out to your face without a bit of shame."

Ruth pouted, and then glanced up to meet Jacob's eyes fixed upon her sorrowfully.

"Mother's right, Ruthie," he said. "It won't do, and it musn't be; you've gone and made a mistake to-day; but you'll take care, my girl, now won't you?"

"I do mean to be a good girl, father," said Ruth. "But I don't see how I'm to help giving a civil answer when folks speak to me."

"Can't be too civil, but it needn't be long," said Jacob. "There's a good old saying,— 'Tell me who your friends are, and I'll tell you who you are yourself.' We'll need to be careful what friends we choose, among so many as are round us."

"But, father," said Ruth, and then she hesitated. "But, father, if we go and keep to ourselves, won't folks call us proud and stuck-up, like Nancy Dix did about the Mitchells?"

"Maybe," said Jacob. "It don't much matter what's said, so long as it isn't true. Don't be proud and stuck-up, and folks won't say it long. Ah, Ruthie, it's a different thing

living here, you'll find, from living in master's garden, shut off from the world, as one may say; except so much of the world as we carry about with us in our hearts, and that isn't little."

Ruthie was not so fond of grave talk as Rachel, and she managed to sheer off.

"Nancy Dix told me something else too," she said. "It wasn't anything bad of the neighbours, father, so I may speak, mayn't I? You know that great big high wall, that runs all along the other side of the lane at the back of our gardens, with a row of trees inside?"

Jacob nodded.

"Well, Nancy said there was a great large garden inside, and a big house; and there's a lady living in it all alone; and she never comes out of her garden, and never goes nowhere, nor speaks to anybody, and nobody sees her or knows anything about her at all. Isn't it funny? Bread, Tom."

"Ruth, if you don't choose to say 'please,' you shan't have any," interposed Dorothy sharply. "And I should think you had gossiped enough for one evening."

"But, mother, isn't it funny?" asked Ruth, after a rather reluctant 'Please, Tom.'

"It's no business of mine, and still less of yours," said Dorothy.

"You made a bit of a mistake, Ruthie," said Jacob in his gentler way. "You said 'twas no harm of the neighbours you had to tell."

Ruth opened her eyes and said, "Well, father, it isn't."

"I wouldn't like such things said of *me*," remarked Jacob. "Maybe our neighbour, the good lady, wouldn't either."

"But then it wouldn't be true of you, father."

"And how d'you know it's true of the lady, my girl?"

"But, father, she isn't our neighbour."

"She can't get out of being *that*, living so nigh as she does," said Jacob. "She's ours, and we're hers."

"Nancy seemed to know a deal about her, anyway," muttered Ruth under her breath. "She said the lady wasn't right in the head, and that's why nobody wasn't allowed to go near her."

"Nancy Dix is a regular gossip, and if you don't look out, Ruth, you'll grow into just such another," said Dorothy. "I just wonder at you, Jacob, for letting her tongue run on so.

If I hear another word of such talk, I'll have you off to bed that minute, Ruth."

Ruth knew how thoroughly her mother meant what she said, and her flow of talk was checked for the time. Immediately after tea, she was despatched by her mother to put the two little ones to bed; while Rachel was desired to wash the tea-things. This was changing the usual order of events, and Ruth seemed inclined to rebel, but good-natured Tom fairly pulled her out of the room. "Come now, don't make a fuss," he whispered. "Don't you see how worried mother is? I dare say she wants a bit of talk with father, and Rachel knows how to hold her tongue, and not interrupt."

Ruth went, though unwillingly, and only Rachel remained behind. Even Tom did not return at once.

Perhaps Dorothy really had wanted such a talk, but if so, she seemed little disposed to begin it. Jacob sat in his chair on one side of the fire, with a dejected droop in his shoulders, for he did not feel either brave or patient now. Dorothy went about the kitchen aimlessly, putting things straight, with an averted face. Rachel rinsed plates busily at the table.

"We haven't heard yet how the work's failed, father," she said all at once. "Won't you tell us?"

"Dolly, don't you want to hear?" asked Jacob.

"It don't make any difference," said Dorothy, in a voice which told of tears not far distant. "It's the thing itself I mind, not *how* it happened."

She began to rub the table vehemently with a duster. Jacob waited a moment and then gave particulars in his quiet voice. The gentleman who had intended to engage him as his gardener,—who had in fact virtually done so,—was very kind and very sorry for him, but couldn't help the change. The truth was, he had just lost a heavy sum of money by the failure of a bank, and was obliged to go suddenly abroad, leaving his house shut up. No gardener would be needed at present, as it was quite uncertain whether he might not have to dispose of all his property; and in any case the expense of keeping Witherby could not be thought of. He paid Jacob something, which was only right, and promised

to recommend him; but he did not know anybody else in the place who wanted, or was likely to want, a gardener.

"Tisn't quite the time of year, you see, Rachie. We're only in January still. Maybe by-and-by——"

"Folks shouldn't go and put money in banks that are not safe," said Dorothy, feeling disposed to blame somebody.

"Shouldn't nor wouldn't either, if they knew it," said Jacob. "It can't be helped, Dolly. We've got to meet our trouble."

Dorothy came and stood in front of the fire.

"What'll you do next?" she demanded.

A little smile crept slowly over Jacob's face. "I think I'll set to and pray first," he said, softly.

"There's nought to hinder that; but then what are you going to *do*?" asked Dorothy impatiently.

"I shouldn't wonder if that's the most downright practical bit of *doing* in the whole affair," mused Jacob—"I shouldn't, Rachie. It's a wonderful mighty engine of power, is prayer; only it's an engine that folks let to lie rusting in their houses, mostly. And then I'll look out all I can, as in duty bound, and see if work's to be had; that's my part of the business. But my part's worth little, without God sends me the work; so I take it the asking's the most important of all. Eh, Dolly?"

"I didn't ask you to preach to me," was Dolly's response. "I don't believe you'll get work at all; and how are we to get on?"

"Well, we haven't come to starvation-pass yet," said Jacob. "There's what's left of the savings still, though it goes to my heart to have to use them all up. But maybe I'll hear of something soon."

"And if you don't?" said Dolly.

Jacob looked round him, and sighed. Dolly's doubts began to weigh down his trust.

"If not, then we'll be in a bad way," he said slowly.

"Mother can wash," Rachel ventured to suggest in her softest tone.

"And who's like to give me washing, when nobody knows anything about us here?" asked Dorothy.

Father and child felt the force of the difficulty. Rachel laid down the last plate, and came to Jacob's side. Dorothy moved towards the door, and suddenly went out.

"Rachie, what do you think of it all?" asked Jacob.

"Things'll come straight, father," said Rachel cheerily.

"No doubt of that," said Jacob. "There's a time to come when everything'll be made straight; but they're crooked enough now, my girl."

"Everything isn't crooked *always*," said Rachel. "We've got to be patient."

"Ye have need of patience," thought Jacob to himself; while he said aloud, "Ay, but the crookedness pretty often lasts a good bit before the straightening."

"I suppose it *has* to be," said Rachel thoughtfully. "Father, don't you think we'll be taken care of? I shouldn't wonder if you was to find work to-morrow."

And the hopeful look in her eyes helped Jacob to expect better things than he had done.

But the straightening lay seemingly some distance ahead. Next day, and the day after, and many days succeeding, Jacob sought diligently for work, and sought in vain. The savings went fast.

(To be continued.)

Home Lessons.

BY THE REV. R. WILTON, M.A., AUTHOR OF "WOOD-NOTES AND CHURCH BELLS."



HOME lessons, with parental love impart
On childhood's opening pages, white and pure,
Through Life's long volume how they will endure,
When lips which uttered them in silence rest!
The earliest lisping prayer to God address,



HOME LESSONS.

Faltering rehearsals of His precepts sure,
 The smiles and patient trouble which allure
 To household tasks—how is their memory blest !
 On tender hearts, oh, let Christ's lessons fair,—
 Instant obedience, industry, and truth,—
 Be written out with daily pains and prayer ;
 So fruits of age shall crown the flowers of youth,
 And mellowing Years shall bless the counsels mild
 Which taught Life's Spring to love the Holy Child !

Londesborough Rectory.

RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

Little Foxes and the Tender Grapes.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "NOT YOUR OWN ;"
 "BENEATH THE CROSS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE TENDER GRAPES.



"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes."—*Solomon's Song* ii. 15.

FANCY Solomon had been in the vineyards when he wrote this, and had seen mischief done. The vines had been carefully planted and trained, the soil had been enriched, a fence had been made, the stones gathered out; but for all this, sad havoc has been made and much labour lost. The vine branches are trailing on the ground, the ripening clusters have been crushed and bruised, their beauty gone, and many a bunch become utterly worthless. An enemy has done it; but who has it been? Not the wild boar out of the wood wasting it, or the wild beast breaking it down and trampling it underfoot. No! It is a humbler foe. A sly, cunning fox has found a little gap in the hedge and has forced himself in; and now all this damage and harm has followed which many a day's labour cannot repair.

Ah! we must take more pains and trouble in this matter. We must be more careful to make up the fence. We must set traps to catch these crafty enemies; for they spoil our vines, undo our work, and rob us of our

pleasant fruits when just about to gather them in.

But we speak of another vineyard, and of other fruits.

These "tender grapes," what are they, and where do they grow?

I suppose we may take them for those beautiful fruits of righteousness, which adorn the Christian and the Church of God. The various graces of the Christian character: love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, the spirit of true filial prayer, humility and brokenness of heart in the remembrance of sin; a longing after the image of Christ; the unselfish kindness that seeketh not her own; the heavenliness that looks up to a Father's house; the praising, thankful heart that will bless God at all times;—these are all tender grapes, very beautiful and very precious.

We might add the outcome of these graces as seen in the life: every zealous effort to do good; every loving word and deed; in fact, everything that has in it something of Christ, and is done after His mind and will.

Or we might liken these "tender grapes" to the beginnings of a new and better life; the first wish for better things; the early growth of repentance, or of a desire after God; the sigh of the prodigal child in the far country; the newly-formed purpose to attend the house of God; that which is only very imperfect, very unripe fruit; and yet there is a true striving after something yet unattained.

But where do these pleasant fruits grow? Where may we look for them to come to due perfection?

They are only to be found on the branch of "the True Vine." Not on the brier, or the thorn-bush of corrupt human nature; not on the wild olive-tree of natural powers or unsanctified intellect; but on the branch living and abiding in the Vine of God's own right hand. All goodness and righteousness flow from vital union with Christ. Unregenerate man cannot bring forth the fruits of grace. There needs a mighty change. He must be cut off from the old stem of Adam, and be grafted by faith into the Second Adam. He must have a new life and a new power and strength from Him who died for us here and rose again.

Believe it, for it is God's own truth. Acceptance in the Beloved must precede the work of faith and the labour of love. Convinced of sin by the Holy Spirit, we must look to Christ, and to Christ alone, for pardon and salvation. In Him there is no condemnation; for He has died our death and borne our sins, suffering the Just for the unjust that He might bring us to God. In Him we have wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption; yea, all that we can possibly need. Accepting Him as our Saviour, the Spirit of God bears witness with our spirit that we are the children of God; and in filial trust we cry, "Abba! Father."

But to bear the pleasant fruits of faith, we must "abide" in Christ. It is not

enough that we come to Him at first, but we must cling to Him, depend upon Him, rely upon Him, day by day and hour by hour. We must receive constantly out of His fulness the fruit-producing sap, the grace and virtue of His Holy Spirit.

If there is separation from Christ, at once we begin to fail.

Take your penknife, make an incision between the stem and that slender branch, and though the eye of the passer by may be unable to see the cut, yet from that moment the branch can only wither and die. No more life, no more growth, no more fruit can be found in it.

So is it with the Christian. Separate the soul from Christ, let the heart depart from Him, let a man cease to look to Him and depend upon Him; and henceforth, whilst the backsliding lasts, there can be nothing but spiritual decay and death. Others may be unable to discern the change, outward ordinances may still be attended, and duties in common life performed much as usual, but the Great Husbandman has seen it and knows it. Until there be a hearty return to the Saviour, on that branch no fruit will grow henceforth for ever.

Remember it, Christian, all power for fruit-bearing is in constant abiding union with Christ. Diligently use all the means of grace,—prayer, meditation on the Word, the Lord's Supper, converse with God's people,—but do not rest in them. Let them lead you to depend more and more on Christ Himself, and quicken and strengthen your faith and love to Him. Let the language of your heart ever be—

"What without Thee can I be?"

What without Thee can I do?"

And keep in the sunshine. The fruit cannot be sweet and luscious without the warm beams of the sun ripening it. So, Christian, dwell much in the love and joy of Christ. Delight yourself ever in Him, in His loving Presence, in His unfailing

sympathy, in His ready and powerful help, in His unchangeable faithfulness and truth. "Rejoice in the Lord alway : and again I say, Rejoice."

And forget not how precious the tender grapes are in the eye of the Great Husbandman ; "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit ; so shall ye be my disciples." No tongue can tell how the Father delights in the holiness, happiness, and usefulness of His children. He rejoices over them with joy and singing. He accepts their least services, and never despiseth the day of small things. He marks their sighs and tears, their works and labours of love, their patience of hope, their wish to please Him more and more. He looks upon them as the leaven that is to leaven the whole lump, as a witness for Him in a world flooded with iniquity. He regards everything that is holy and righteous with approbation, for it is the fruit of His own Spirit in the heart. Therefore we must take heed, and guard and watch over

these precious graces. We must put off all that mars and destroys them. We must resolutely cast off the ten thousand little things that are ever ready to turn us aside.

To assist the readers of *Home Words* in this, is the object I have in view in these papers. They will touch very practical matters which concern every one of us. Let us lay to heart the perils that are near, and endeavour to avoid them. With the Good Spirit as our Guide and Instructor, let us search out the little foxes in their dens and hiding-places. Let us beat the wood and set traps by the way. Let us catch and kill them whenever we can, and prevent them longer from doing injury to ourselves and others. By prayer we shall prevail. "The help that is done upon earth, God doeth it Himself."

"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us, O prosper Thou our handiwork."



To the North Pole; or, the Home Magnet.

BY THE REV. S. B. JAMES, M.A., VICAR OF NORTHMARSTON, BUCKS.

O ice, no snow, no seals, no glaciers nor Esquimaux ! No, and no sign of them, nor of any of them ; only a fisherman wending his homeward way, with a worn face brightening up as he rounds the covelet (diminutive of cove), and points across to *his* North Pole. Only that, and the bay behind, and the boats, and the cottage with its curling smoke.

Yet Walter Smith is bound for the Pole. One might have said the South Pole if everybody were not talking about the North Pole. The South Pole is quite as magnetic as the North Pole ; and when a man or woman is "true as the needle to the Pole," the question "which Pole?" is left

an open question. But if any reader would like to draw his pen through the word North, and put the word South in its place, he is welcome to do so. If the title were "To the Pole," and no North or South, readers would not gather the writer's meaning so readily. A writer is always glad to be understood, because that is a step to being liked, and indulged now and then with smiles and handshakes.

Walter Smith rowed me out in a boat, one summer day, when the sea was green and the sky was bluer than it has ever been since, or ever perhaps will be again. That was when he was younger and other people were younger, when we were all talking about Alma and Inkerman, and Walter could rest upon his oars and tell of the brave brother out in the Crimea



THE NORTH POLE; OR, THE HOME MAGNET.

who never came back from those terrible trenches.

Shake hands, Walter, old friend of the pleasure boat, shake hands and do not look so puzzled. Don't you remember? It was somewhere about twenty years ago, down at Felixstowe on the Suffolk coast, or Harwich, or Walton-on-the-Naze, or some of those places, before you left for Wales. The lady chose to stay upon the beach, don't you remember? and there we found her—you and I—when we came back after that pleasant row. We found the lady talking to somebody on the look-out for you, named Miriam Nixon, who—

Now you remember; yes, yes, I knew you would. And so Miriam Nixon lives up there where the smoke curls, does she? And her name is *not* Miriam Nixon, at least not *Nixon* now; is it not? Well, Walter, you do not look twenty years older. How is the anxious mother now, and the good father? Both alive yet?

Then my difficulty is solved at once about the poles. The cottage with the smoke is the North Pole; and another cottage, wherein live old William and Ann Smith, is the South Pole. Magnets both; attractions both.

There is a common expression now-a-days, in books and newspapers, about "reading between the lines." That expression signifies that there is more than meets the eye in what we are reading. Reading between the lines is a most useful accomplishment. With some men it is a

gift, with others an acquisition. With my readers, it is, I feel sure, "a gift of nature."

We can read between the lines of that picture a thrifty, loving wife, clean tablecloth, hot potatoes, babes that do not "squall" so often as the winds that Walter is buffeted by out at sea, an arm-chair that looks remarkably easy for a tired sailor; and on a small side-table a large print Bible, Book of Common Prayer, a "Pilgrim's Progress," a well-thumbed hymn-book, and two or three of the bright blue volumes of *Home Words*—none of them covered with the dust of neglect, but evidently regarded as bright and cheering household friends.

But we see, or shall see presently, something more between the lines of our picture. There's a bright face at the door, or there will be in a couple of minutes. There's instead of a "club with home comforts," as it is well put, "a home with club comforts."

What a club! Talk of "The United Service"! Why, this is "The United Service" of life and soul! Talk of "The Reform"! Here you are, sir, at its door! Talk of "The Conservative"! Look at that old oak table, shining like a raven's feather, preserved and "conserved" for fifty years by father and son, and say whether that is not true "Conservatism!"

"The Home Club" for ever! North Pole and South Pole for ever! Magnets for ever!

What will the New Year Bring?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COPSLEY ANNALS."



ILL the New Year bring greetings

Blithesome and gay?

Long looked-for meetings,

Joy's sunny day?

Father, we know not!

Coming joys show not:

Hear our entreatings—

Show Thou the Way!

Will the New Year bring weeping—

Sorrow's increase?

Will the New Year bring sleeping—

Quiet release?

Father, most tender,

We can surrender

All to Thy keeping—

Grant us Thy Peace!

England's Martyr-Bishops.

I. JOHN HOOPER: BISHOP AND MARTYR.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK.



HERE were five bishops of the English Church who, during the brief reign of Queen Mary, yielded up their lives in testimony of their faith. These were Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury; Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester; Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London; Robert Farrar, Bishop of St. David's; and John Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester. These five men, by reason of their position, learning, and the mark they left on the history of England, have earned for themselves the foremost place amongst the martyrs of our Church of England.

I propose, in a series of papers, to review the life and labours of each of these respectively. Even among these five mighty men there were diversities of character and of temperament and of talent, which lend no small part of the interest to the story of each. Some of them were statesmen and diplomats, as well as bishops and martyrs; and some others were only simple-minded men, whose persecution arose from the fact of their godly living and their faithfulness to the truth. Of this latter class were Hooper and Farrar; and as these were the first to die, we shall take them first in our review.

JOHN HOOPER was a man remarkable for singleness of purpose and simplicity of mind. He was not a courtier, nor a man of the world, but a simple-minded clergyman, who withdrew himself from everything that involved ostentation or display.

At Oxford he gave himself much to the study of the Scriptures; and thus early his troubles began. His study of the Holy Scriptures caused him to fall under the displeasure of the University authorities. Already, as he himself expressed it, they "began to stir the coals" against him. Driven from the University by the rigour of the Act of Six Articles, he found a temporary refuge in the service of Sir Thomas Arundel. Summoned before Gardiner, Bishop of Win-

chester, he was placed under examination for the space of four or five days. Nothing, however, came of this, and he was sent back again at Arundel's request. Further protection failing him, he fled to France, and subsequently to Germany. At Zurich he met with the famous Bullinger; and on hearing of the death of Henry and the accession of Edward VI., he returned to England. Being congratulated by Bullinger on his prospects under the new reign, he expressed his sad presentiments in the following words:—"You shall be sure from time to time to hear from me, and I will write unto you how it goeth with me; but the last news of all I shall not be able to write, for you shall hear of me to be burned to ashes."

This was a true presentiment, as we shall see by-and-by.

On his return to England, he preached every day; large crowds flocked to hear him; the churches were full to the very doors. He is described as an able preacher, of a melodious and clear voice—"in doctrine earnest, in tongue eloquent, in Scripture perfect, in pains indefatigable." He was, moreover, strong to labour; never breaking down from hardness of work. Promotion did not spoil him, nor did his prospects corrupt him. No kind of slander ever fastened on him. Strong in body and in mind, he devoted all his power to his Divine Master's service. His only fault seems to have been, that he was rather grave and severe in manner, so as to deter many from seeking counsel of him.

He was appointed by Edward VI. to the see of Gloucester; and it is said that the presentiments of his earlier days were greatly strengthened by the circumstance that the heraldic arms of the bishopric of Gloucester were (and I believe still are), a lamb in a fiery bush, with a sunbeam descending upon it from heaven.

The general character of Hooper as a bishop was summed up in the glowing words of such a testimony as the following:—"No father in his household, no gardener in his

garden, no husbandman in his vineyard, was more or better occupied than he in his diocese, among his flock."

On the accession of Mary, Hooper was summoned before Bonner, Bishop of London, and a court of commissioners. By this time a new charge had arisen on the subject of the marriage of the clergy; and Hooper, in common with many of the Reformers, had married. This was made a pressing accusation against him. Being questioned by the Bishop of Winchester as to his marriage, he replied,—“Yea, my Lord, and I will not be unmarried till death unmarry me.”

The whole scene, however, passed into one of noise and tumult and insults. One of the commissioners cried out that Hooper had never read the doings of Councils; to which he replied by referring to the Council of Nice:—“Nice, through Paphnutius, decreed that no clergyman should be separated from his wife.”

The commission then returned to the old charge in the matter of the “Corporeal Presence in the Sacrament.” Hooper urged the text, “Whom the heaven must receive [*lit.* retain] until the times of restitution of all things” (Acts iii. 21); whereupon the tumult was renewed, amid which the sentence was pronounced, that he be deprived of his office as a bishop, and be committed to the Fleet prison. He was subsequently “degraded” from his sacred office, and was sent to Gloucester, there to be burned.

Within the enclosure of the churchyard of St. Mary de Lode, in Gloucester, and just

outside the Cathedral precincts, there stands a memorial to the once martyr-bishop of that ancient see. It is erected on the spot that has been rendered sacred by the martyrdom.

Hooper's death was associated with some of the refinements of cruelty. First of all, he was tempted by the dazzling overture of the Queen's pardon; the only condition being his recantation. The box containing this tempting document was placed beside the pyre. He seems to have felt how strong the temptation might possibly be, and at once exclaimed,—“If ye love my soul, away with it!”

Lord Chandos thereupon gave orders:—“Seeing there is no remedy, despatch him quickly.”

Bags of gunpowder were bound under his arms and elsewhere on his person; but the faggots were green, and burned slowly. In the agony of a slow fire he exclaimed,—“O Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me, and receive my spirit!”

Still the fire burned slowly. For three quarters of an hour he endured the sluggish flame; and in his slow agonies exclaimed:—“For God's love, good people, let me have more fire!”

His sufferings were long; life lingered on. At length the gunpowder exploded, and one arm was severed. The poor body was broken ere the spirit fled. His last words were,—“Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!”

It was, indeed, a lamb in a fiery bush; but not without the blessed sunbeam, with its golden ladder of celestial light descending upon him out of the abode of God.



The Alpine Marmot.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Alpine Marmot is a wonderful as well as a pretty little creature.

It is very small, only sixteen inches in length from its nose to its tail.

The head is rather large in proportion to the size of the body. The ears are round, short, and almost hid in the fur which surrounds them. The colour of the fur

is of a tawny ash colour on the upper parts, and a rich fawn colour beneath. The tail is thick, and covered with long bushy hairs, as seen in our engraving. In its Alpine home it is, in itself as well as by contrast, a charming addition to the striking beauty and grandeur of the scenery.

But it is a wonderful little creature too. It inhabits the loftest summits of the Alpine



THE ALPINE MARMOT.

regions of the Pyrenees, Savoy, Poland, Ukraine, and Chinese Tartary; and its underground abode as well as its winter repose, are both remarkable. Its burrow is contrived with great art. It consists of an oval cavity or general receptacle, large enough to contain several of them; living as they do, in little societies. It has generally three chambers, in the shape of a Y, with two entrances.

But the wisdom of the Marmot, or we suppose we must call it instinct, is especially shown in its clever plan of getting through the cold winter. Sleep is a warm friend to us all; and sleep is a warm friend to the Marmot. In fact he goes to bed all the winter. He knows that he can do so; and therefore (as wise as the ant, who knows the contrary) he does *not* "make provision" during the summer. He has no winter stores, but passes the time in a state of profound sleep called hybernation.

The experiments of Dr. Marshall Hall Lane throw much light on the condition of animals under such circumstances. From them it would appear that the system, by a wise and beneficent law, undergoes certain modifications essential to the continuance of vitality, the irritability of the nervous system increasing in

a ratio equal to the decrease of the action of the heart and arteries, the blood passing sluggishly through the lungs, and undergoing but little apparent change, which, though essential to activity, is far from being requisite in this time of slumber.

Thus, then, the Marmots, having stopped up the entrance of their burrows with earth, doze away the inclement months, till the warm suns and showers of April arouse them from their torpidity, to partake of the renewed vegetation. From five to twelve animals are said to lodge in one burrow.

They lift their food to their mouths with the fore feet, eat it sitting, and will walk on their hind feet. They are playful creatures; but when angry, or before a storm, pierce the air with their shrill whistle.

When taken young, the Marmot may be easily tamed, and will eat any kind of vegetables, which, together with insects and roots, are the natural food of its race. Milk pleases these animals greatly, and they lap it with sounds of pleasure. They become fat, and are sometimes eaten. The number of young at a birth is generally three or four. Marmots are often taken by Savoyards and other itinerants, to be shown in begging—like white mice, monkeys, and other creatures.

Home Makers, and How they Made them.

(NEW SERIES.)

BY MRS. CLARA L. BALFOUR.

I. GRANNY GEAR'S KNITTING NEEDLES.



It is not the great things only in this world that fill me with surprise and pleasure: some of the small and weak things that man utilizes and God prospers, excite my deepest admiration. When my tea-kettle sings its pleasant song, as it bubbles on my hob, I think how the vapour that

lifts its lid and rushes out of its spout, guided and controlled by science and skill, sends the great locomotives along the iron road, and brings distant places into close neighbourhood; or drives the great engines that set the machinery going, which fills our houses with all sorts of comforts, and supplies us with all kinds of clothing. I am struck with the fact that steam—a thin

elastic vapour, is one of the mightiest powers that God has made known to man. Or when I see an elegant silk dress, and think of it as the marvellous product of the labours of the little silk-worm; or, how pods of cotton or fibres of flax clothe the world,—these and similar simple reflections fill my soul—

“With wonder, love, and praise.”

It is equally true in the human, as in the natural world, that we must not “despise the day of small things.” In these records of “Home Makers,” I have not dealt with exceptionally strong, wise, or clever people, but with the ordinary run of common folk. Most of them have had very few advantages, but their aim has been, by industry and good sense, and above all, by dependence on God’s blessing, to make the best of their lot in life. Still, I own that my examples have mostly had youth and health on their side; and these are such benefits that I am never inclined to consider people poor who have them. Health, strength, youth, with good principles, are in reality rich possessions with which to conquer difficulties and win a good name and a happy home.

Once, however, I knew a woman who had none of these advantages. She was a poor, weakly creature, without much to recommend her to notice. Indeed, she was one of those people who, somewhat early in life, are called old, and rather overlooked in the house.

Old Mrs. Gear’s place in John Webster’s house, was either in the washhouse or at the ironing board, or in a dark nook at the chimney corner, where on winter evenings she knitted socks and stockings with such a persistency that she might have been a knitting machine. Her only daughter was married to Webster, and he was not a very good husband. Not that his wife complained of him. She knew there were many all around her who were worse than her John. There was a rapidly-increasing family. Life and death came often

into that home; for some of the children were sickly, and did not survive infancy; and what the poor, wearied mother would have done if her widowed mother, old Mrs. Gear, had not lived with her, it was impossible to say, for with all her constant, quiet toil, life was hard in Webster’s home.

He was a blacksmith, and earned good wages. He prided himself on knowing how to carry his drink; for as he said, “No one ever saw him the worse for what he took.” Certainly he was not a drunkard; but what he took was the worse for his children and his wife, and even for himself. Clothes and food and fire and house-rent were all very hard to get out of his wages when the publican’s score was paid. The man felt the hardship, and grew cross and stern. It is wonderful how thinking of himself and his drink and his pleasures hardens a man’s heart towards his family.

Old Mrs. Gear, however, lived peaceably with her son-in-law. She was a very quiet woman. A great sorrow had given her a shock just a month after her daughter Ann married. Gear, her husband, was killed at the works where he had been employed many years; and as the poor wife tenderly loved him, she was nearly killed too by grief. A subscription was made for her, and she went to her daughter’s to live, giving the newly-married pair the benefit of the little money that had been collected. No one said, “She might have gone into a little business for herself,” for all the neighbours considered that “Old Mrs. Gear, poor thing! was just fit for nothing but to potter about after her daughter.” Though some few, shrewder than the rest, observed, “Poor old soul, Webster and his wife will be sure to get what they can out of her.”

So years passed on. Granny Gear was never seen out of the house except on Sunday evenings. It was the only personal habit which she never let the family interfere with. She would go to the House of

God, lugging often a heavy child in her arms, and always rising long hours on the Sunday morning before the rest, so as to make something like Sabbath order in the dwelling.

Webster grumbled at the old woman going out in her rusty old widow's bonnet, with the wear of years on it, as being a kind of disgrace to the family. But it was no use opposing her,—go she would; and Ann Webster would often say, "It's mother's only comfort, John."

The autumn of 184— was very sickly in Naughton Deep. Webster fell ill of typhoid,—they called it simply low fever then. There was nothing laid by for any contingency. He had been a remarkably strong man; but he succumbed sooner than many who were weaker. His wife, much reduced with the cares of her family and many privations, watched over him, as tender women do, with more fondness than wisdom: took no rest and little food while she was nursing him; and when he died, suddenly sank, and followed him only thirty-six hours after.

Six children were now left orphans—three girls, the eldest fourteen and the youngest eleven, and three boys under seven. A sister of Webster's, who had no children, took the youngest boy. What was to become of the others?

In the conversation of the neighbours there was a phrase very often used—"THE HOUSE"—"They'll have to go there, old Mrs. Gear and all,—there's nothing else for them."

Mary, the eldest girl, happening to hear what was said, told her grandmother, and a new spirit seemed to enter into the widow as the child spoke.

"No, Mary, not if I can help it,—no, never!"

"Why, how ever can we do, grandmother?"

"Child, I'll try by God's blessing what *knitting needles* can do."

Winter was coming on. The house was bare of all but the merest necessities. Furniture and clothes had been sold during the illness and to pay funeral expenses. Rent, too, was in arrear; but the landlord, a good young man who had noticed Mrs. Gear in her seat on Sundays, said he would wait until the grandmother had time to apply to her friends.

Friends!—she had none—on earth. Yes;—she had her *knitting needles*!

In her box was a little hoard of socks that she had knitted during the summer to help to buy the stock of winter coals. She sent off Mary with these to the wife of the first lawyer in the town, who had a very large family, and who knew Widow Gear's knitting powers. She did not want the socks herself just then; but a look at the orphan's face decided her to go out among her friends and sell them that very afternoon. Mary returned in the evening, and received the money, and orders for more socks.

Some of the price was spent in needful food for the children, the chief of it in materials; and then began the continuous click of old Granny's knitting needles—morning, noon, and night. Mary, made thoughtful by bereavement, helped her Sally, the youngest girl, took charge of the little boys as they went to the infant school, and did most of the house-work. Ruth, the second, a bright girl, was a pupil teacher at the National School, and she did the small errands and marketing of the family. This division of occupation gave them all an interest in keeping order in the house.

At night the children would sing their hymns and learn their simple lessons to the accompaniment of the knitting needles.

It was a hard winter, and a very hard task for the old hands to feed so many children; but it was done. They had no luxuries, scarcely enough necessities; but somehow, cleanliness, regularity, porridge, plenty of quiet sleep at night, young hearts, and the daily lifting up of praying hands to the

heavenly Helper, gave a look of decency to the family they never had before.

In two years old Mrs. Gear's kind landlord put a little shop front into the lower room, and there was a small but nice stock of knitted goods; and some fancy crochet work by the girls, who in ornamental things soon outstripped Granny. Her knitting, however, was still in great request. Farmer Grover said no stockings fitted him so well; and the clerk in Lawyer Stubbs' office, who was troubled with cold feet, said he could sit at his desk in comfort wearing Mrs. Gear's hand-knitted hose.

And thus the poor old grandmother, so long undervalued, made a Home. She

brought up the children so respectably that the boys were taken as apprentices without premium by tradesmen in the town; and the girls, when they became young women, set up a Berlin and fancy shop, and put their grandmother in it with all honour and affection.

They would now have taken her knitting needles out of her hands; but the old lady pleaded as if for a friend from whom she could not be parted:—

"I shouldn't know what to do without their click; they make music to me, my dears,—I hope it's not wrong to say so,—a kind of a song of praise to the Lord for all His goodness to me and mine."

The Young Folks' Page.

I. "HE LOVES TO ANSWER PRAYER."



CLERGYMAN was once visiting a loving mother, and found it difficult to gain her attention. She had a little infant just able to creep about the room, and he saw that her eyes were following the little one along its way, and her thoughts were occupied with it.

He told her that she reminded him of a passage of Scripture: "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him" (2 Chron. xvi. 9). Then he added,—"Your eyes run to and fro through this room, that you may help your little one the moment it requires your aid: so our Father in Heaven is ever watching to succour those that walk uprightly in His fear."

Is not this a bright and happy thought to begin the New Year with? You may go to God just as you would go to your loving parents for sympathy and help. He is always watching that He may help, and comfort, and guide, and guard you.

He loves to answer Prayer!

THE EDITOR.

II. DON'T SPEAK CROSS WORDS.

"Oh," said a little girl, bursting into tears, upon hearing of the death of a playmate, "I did not know that was the last time I had to speak kindly to Amy!"

Try not to speak cross words at any time.

III. TRUE COURAGE.

The following prayer was found in the desk of a school-boy after his death: "Oh, God! give me courage to fear none but Thee."

THE BIBLE MINE SEARCHED.



E hope many Sunday-school Teachers will arrange to receive answers to these Bible Questions from their scholars during each current month. Probably a Prize would stimulate interest. Answers are not to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. CANON HILL, M.A., VICAR OF SHEFFIELD.

(The Initial Letters of the words which answer the following series of questions will form a Bible Inquiry, and a Bible Exhortation. Each answer is to have a proof text.)

What is one of the Names given to Christ in the New Testament?

What was the Nature of Christ?

Which of His Names means the "Beginning"?

By what Name does Jesus call Himself?

What did Nicodemus acknowledge Him to be?

What is Christ to His Church?
Of whom is He said to be the Hope?
What did He assume of man?
What is Jesus in His exalted state?
What are all God's promises in Christ?
What is Jesus now in Heaven?
Which of His Names means the "End"?
What does Jesus call those who love Him?
What is the Body of Christ called?
Who are given to Him for an inheritance?
What is He made to believers?
What is Christ with God for sinners?
What must we search to find these things?
What are Christians called by St. Paul?

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE.

Give Scripture emblems of "Life."

ANSWERS (See December No.).

(1) Heb. xi. 29. (2) 2 Kings xii. 9. (3) Josh. x. 14. (4) Micah v. 2. (5) John vi. 29. (6) 1 Chron. xxii. 9.

Sun.—1st day.
Rises 8.8. Sets 4.0.

JANUARY.

MOON.—New, 14th, A. 1.25.
Full, 29th, M. 8.39.



TIME AND ETERNITY.

Choose
you this day
whom ye will serve.

JOSH. xxiv. 15.

"WHAT BLESSING SHALL
I ASK FOR THAT?"

Now
is the accepted time.

2 COR. VI. 2.

1	M	CIRCUM. We walk by faith, not by sight. 2 Cor. v. 7.
2	Tu	In the day of prosperity be joyful. Eccles. vii. 14.
3	W	In the day of adversity consider. Eccles. vii. 14.
4	Th	Walk in wisdom, redeeming the time. Col. iv. 5.
5	F	One generation passeth away. Eccles. i. 4.
6	S	EPIPHANY. Watch and pray. Mark xiii. 33.
7	S	1st S. after Epiph. Ye know not when the time is.
8	M	Remember how short my time is. Ps. lxxxix. 47.

9	Tu	To every thing there is a season. Eccles. iii. 1.
10	W	The time is short. 1 Cor. vii. 29.
11	Th	He shortened my days. Ps. cii. 23.
12	F	They are like grass which groweth up. Ps. xc. 5. [6.
13	S	In the evening it is cut down and withereth. Ps. xc.
14	S	2nd S. af. Epiph. O come, let us worship. Ps. xcv. 6.
15	M	We spend our years as a tale that is told. Ps. xc. 2.
16	Tu	There should be time no longer. Rev. x. 6.

TO HIM
THAT OVERCOMETH
WILL I GRANT TO SIT
WITH ME ON MY
THRONE.

REV. III. 21.

The
things which
are seen are temporal.

2 COR. IV. 18.

The
things which
are not seen are eternal.

2 COR. IV. 18.

17	W	Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear. 1 Pet. i.
18	Th	There is a time there for every purpose. Eccl. iii. 17. [17.
19	F	In a day of salvation have I helped thee. Isa. xlix. 8.
20	S	In an acceptable time have I heard thee. Isa. xlix. 8.
21	S	3rd S. af. Epiphany. I give unto them eternal life.
22	M	I am the Bread of Life. John vi. 35. [John x. 30.
23	Tu	I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life. Jno. xiv. 6.
24	W	This is the true God and Eternal Life. 1 John v. 28.

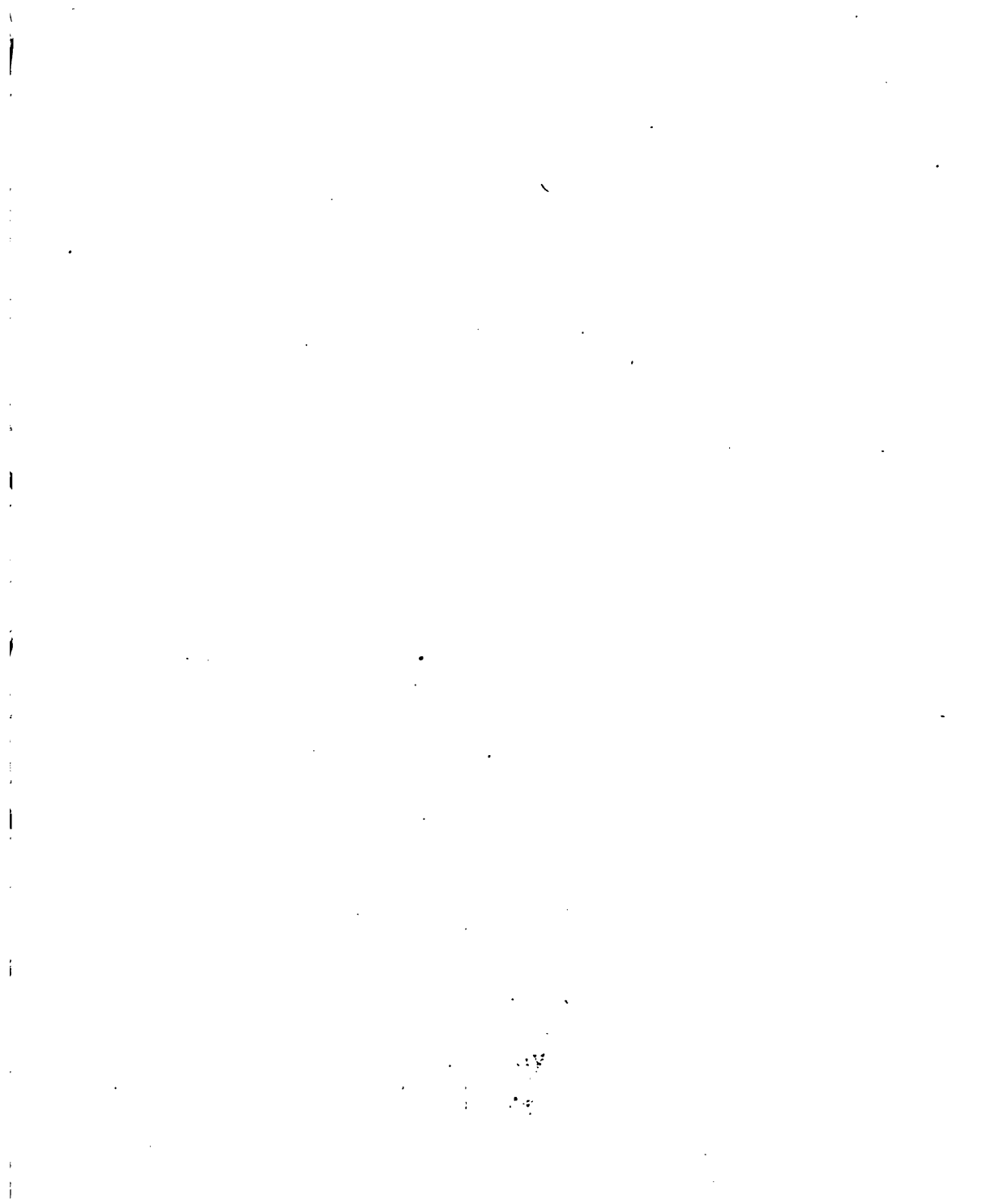
25	Th	CONVER. OF ST. PAUL. For me to live is Christ. Phil. i. 21.
26	F	The former things are passed away. Rev. xxi. 4. [12.
27	S	Hasting unto the coming of the day of God. 2 Pet. iii.
28	S	Septuagesima S. This day is salvation come to this house. Luke xix. 9.
29	M	The coming of the Lord draweth nigh. Jas. v. 8.
30	Tu	We look for new heavens and a new earth. 2 Pet. iii.
31	W	There shall be no more death. Rev. xxi. 4. [13.

GRACIOUS Spirit! dwell with me;
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

Holy Spirit! dwell with me;
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And, whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee.—Anon.

LET us not waste one hour in fruitless lamentation; for it is still day, and the time for successful work.
That night, the hour of death, which surely cometh, when no man can work, will make us sigh for a time
as rich in possibilities as this.—Rays of Sunlight.

God grant that this may be a year famous for believing.—Romaine.





THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

"So old, so new—and, lo, he bears the sign
Whereof the promise fast and sure doth stand,

'It passeth not,'—the oracle Divine,—
And it is in his heart as in his hand."

S. J. STONE, M.A.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The Village Pastor.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A., AUTHOR OF
"THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION."



OW mingle gently here the old and new !
Here are the antique church, the aged man,
The time-worn graves, the immemorial yew,
The river running as at first it ran.
The old. And yet the antique church is hale,
Strong-set, clear-cut, like an abiding truth ;
And from the old man's face, age-worn and pale,
Smiles the clear light of an immortal youth.
Green are the graves, the mighty yew is green,
Fresh runs the river which has run so long ;
And, 'neath a heaven or clouded or serene,
Intones anew its ancient under-song.
The new. Yet he who youngest doth appear,
Who that still path but fifty years hath trod,
Is yet the oldest and the grandest here,
Since from his face looks out that light of God.
The light of God ; the Love which knows no time,
Which chose him, bought him, all the worlds before,
And, by the river of a brighter clime,
Shall claim him still, when time shall be no more.
The stream may cease, the aged yew will die,
The fane may moulder, and the heaving grass
Become a nameless desert, bare and dry,—
But that one Light will never, never pass !
So old, so new,—and, lo, he bears the sign
Whereof the promise fast and sure doth stand,
" *It passeth not,*"—the oracle Divine,—
And it is in his *heart* as in his *hand*.

The Witherbys; OR, A HOME IN MARKET THORESBY.

BY AGNES GIBBERNE, AUTHOR OF "WILL FOSTER OF THE FERRY," "NOT FORSAKEN," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

RACHEL IN DIFFICULTIES.



It was a good while since the last fall of snow, and all through the latter half of January and the first half of February the slush grew more scanty and more discoloured, till at length every trace of original whiteness faded quite away; yet still a few dingy heaps of snow, where it had been brushed up off the pathways, refused entirely to vanish. People said this was a sure sign that more snow would come; and whether or no they had grounds for their expectation, they proved for once to be in the right.

February was about half over, when, one bitterly cold afternoon, a few small flakes were seen floating downwards through the air. They did not make much stir in the world, but fell softly and quickly, and lay without melting where they fell. That showed the keenness of the air. Down in the slushy road they of course quickly disappeared; but by-and-by, as the evening came on, the slush began to stiffen into ice, and the tiny flakes began to fall thick and fast. There was no wind worth mentioning, but during that night a thick, soft, spotless mantle descended piecemeal upon Market Thoresby and the surrounding country. It was a white world altogether upon which folks awoke in the morning.

The first eyes that looked out of the row of red brick cottages were those of Rachel Witherby. Pleasant truthful childlike eyes they were; but there came a sorrowful expression into them as she gazed. This seemed to make less likelihood than ever of speedy work for "father," she thought. And Rachel knew that the savings had just come to an end, and the last remaining pence had been paid away the evening before on a loaf of bread.

Rachel would not waken any of her three

sleeping sisters. Ruth was much addicted to lying late in bed, while Rachel loved to be down early, that she might save her mother some trouble. It was even earlier than usual this morning; but Rachel wisely considered that if once she crept back into bed, she would not feel inclined to get up again soon, so she made herself ready at once. And then she went downstairs and groped about in the dim half-light, sweeping, dusting, and arranging.

O, how cold it was that morning! Rachel's chilled fingers could hardly grasp the broom, and her feet ached till she felt almost inclined to cry, and half-wished she had lain longer in bed. But then mother would have had all to do. No, this was better far; so she determined to make haste and move about briskly, and get warm, if possible. The fire must not be lighted too early, for there was only a small amount of coal remaining, and nobody in the house knew how any more was to be paid for.

Hurrying about and working vigorously, Rachel began to find that the cold was not quite so desperate as she had at first thought. And presently she broke into a few words of singing, with a sweet though untrained voice,—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,—
All my help from Thee I bring;—
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

So far sang Rachel with increasing energy, and then she suddenly stopped. What was

that tapping at the window? She went nearer, and caught a glimpse of a small dark shaggy head pressed up against the glass outside, in strange contrast to the pure surrounding whiteness. Who could it be?

Tap, tap, sounded feebly again, almost like some little bird's claw scratching at the pane; and putting down the plate in her hand, Rachel ran to the window. It was growing lighter now, and she could plainly see a small figure outside. She hesitated a moment, and then threw up the sash.

"Who are you? What do you want?" she demanded half-fearfully.

"I'm Judy Callaghan," a thin voice answered. "Leastways granny calls me that. And I'm nearly froze. Be you alone?"

"Yes; but—"

Judy scrambled in over the low ledge, before another word could pass Rachel's lips. She looked on in mute bewilderment as the small ragged figure hurried to the fireplace, where a slender pale flame was beginning to ascend.

"Shut the window. Sure and ye'll be froze too if ye don't."

Rachel obeyed, and advanced a step nearer.

"But, Judy, mother will be down in a minute. And I'm afraid—"

"Is it Mrs. Witherby? And granny said she was over proud to say a word to a body. Would I get ye a scolding if I stopped? Sure then I'll be off."

The ragged little blue-lipped creature, seemingly about nine years old, with her mass of unbrushed hair and two bright intelligent eyes, gave one longing look at the flame, and then shuffled back towards the window. But Rachel could not stand that.

"O stop a moment, Judy," she cried. "Haven't you anywhere to go?"

"By-n-by," said Judy, nodding. "Granny won't be long findin' her way round the corner. Then I'll keep warm in bed."

"Why are you out now?"

"Grannie turned me out. She beat me last night, and I was cryin' with the pain, and she waked up and screeched out I was to get along. I durstn't stay, ye know, 'cause she'd ha' kicked me, and her boots is heavy. And Mrs. Barter, she saw me on the stairs and bid me go back, and I just slipped

out here." Judy stopped and looked wistful. "You aint got a bit o' bread—"

"We haven't a morsel too much for breakfast," said Rachel sorrowfully. "Are you hungry, Judy?"

"Had nothing yesterday."

"O poor Judy! Look here," said Rachel impulsively. "Mother said we'd each have two slices at breakfast, because she meant to try and save a bit; and I'll give you one, and eat only one. Here—"

Too eager to stop and think, Rachel cut off a piece of the loaf and put it into Judy's hand. The small fingers grasped it eagerly.

"Sure, and it's a darling ye are. Will I go now?"

Rachel nodded. The little figure disappeared through the window, and she shut it down, and turned back into the room, suddenly very thoughtful. Why had she not been upstairs to ask her mother's leave in this matter? Had Rachel a right to admit a little stranger and give her bread without permission? What would mother say? Rachel shrank under that last thought.

"Why, Rachel, 'tisn't your way to forget what you're after."

Rachel blushed at the sound of her mother's voice, and was ashamed to find herself standing idly by the table. She began laying the cloth, but her thoughts were much engaged. Should she or should she not mention at once what had passed. Inclination said, Wait a bit. Conscience said, Tell all without delay.

"I'll just stay till father's down," thought Rachel.

But it might be even harder then than now. The warning voice in Rachel's heart spoke clearly. Whether she had been right, or whether she had been wrong, her mother ought to know all, and delay was certain to cause difficulties. Rachel was a timid child and dreaded stern words. For a minute she struggled against that which she knew she ought to do, and then she prayed earnestly though voicelessly, as she went to and fro.

"Mother!"

"Well?" said Dorothy. Rachel's heart beat quickly.

"Mother, Judy Callaghan's been here."

"What for?"

"She was so cold. Her granny beat her

and turned her out, and she came in here through the window."

"She had better not try that again," said Dorothy shortly. "I'm not going to have you nor Ruth taking up with the children hereabouts."

Rachel felt as if she could not say more; yet after a moment she went on.

"That isn't all, mother; I gave her a bit of bread."

Dorothy just looked round at the loaf and saw where the piece had been cut off, and then Rachel's words were abruptly checked. It was a new thing to her to feel the weight of her mother's hand, so suddenly and sharply, and she burst into tears of real distress.

"You naughty girl; do you know that is the last bit of bread in the house. I wouldn't have thought it of you, Rachel."

Rachel was quite unable to speak or explain. She sobbed bitterly though quietly over her work; and when Jacob and the other children came down, Dorothy only said,—"Rachel's been a naughty girl and don't deserve any breakfast."

"What's she done?" asked Jacob, looking sorrowful.

"Gone and given away bread without leave. Why, it isn't hers to give," said Dorothy indignantly.

"Why, Rachie, my girl!" said Jacob in surprise, as if he could hardly believe his ears; and Rachel put her face down on his shoulder.

"It'll have to come out of her own breakfast, that's all," said Dorothy.

"I meant it to," sobbed Rachel. "I'm sorry, father; but—little Judy seemed 'most starving, and nigh frozen; and I just gave her a bit, and said I'd eat less,—and—and—"

"There, there! I wouldn't cry no more," said Jacob. "It would have been better if you had asked leave, my girl. But after all, Dolly, she's meant it kindly, and it's a bit like King Alfred giving away half his last loaf to a beggar; eh, Rachie? You wasn't thinking, or you'd have asked mother. See,—you and I'll go shares, and eat a bit less each."

"You just spoil Rachel altogether," said Dorothy.

Jacob shook his head thoughtfully.

"No, Dolly; no. Only she's downright

sorry; and if I love her so as I'll take a bit of her punishment on myself, it's all fair. Not as it's much of a punishment neither, if Rachie meant it all along to be so. But I can't see her going with nought to eat this morning. It's our last loaf, and I don't know how soon we'll get another."

And Jacob looked round and sighed. He dreaded so having to begin the downward step of selling or pawning clothes and furniture.

CHAPTER IV.

SEARCHINGS.

"It's no manner of use for you to think of going out such a day as this," said Dorothy after breakfast, when Jacob spoke of renewing his vain search for something of a "job." Work in the gardening line was, he knew, at present hopeless; but any manner of employment that might bring in a few shillings would be welcome.

Jacob's rheumatic limbs were already warning him so sharply, as to make him feel that the advice should not be lightly disregarded.

"But, Dolly, what's to be done?" he asked anxiously.

"I'm going to ask about at some o' the shops if there isn't any hope of a day's charring for me somewhere," said Dorothy. "I didn't ever think I'd have to come to that; but any way it's respectable, and we can't starve."

She laughed rather bitterly, and Rachel gave a sorrowful look up, as she passed, that made her stop.

"I'm not angry with you now, child. 'Tisn't your way to do such a thing; but I wouldn't have minded so much if it hadn't been our last loaf."

"Ah! but I mind," murmured Rachel. "It wasn't mine to give, you knew. Mother, may I take something to-day without telling you what?"

"Something? Well, I s'pose I may trust you," said Dorothy doubtfully. And as she left the cottage, Rachel ran into Tom's little room at the back, which was also the place for lumber, and for everything not in immediate use. There she had a short talk with her brother, which ended in Tom's

trudging away through the snow, with an old broom on his shoulder, and with a half-shamefaced half-hopeful look in his face.

Busy little Rachel then made the beds and put the rooms straight, and dusted and brushed in her active though quiet fashion. At first Ruth helped her, but presently Rachel found herself alone. She went on steadily, feeling a little hurt at being left to do all; and on taking a glance out of the back window, she felt sure she caught a glimpse of Ruth rushing about with a party of idle girls in the back lane, making and throwing snowballs. Rachel was really distressed, knowing how Dorothy disliked this kind of thing, but she dreaded to interfere. Ruth was at all times hard to turn from any purpose of her own.

There could be no cooking to-day, since nothing remained in the house to be cooked. Only a few good-sized scraps of bread had been left from that morning's loaf; for poor Dorothy had as yet gained small experience in the sad task of controlling her children's appetites. Meat had been given up altogether some weeks before.

"So here you are, Rachie," said Jacob, as she came into the kitchen where he sat reading near the fire, while Sue and Nell were gazing out with unflagging interest upon the white world without.

"I've done all that's got to be done," said Rachel. "Do you think mother 'll get any work, father?"

"Mayhap," said Jacob. "If she don't, I'm wondering what 'll have to go first."

He pulled out the strong large silver watch which his master had once given him, and looked at it regretfully.

"Rachie, I'd be right loth to part with this, but may be I'll have to."

"Oh! I wouldn't," said Rachel. "I wouldn't first, father; there's other things."

"The books would be hardest of all," said Jacob sorrowfully. "I did think I'd see my Tom a bit of a scholar one day. Well, well; it's all right I don't doubt."

"There's the pictures," said Rachel.

"Wouldn't bring many pence altogether; and we haven't one too many of beds nor tables nor chairs."

"There's nothing in the house for to-day's

dinner," said Rachel, after a slight pause, with pain in her voice. "What'll we do, father?"

Jacob shook his head.

"Wouldn't they trust at the shops?"

"I've a dread of going into debt. If mother gets a promise of work she'll bring something home. Never fear, never fear, Rachie; things'll mend."

Rachel leant on his shoulder without a word. She felt tired and down, for her breakfast had been slight, and she was not strong.

"We'll have to ask them to trust us if nothing else comes," said Jacob presently.

"If mother made more friends with the neighbours, may be folks would help us," said little Rachel in rather a choked voice.

"She just dreads to see you all growing like the girls around," said Jacob, in excuse for Dorothy's extremely unsociable ways of late.

"It seems as if we hadn't any friends, father."

"Well, we've One," said Jacob. "You and I know Him, Rachie. He won't forget to care for us; we've only need of patience for a bit."

"There's a verse like that in the Bible," said Rachel, her face brightening a little.

"So there is, but I have hunted and can't find it nohow. Look,—here's one in the twenty-first of Luke, a bit like it,—

"In your patience possess ye your souls." And here's another, in St. James,—

"My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work—"

Jacob paused with his finger on the page, and glanced up at his companion,—

"Temptation! I've heard as how it don't mean the tempting to do wrong, but trying,—like as I'd try and test the strength of a bough, Rachie, before I'd put up a swing for you to swing on. I'd want to be sure it could bear your weight. May be God is testing us a bit,—trying how much our patience will stand, and not break."

"Then we'll keep on being patient," said Rachel, smiling. "I didn't think of that. But I know where the other text is. Let me find it, father."

She turned back to the tenth chapter of Hebrews, and read it aloud,—

"For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise."

"Why now, that shows *how* we're to 'count it all joy' now we're in trouble," said Jacob. "Just because we can do God's will by bearing patiently, and by-and-by there's a great 're-compense of reward,'—look, Rachie, only the verse before."

"What promise is it that's meant?" asked Rachel thoughtfully. "Father, there's another text I once learnt in the sixth chapter, about Abraham,—look: 'And so, after he had patiently endured, he obtained the promise.' That's the same again. What promise?"

"That's easy enough," said Jacob, studying the verses. "It's talking of the promise to Abraham to 'multiply his seed.' And he had it; but he waited patiently for Isaac twenty-five years first, and he didn't even live to see the rest of the promise come true. It did come true though."

"But it don't mean that with us," said Rachel wistfully.

"I'll see what this reference is that I have made," said Jacob thoughtfully. "I do like a big Bible, with lots of room to put down a text, if it strikes me,—though it cost a deal. We won't part with our big Bible, Rachie, not if we was to starve for it. Look,—First Epistle of St. John, chapter two, verse twenty-five. I've forgot what it is, though. I must have put the reference myself. Let's see. Why, Rachie!"—

"And this is the promise that He hath promised us, even ETERNAL LIFE."

Jacob leant back in his chair.

"Isn't *that* an answer, Rachie? Seems to me it takes in just everything."

"I know another text like that," said Rachel. "'The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.'"

"That's a beauty," said Jacob. "Every bit through Him; isn't it? And here's a text all marked with pencil, in the last chapter of St. John's Epistle,—

"He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

"It's all in *Him*,—in the Lord Jesus," said Jacob reverently. "A man can't have life

without having Him. Seems to me St. John's writings is full of that notion."

"Yes; and it's in St. John's Gospel that the Lord Jesus said, 'I am the Life,'" added Rachel.

"Well, we've got together a grand set of verses, haven't we," said Jacob, smiling. "It'll help us to be patient, may be. For I do think you and I belong to the Lord Jesus, Rachie; and if we do, then He belongs to us; and then we *have* the Son, like that text says; and so we have the promise, and eternal life sure to us,—just because we have Jesus, and He *is* life, and we have life in Him. Isn't it wonderful how you can look at the thought all round and round? It's something to feed upon, for hungry souls."

"It'll be beautiful by-and-by, when all that comes true," said Rachel softly, with her head close on Jacob's shoulder.

Then nobody spoke again till Dorothy entered, and sat down, sorry, draggle-skirted, and unhappy.

"I've got no work," she said. "I might have told beforehand. Nobody knows me here."

"Folks would know us quicker, if we'd let 'em," said Jacob quietly. "We've kept a deal to ourselves."

"If I made ever so much of friends with the Dixes and Callaghans and that lot, it wouldn't bring us no nearer work," said Dorothy sharply.

"I'd choose," said Jacob. "Folks are not all alike. Mitchel's a good man, and his family's as respectable as ourselves."

"Mrs. Mitchel holds her head a deal too high for me," said Dorothy, with a slight toss of her own.

"Don't see how she's to help it, seeing she isn't far from six feet high," returned Jacob with a gleam of humour in his eyes. "I'd put up with her bigness and get to know her, if I were you, Dolly."

"Where's Ruth?" asked Dorothy.

"I'll find her, mother," said Rachel, getting up. "Oh, there's Tom!"

And Tom rushed in, beaming with excitement, bearing a big loaf under one arm, and a broom under the other.

"It's Rachie's thought, mother," he gasped.

"She made me go; and there's lots more snow to sweep, if I can get a chance. Here's six-

pence too. But the town boys get ahead of me somehow. I did the business *thorough* though, when I'd a chance; and one gentleman he told me I was to come again, if there was any more snow. He said I didn't shirk, nor half-do the sweeping."

"You're good children, both of you," said Dorothy, well-pleased. "And Rachie's got the most sensible head of us all."

(To be continued.)

Precious Blood.

["Although we have sinned, yet have we an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous; and He is the Propitiation for our sins."—*Communion Service for Ash Wednesday.*]



PRECIOUS, precious blood of
Jesus,
Shed on Calvary;
Shed for rebels, shed for sin-
ners,
Shed for me!

Precious blood that hath redeemed us:
All the price is paid!
Perfect pardon now is offered:
Peace is made.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Let it make thee whole:
Let it flow in mighty cleansing
O'er thy soul.

Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood can make them
White as snow.

Now the holiest with boldness
We may enter in;
For the open Fountain cleanseth
From all sin!

Precious blood! by this we conquer
In the fiercest fight,
Sin and Satan overcoming
By its might.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Ever flowing free!
Oh believe it, oh receive it,
'Tis for thee!

Precious blood, whose full Atonement
Makes us nigh to God:
Precious blood, our song of glory
Praise and laud!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



The Doctrine of the Cross.

It is beautiful and instructive to note, how a doctrine, often rejected by the pride of the natural heart, is accepted and gloried in by those of highest intellect who are "taught of God." Take the case of one of the most eminent men of this century, whom to know was to revere and love,—the late distinguished Sir James Simpson, M.D. His biographer again and again

notes how he rendered his testimony with all his heart, "to the remission of sins by the blood of Christ—very God—very Man—the Substitute and Surety for sinners." When the shadow of a heavy family bereavement had just fallen on him; he thus writes, in communicating the event to his son:—

"You and I and all of us have no friend whom we can always trust and always rely upon, but Jesus; and in the infinitude

of His love He is now stretching out to us His *pierced* hands, asking us to fly into His brotherly arms for protection and safety for both time and eternity."

From his deathbed he writes—

"My sole and whole trust is in the love and work of Christ, as my *all-sufficient Sin-Bearer and Saviour*."

As the last moments were approaching, "the hymn," he said, "expresses my thoughts—

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me.'

I so like that hymn." . . . "What a

wonderful redemption this is! Christ's blood can float a cork or a man-of-war. It can bear every one to heaven." In an earlier letter, using the metaphor so dear to many, he said, "I know that you will earnestly pray to Christ to keep the feet of all of us firmly fixed on the Rock of Ages."

His biographer, in a note, quotes a deathbed remark made by another man of note, who had planted his foot on the same Rock (the late Lord Lyndhurst)—"I often wondered what good men meant when they spoke so much about 'the Blood.' I see it all now. It is just substitution."

THE EDITOR

Waiting for "a Footstep that we Know."



THE fire is burning brightly,
And the pussy's purring low;
So we'll sit and watch and listen
For a footstep that we know.

The hearth is swept and tidy,
The house is clean and neat,
And all of us are ready
For the master, baby sweet!

He comes across the meadow,
He comes across the moor,
With a light and swinging footstep
When the daily toil is o'er;
And he knows we sit and listen,
And wonder if he's near—
That we're waiting, that we're ready,
That we love him, baby dear!

Far beyond the moor and meadow,
Far beyond the stars and sky,
There's a greater Master, baby,
Who is coming by-and-by.
He came for little sister,
She was so sad and worn;
We did not see Him, baby,
Only knew when she was gone.

For we may not hear His footstep,
Or know when He is near:
But He loves us; so, my baby,
What cause have we for fear?
He will gently, gently lead us,
He will guide our weary feet:
God grant we may be ready
For the Master, baby sweet!

REA.

The Lesson of the Flower; or, "It tells me God is Near."



IN a lone room at the top of a house a visitor met an aged woman, whose scanty pittance of half-a-crown a week was scarce enough for her to live upon. He remarked with some surprise a strawberry plant growing and flourishing in a broken tea-pot that stood on the window. From time to time he saw how it grew and with what care it was tended and watched. At length one day he said to the poor woman,—

"Your plant does well, you will soon have some strawberries on it."

"It is not for the sake of the fruit that I grow it," said the poor woman.

"Then why do you take such care of it?"

"Well, sir," she replied, "I am very poor—too poor to keep any living creature; but it is a great comfort to me to have that living plant, for I know it can only live by the power of God; and as I see it grow from day to day, it tells me God is near."



Drawn by M. E. EDWARDS.

WAITING FOR "A FOOTSTEP THAT WE KNOW."

"The fire is burning brightly,
And the pussy's purring low;
So we'll sit and watch and listen
For a footstep that we know.

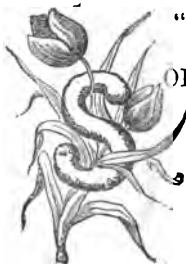
The hearth is swept and tidy,
The house is clean and neat,
And all of us are ready
For the master, baby sweet!

Little Foxes and the Tender Grapes.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "NOT YOUR OWN;"
"BENEATH THE CROSS," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

THE POWER OF LITTLE THINGS.



"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes."—*Solomon's Song* ii. 15.

SOLOMON is very emphatic here. It is "the little foxes" which do the mischief. If the vines are injured, if the beautiful clusters are destroyed, he warns us that it is the little foxes which have crept in and have been the culprits. I want to linger over this thought. I want every reader to lay to heart the importance of little things.

"Is it not a little one?" is the excuse of many a soul when entering upon a course that will be fatal to all peace and happiness.

Yes, it may look a little one, but for that very reason be the more on your guard. A man's life is made up of little things. "He that despiseth little things shall fall by little and little."

Let me leave the illustration on which these papers are founded; and in other matters see the truth of which I speak.

A tiny hair has in some way found an entrance into the works of a watch. It touches one of the inner wheels, and so again and again the watch stops or goes irregularly. Much valuable time is in consequence lost, and only after its removal does the watch prove useful to its owner.

A spark of fire has fallen upon some inflammable materials. It is but a spark at first, but it soon kindles a flame. By-and-by through that one spark a noble pile of warehouses is burnt to the ground.

A small screw has not been carefully fastened in the boiler of an engine. For a time no harm comes of it; but after a little

the defect loosens other parts of the machinery. An unlooked for catastrophe shortly afterwards occurs. The boiler explodes and spreads devastation and death far and wide. Many lives are sacrificed; property worth many thousands of pounds destroyed; and when the matter is examined it has been found to arise from a little carelessness in the way I have named.

A mighty ship is about to be launched. It has cost a large sum, and is fitted to cross the ocean and carry precious merchandise. But it will not move. Day after day is spent in vain in trying to get it off the stocks. At length the reason is discovered. A small pebble beneath the keel in a critical position had been the cause of all the trouble.

The tiny hair, the spark, the screw, the pebble, have often their counterpart in the Christian life. A permitted inconsistency stands in the way and hinders the working of the Saviour's love in the heart. A miss word does a world of harm. A neglected duty brings evil to thousands. A little stone in the way—a wrong thought or motive—prevents the soul launching forth into the ocean of Divine love.

But I would dwell more at length on the illustration which more properly belongs to our subject. Take the foxes, yea, the little ones, let not one of them escape. If you would be secure, you must be determined to spare none—not even the very smallest.

Bear in mind "the little foxes" are specially dangerous, because they creep

into the vineyard so secretly. They often get in unobserved. Even so little sins and faults have a peculiar power to beguile the conscience. They often pass unchallenged. They make but little noise or show, and therefore they deceive the heart, and do their deadly work while men are fast asleep.

Bear in mind also that little foxes will soon grow. Week by week, month by month, very insensibly the little one is growing stronger and larger; and the one you thought at first a mere plaything, and that it were a shame even to touch it, because it was so small, becomes an overbearing tyrant that will withstand you to the face.

Is not this true of every sin? It grows by use and habit. Its strength and power is constantly on the increase. "Wicked men and seducers grow worse and worse."

Secret sins are the forerunners of presumptuous sins. If evil be cherished in the deep of the heart, if unholy desires are permitted to remain, soon may follow some terrible breach of the Divine law. Our safety is in watching against the first step aside. We must not treat lightly the smallest deviation from truth and righteousness. A striking old proverb puts it well: "Over shoes, over boots." If you once put your foot in the mire of sin, you will sink deeper and deeper. I have heard it put in another way. When first you go out with clean boots you are careful to avoid the mud; but after a while, when they are soiled, you do not so much mind, but go across the mire of the street without heeding it. So when the life is comparatively pure you shrink from evil; but when the conscience is once defiled by wilful sin, you grow careless and indifferent as to what lengths you go in it. Therefore take good heed on this account. Remember, sin grows, and grows fast. Watch against the beginnings of evil.

Then there is another peril in little sins.

The little foxes are dangerous, because they make a track for others to follow. A little thief may creep in at the window and open the door for those who are lurking near. So a little fox may lead the way for a troop of others to enter the vineyard. The path is easier to find. The hedge will be broken down, or the opening in the wall made larger. So that where at first there came but one, and that one a little one, by-and-by a whole tribe will be found, and the vineyard utterly laid waste.

So is it with sins. One makes way for another, and each one that goes before makes it easier for others to follow. There is a boon companionship in sins as well as in graces. You never find them alone. If you find in the heart the spirit of humility and faith, you will find love, prayer, patience, holiness, dwelling there also. So, too, sins accompany one another. Take one the world reckons a very slight one,—the neglect of God's Holy Day. What do you find frequently following in the wake? A young man forsakes the House of God and the Bible Class, and regards the Sabbath as merely a day for rest or pleasure. Very often the evil increases fast. He takes up with bad company, becomes loose in his talk; finds his way to the drinking saloon; then, perhaps, gets into profligate habits, and not seldom acts dishonestly to supply means for his extravagance. In this way very often a young life is blighted and robbed of all its fair prospects, and perhaps the man ends his days in a prison or the parish union. In this and many similar ways one sin is linked on to another, and wretchedness, poverty, shame, and temporal and eternal death are their bitter fruit.

Look at the first sin that crept into our world. Truly it might seem to some a small matter, but it was the little fox that destroyed the tender grapes. It begins with a look and a wish. Eve sees the fruit and longs for it. Then she gives ear to the

tempter. She believes his lie, and doubts the truth and the goodness of God. She touches, she takes, she tastes, she persuades her husband to taste likewise. Thus the evil spreads. All the joys of paradise are forfeited. The image of God in the soul is lost. Briers and thorns spring up in the ground. Sins and sorrows without end spring up in the world. One sin, as we might think a little one, has become a giant, and evil of every kind overspreads the face of the earth. The whole world groans beneath the violence, wickedness, and oppression that lie heavy upon it. And to this hour the issue of that sin is seen in the ten thousand times ten thousand forms of vice and ungodliness which cover the earth and fill mankind with untold misery and woe.

Or take another example. Take an envious, covetous thought. Look at Ahab. Naboth will not part with his vineyard. So he comes home and yields to a repining, murmuring spirit. He will take no food, and jealousy and discontent fill his mind. Ah, the little fox has crept in! What will follow? Robbery, false witness, murder, involving a whole city in the guilt of the cruel and wicked deed. And it all arises as the result of a wrong thought cherished in the heart.

There is one other point about what we call "little sins" that ought not to be forgotten. We can only in any sense speak

of them as such when treating of man's judgment. The heart-searching Judge of all mankind has a very different standard from ours. We may reckon that a small thing which the Lord may reckon a most deadly crime. He judgeth not as man judgeth; man looketh at the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh at the heart. Men weigh but little thoughts and motives. Yet before God it is these which constitute a man's true character. In His sight thoughts are deeds. He sees in the germ the full-grown fruit. Hatred is murder. An unchaste look adultery. "I know the things that come into your mind, every one of them," saith the Lord; and as He knows He judges.

It seemed a small thing to Lot's wife to look back, but that look was fatal. It seemed but a small thing to Uzzah to touch the ark when it shook, but God saw in him the lack of holy reverence and he perished in his sin. It seemed but a small thing in Herod to accept the flattering voice of the people, calling him a god; but God smote him with worms that he died.

Before God there is no little sin. Let us therefore take good heed to ourselves. "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults." "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer."

"Preparing for the Change."

(See Illustration.)



Na humble Parish Churchmanse, situate in a bleak corner of Fifeshire, was born, on the 18th November, 1785, "wee, sunny-hair David." He was the third son of the Rev. David Wilkie, parish minister of Culter, who, passing rich on a hundred pounds a year, maintained his independence and brought up a large family in respectability.

With the national desire that "ane o' the boys should wag his pow i' th' pulpit," it was intended to make young Wilkie a minister; but from the first his tastes were towards art. At school, his portraits chalked upon the floor astonished his teacher and schoolmates; and with his father's consent he was entered a student at Edinburgh Academy. He returned to Culter in his nineteenth year, and painted "Pitlessie Fair," which at once established



Specially Engraved from the Picture by Sir DAVID WILKIE, R.A., lent by H. G. REID, Esq., M.S.A., Middlesbrough.

PREPARING FOR THE CHANGE.

[See page 38.]

his genius as an artist. It contains one hundred and forty figures, and represents with inimitable humour the chief characters of the district.

Prompted by a strong and wholesome ambition, he now went to London, determined to carve out a career for himself. Young, unaided, and ill-prepared, "a tall, pale, thin lad," he entered on his work with a courageous heart; and he succeeded.

"About the same time that Wilkie went to London, another lad, the son of one of the ministers of the parish next to Cults, and who was intimately connected by marriage and friendship with the Rev. David Wilkie, went up to do his best to 'set the Thames on fire,' and after being known as 'long Jock,' and 'plain John Campbell,' and drudging his day in the reporters' gallery of the House of Commons, was to mount the woolsack as Lord Chancellor. Most likely Wilkie, who remained to the last a leal Scotchman, had other Scotch comrades like himself, started betimes to make their way to independence, if not to fame, in the capital."

Wilkie painted many pictures which at once attracted attention, bringing money and fame. "The Village Politicians," "The Parish Beadle," "Distraint for Rent," "John Knox preaching before the Lords of the Congregation," "The Highlander's Home," and many others might be enumerated,—pictures which have through the engraver's art found a place in thousands of dwellings, and have recorded for all time the simple ways, innocent frolic, and happy or harassed lives of the Scottish peasantry.

"It was his peculiar lot," says Miss Tytler, "not only to inaugurate genre painting, except in so far as Hogarth had practised it, but to in-

augurate it with the manly, sober attributes and racy humours of a whole nation, which, until Scott had rendered them familiar to the sister nation, had been overlooked or misunderstood. It was the broadly national characteristics which gave full scope to Wilkie's genius. At the same time he was a man of keen sympathy, of lively appreciation of character, and of habits of close and patient observation which make such sympathy and appreciation available in art. He set the fashion of painting cottage interiors, in which, alas! many of his successors follow him only in laborious truth of detail, while they are ungifted with the humour and pathos which gave dramatic life to these scenes."

"PREPARING FOR THE CHANGE," which has been admirably rendered by the engraver, is truly characteristic of Wilkie's genius. He painted the rude homely life of the cottagers among whom he lived with wonderful realism and patient working out of detail. The canvas speaks. The cottage interior lighted by the ruddy glow of the fire; the slouching figure, evidently some wanderer from without, enjoying the warmth; the chubby child playing with the blaze; and the central figure of all, the old grandmother,—the aged saint, shading her face with her hand from the single rushlight, and intently perusing the worn Ha' Bible. It is the blending of time-tried piety, of sun-browned happy childhood, and simple hospitality, which would be familiar as his own home to the minister's son.

Wilkie became an R.A., and received the honour of knighthood. He died on the 1st June, 1841, a good son, a kind brother, and whilst a favourite of the Court, the painter of the people.

H. G. RIND.

What are you "Standing on"?



YOUNG wife stood with her head on her broom,
And looked around the little room;
"Nothing but toil for ever," she said,
"From early morn till the light has fled.

If you only were a merchant now,
We need not live by the sweat of our brow!"
Pegging away, spake shoemaker John,
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

A lady stood by her husband's chair,
 And quietly passed her hand o'er his hair;
 "You never have time for me now," she said,
 And a tear-drop fell on his low-bent head.
 "If we were only rich, my dear,
 With nothing to do from year to year,
 But amuse each other,—Oh, dear me,
 What a happy woman I should be!"
 Looking up from his ledger spake merchant John,
 "We ne'er see well what we're standing on."
 A stately form, in velvet dressed,
 A diamond gleaming on her breast;
 "Nothing but toil for fashion," she said,
 "Till I sometimes wish that I were dead.
 Oh, could I but fling this wealth aside,
 And once more be the poor man's bride!"
 From his easy chair spake gentleman John,
 "We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

The Story of Martin Luther:

A REFORMATION SKETCH.



ABOUT the year 1483, a woodman was busy cutting wood in the mountains of Mansfeld. This man, whose name was John Luther, was a hardy labourer; his wife Margaret gave him a helping hand, and a lad, four or five years old, was playing about them, striving also to make up a small bundle of sticks. John was poor, of a firm, open, and upright character, passionately fond of reading. Margaret, honest and pious, derived as much comfort from prayer as her husband found pleasure in reading.

"Young Martin was born at Eisleben, on the 10th November, 1483, and his father, kneeling before the cradle where the child slept, used often to exclaim: 'O God, grant that he may become a real Luther in Thy Church'" (*Lauterer*, a refiner).

The sun having gone down, and darkness beginning to spread over the forest, "Let us hie home, said Margaret; but John, carrying his firmness of character to obstinacy, would not leave off work before the night closed in. "We must put that child to school," said he to his wife, as they were wending their steps

homewards; "I wish him to become a learned man." On reaching their poor dwelling, the parents prayed with Martin, as they were wont to do, and strove to inspire him with the fear of God.

Next morning, they all rose early; and little Martin, whom his mother had told, on putting him to bed, that he was going to school, was the first to wake up. "Take a load of wood for the master," said John to his wife, "and I will take the boy." Although John was severe, yet had he a tender heart, and even later he took pleasure in carrying Martin to school. The father walked with a firm step, the child clapped his hands, and the mother followed, heaving bitter sighs.

School had not yet begun, and the master was sitting on a stone bench in front of his house, one of his own children leaning on his lap. John doffed his cap respectfully, and informed him that he had brought his son. George Emilius, without condescending to rise, or to return the bow, cast a severe glance on the child, wishing at once to inspire him with awe and respect; and young Martin, intimidated, turned towards his good mother, who came forward to kiss him, letting a tear drop down her cheek.

Martin remained at school in Mansfeld until he had attained his fourteenth year, giving himself much pains with but little profit. George Emilius would storm, threaten, and chastise him for the least fault. Once the poor boy was whipped no less than fifteen times in the same forenoon. His parents had likewise used the rod with him, but at the same time they loved him; whereas at school he met with nothing but blows and scolding.

The more he grew, the more his independent nature revolted against this rod-rule. The master never spoke of the Lord but as an angry Judge; so that when the child heard the name of Jesus Christ, he grew pale with dread. Fear was, at that time, Luther's only religious feeling.

At school he learnt the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, Donatus's Latin Grammar, and more especially some Christian canticles; and these sacred songs, which he delighted in, often soothed him in his afflictions.

But Luther's severe education bore still better fruit; at a later period he felt deeply the necessity of increasing the number of schools, and of bettering them. The time he spent in George Emilius' house had thus great influence on the work of the Reformation; the increase and the dissemination of human knowledge became one of the principles of that great renovation of the sixteenth century. "Schools are far better than councils," the Reformer used to say. In a short time Germany and the neighbouring countries were covered with schools, THE CHIEF PURPOSE OF WHICH WAS TO LEAD CHILDREN TO THE KNOWLEDGE OF JESUS.

This was the admirable work of the poor schoolboy of Mansfeld. To the wise and mighty of the age, who used to ask how the future improvement of humanity was to be prepared, Martin Luther made the following simply reply: "INSTRUCT THE PEOPLE, AND GIVE THEM THE GOSPEL."

About the year 1498, Martin Luther, then nearly fifteen years old, arrived in Thuringia, whither his father had sent him. He had left the Mansfeld school and passed a year in that of Magdeburgh. The reputation it had acquired under the celebrated Tribonius, now

attracted him to the grammar-school of Eisenach; besides which, John Luther, having some relatives in that town, had hoped that they would provide for the boy's wants.

This hope was not realized; and Martin, impelled by hunger, was forced to join the other scholars, who were in the habit of singing hymns in the streets, in order to obtain *panem propter Deum* (bread for the love of God).

One day, these children, at the beginning of their hungry labour, stopped before a house and sang, as was their habit. Being turned away, they moved on, singing as they went. "Be off with you!" was their coarse greeting; and tears fell from Martin's eyes. Yet, he was not discouraged; he stopped before a third house, and selected his sweetest hymn. His fine alto voice combined well with the voices of his friends, and a strain full of harmony arose, begging bread of the wealthy inhabitants of the house. The song ended, yet nobody appeared. Upon this, Martin timidly went up and knocked at the door. "Idler! beggar! vagabond!"—this was all the alms they gave him. They refused a crust of bread to him who was destined ere long to become the benefactor of Germany and of the world.

The poor boy shrank back affrighted; his heart was wrung with grief; and he withdrew, a prey to shame and sorrow. "What!" said he mournfully to himself, "are we to be despised because we sing for bread? Have not many great doctors and gentlemen begun like us?" And then he added bitterly: "Must I give up my studies, return to my father's, and work in the mines at Mansfeld?"

Martin was indulging in these gloomy reflections in St. George's Square, in front of a house of good appearance, inhabited by Ursula Cotta, a pious and wealthy woman, daughter of the rich burgomaster of Ilfeld. When she heard the distant voices of the students, she had approached the window, and witnessed the repeated humiliations inflicted on the poor boy. The scholar's beautiful voice and fervent prayers had long since attracted her attention at Church, and she had seen with interest young Martin come near her house. The latter, disheartened, was preparing to return home with empty pockets

and heart bowed down with sorrow, when suddenly—oh! what joy!—he can scarcely believe his eyes—a door opens, a lady dressed in an elegant costume, according to the fashion of the times, appears on the threshold, descends the steps, and approaching him, says: "Come here, my boy; come into my house; I will give you some bread. She set him down at her table, spoke to him in sympathising tones, and a few days after, being received under her roof, the poor scholar saw his studies secured. From that hour Martin Luther prayed with more faith and studied with more ardour. The charity of this Christian woman had worked in him a great transformation. The school and his books had become dear to him. He felt in his heart an inexpressible rapture. Sorrow had given place to joy—and in his leisure hours he practised on the flute and the lute.

The chronicle of Eisenach calls Ursula *the pious Shunammite*, in remembrance of that rich woman of Shunem who constrained the prophet Elisha to enter her house (2 Kings iv.); and Martin himself, thinking of his adoptive mother, gave utterance in after-years to the beautiful thought: "There is nothing on earth sweeter than the heart of a pious woman."

Such was Luther's poverty. "What is destined to grow great must begin small," says Mathesius, his disciple and biographer. This is one of the rules of God's government. Jacob, the patriarch of Israel, was once a young shepherd, who crossed the Jordan with his staff; and Christianity began in a cradle. Luther reflecting on the misery and privations of every kind to which so many children, and particularly so many students, were at that time exposed, acknowledged how wholesome was this discipline of God.

EISENACH WAS THE CRADLE OF THE REFORMATION.

Martin Luther had been studying for two years at Erfurth university, when one morning, after his usual prayer ("to pray well," he said, "*is the best half of work*"), he had gone to Church, and thence, according to custom, had repaired to the library. He had a passion for books, and desired to *know the good ones*, but books were rare then. Martin Luther, having entered the hall, went to the shelves,

took down a book, laid it on a table, took another, and after thus opening several volumes, placed his hands on a large Latin folio. He opened it and read the title,—*BIBLIA SACRA (Sacred Bible)*. "Ha!" he exclaimed with surprise, "Here is a book I have never seen in my life! I did not even know of its existence!" He sat down at the table, round which some of his friends were gathered, and turned over the volume. . . . He knew nothing of the Holy Scriptures beyond the fragments of the Epistles and Gospels read in the churches. What was his surprise at seeing many chapters and books of which he had never heard! With joy unutterable he scans these pages from God. . . . He stops at the Old Testament, with which he is less familiar than the New, and is attracted by a touching history that reminds him of his pious mother,—it was the story of Hannah and the infant Samuel. He reads: "*I have lent this child to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord.*" "And I, too," he thinks, "desire to be lent to the Lord!" He reads on, "*And the child Samuel grew on, and was in favour with the Lord.*" And he adds: "Would that I too could grow in Thy favour, to serve Thee as long as I live!" A new world opened before him. . . . He felt that inexpressible charm which his translation was one day to impart to his countrymen. A hidden treasure was suddenly laid before his eyes: he held in his trembling hands all the words of Heaven. . . . THE BIBLE! THE BIBLE! . . . Martin Luther had found the BIBLE. . . . Tears started to his eyes, and those around looked at him with astonishment. Yet he must quit the library; the clocks of Erfurth have struck the hour of lecture. Martin would have desired to read the book of Samuel through; but duty called him away. He closed the precious volume with a sigh, and exclaimed from his heart: "O God most merciful, hear my prayer, and give me grace one day to possess *that book!*" He rose, restored the Bible to its shelf, with a silent promise to return to it, and hastened to the lectures.

Martin Luther immediately spoke of his great discovery to his friends. From that hour the Word of God became the mainspring of his life the object of his studies, the

strength of his heart, and the dearest of his pleasures. He said, "We must study the text of the Bible, and not busy ourselves so much with systems and commentaries. At the spring-head we find the purest water, and we see better with our own eyes than with another's." "The Bible," he said one day, "is at the head of all science, and should sit as a Queen over all our Schools and Universities."

The Holy Scriptures, the authority of God in His Word, became the principle from which proceeded the great revival of the Church. This same Martin Luther said, in 1519, after the famous Leipsic discussion: "We cannot constrain a Christian to believe anything except by Holy Scripture, which is the Divine law." In 1521, before the diet of Worms, he wrote to Charles V.: "I am ready to accept

your judgment, without any reserve, save only the Word of God, which must be set above all." And somewhat later, speaking of the mysteries of the faith, he exclaimed: "I have seen nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing,—but because God says it, *I will* believe that it is so, and obey His Word."

Thus speaks Martin Luther of the Holy Scriptures which he had discovered in the Erfurth library. With pious hand he uplifts them, and presents them boldly to his age. Before them human traditions fall as Dagon before the ark of the Lord; and the light from on high, which darts from its sacred pages, enlightens those sitting in darkness, and leads them in the way of peace.

ALL THE REFORMATION WAS CONTAINED IN THAT BIBLE.

MERLE D'AUBIGNE.

Natural History Anecdotes.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS," ETC.



I. THE BIRD FRIEND.

WHEN I was a child, I was walking one day with my mother, in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court Palace, where we lived, when we were attracted by the beautiful song of a thrush, hanging in a common cage against the door of a very poor cottage. We stopped to listen, and agreed we had never heard sweeter notes. My mother entered the cottage, and finding the inmates, a venerable couple, very poor, asked if they would be willing to sell their bird. The money was too great a temptation—the bargain was struck, and the thrush was to be sent to the palace next day.

About a week afterwards, the old man was summoned on suspicion of having changed the bird. "Otherwise," asked the purchaser, "how do you account for its obstinate silence? I have never heard one of those notes which so charmed me the day I entered your cottage. Yours was a handsome lively fellow, and this droops and

mopes. I do not like to be imposed upon; give me back my money, and take back the bird."

The old man seemed surprised, shook his head, and asked to see the thrush. I was present: many years have elapsed, but I shall never forget that meeting. He was a fine, venerable, grey-headed old man, and he went up to the cage, and in a coaxing tone he said, "What, pratty speckleddy!"

What a metamorphosis! The bird looked up with its wistful black eye, shook his feathers, leaped from its perch, and as close to the bars of his prison as he could stand, and poured forth the most melodious song I ever heard from the lips of living thrush. He turned, and twisted, and fluttered, till I verily believe the eyes of all his hearers glistened; and well do I remember my mother saying, "Keep your money and your bird too; I could not have it on my conscience to part such friends."

It may be such vivid recollections of what appeared to me a pathetic passage in the life of a bird, has invested it with an interest the mere narrative of the fact does not convey; of this you will be the best judge.—(*Letter to Rev. F. O. Morris.*)

EARLY PIETY.



Morning.

"Early in the morning will I direct my prayer
unto Thee, and will look up."

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own,
Thy love alone
Through darksome hours doth keep.

All through the day
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my Guard and Guide:
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

Oh! make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all Grace!
Make me like Thee:
Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy Face.

Evening.

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep;
for Thou, Lord, only, makest me dwell in safety."

THE daylight fades;
The evening shades
Are gathering round my head:
Father above,
I praise that love
Which smooths and guards my bed.

While Thou art near,
I need not fear
The gloom of midnight hour:
Blest Jesus, still
From every ill
Defend me with Thy power.

Pardon my sin,
And enter in
And sanctify my heart:
Spirit Divine,
Oh! make me Thine,
And ne'er from me depart.

ANON.

The Young Folks' Page.

IV. THE BEST PLAN:



SEVERAL boys were playing at ball in the street. One of them, without intending, threw the ball against the large glass window of a shop. It made a great crash. Quick as a flash of lightning the rest of the boys ran away; but the boy who threw the ball stood still. His conscience told him that he had done wrong, but he would not run away. Presently the owner of the shop came out, feeling very angry.

"Where's the boy who broke my window?" he said.

"I did it, sir; but I didn't intend to do it," said the boy. "I'm very sorry. I would gladly pay for it, if I could, but I have no money. Father is dead, and my mother is very poor. But, sir, I'll gladly do anything I can to help pay for it. If you'll let me, sir, I'll come round every time it snows this winter and clear the snow away from your pavement, towards paying for the glass."

The shopkeeper was so pleased with the manly spirit of the boy that he accepted his offer, and said no more about the broken window.

And the boy's promise was faithfully kept. Every time there was a fall of snow through the winter he was soon at hand with shovel and broom to clear away the snow. And it ended in his getting an excellent situation, in which he did well.

V. HOW THE FIGHT BEGAN IN THE BARN-YARD.

I once learned a good lesson in a barn-yard. It was a cold frosty morning. I was looking out of a window into

the barn-yard, where a great many cows, oxen, and horses were waiting to be watered. For a while they all stood very quiet and still. Presently one of the cows, in attempting to turn round, happened to hit her next neighbour. In a moment this cow kicked her neighbour. She passed on the kick to the next, and directly the whole herd were kicking and biting each other with great fury. I said to myself, "See what comes of kicking when you are hit!"

And just so we often see one cross word set a whole family of brothers and sisters quarrelling. Now, if we feel impatient or cross when we are spoken to, let us remember how the fight began in the barn-yard.

A little patience will save us from a great deal of trouble; but when strife begins, who can tell where it will end?

VI. PUTTING OFF FRETTING.

Two gardeners had their crops of peas killed by the frost. One of them was very impatient under the loss, and fretted about it. The other patiently set to work to plant a new crop. After a while the impatient man came to visit his neighbour. To his surprise he found another crop of peas growing finely. He asked how this could be.

"This crop I sowed while you were fretting," said his neighbour.

"But don't you ever fret?" he asked.

"I put it off till I have repaired the mischief that has been done," said the other.

"Why, then you have no need to fret at all."

"True," said his friend; "and that's the reason why I put it off."

THE BIBLE MINE SEARCHED.



I hope many Sunday-school Teachers will arrange to receive answers to these Bible Questions from their scholars during each current month. Probably a Prize would stimulate interest. Answers are not to be sent to the Editor; but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. CANON HILL, M.A., VICAR OF SHEFFIELD.

(The Initial Letters of the words which answer the following series of questions will form a Bible Exhortation. Each answer is to have a proof text.)

1. What is God's favour to man called?
2. What obtained it for him?
3. By what should we show our gratitude?
4. What is another Christian duty?
5. What can God make grace to do?
6. What is that time called when we cannot work?
7. What are all graces called?
8. What will God bestow as a gift?
9. How must we seek God's gifts?
10. Which is the greatest of them?
11. How long will this endure?

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE.

Give Scripture emblems of "Time."

ANSWERS (See January No.).

"What think ye of Christ?"—Matt. xxii. 42.

Wonderful.—Isa. ix. 6.

Holy.—Luke i. 35.

Alpha.—Rev. i. 8.

T ruth, The.—John xiv. 6.

T eacher, A.—John iii. 2.

H ead, The.—Eph. i. 22.

I srael.—Acts xxviii. 20.

N ature, The.—Heb. ii. 16.

K ing.—Rev. xvii. 14.

Y ea.—2 Cor. i. 20.

E xalted.—Acts v. 31.

O mega.—Rev. i. 8.

F riends.—John xv. 15.

C hurch, The.—Col. i. 18.

H eathen, The.—Psa. ii. 8.

R ighteousness.—Jer. xxiii. 6.

I ntercessor.—Heb. vii. 25.

S criptures, The.—John v. 39.

T emple, A.—2 Cor. vi. 16.

SUN.—1st day.
Rises 7.41. Sets 4.43.

FEBRUARY.

MOON.—New, 18th, at 8.50.
Full, 27th, at 7.14.

LIGHT
FAITH
GRACE

HOME

LIFE
IN

SINNING AND REPENTING.

JOY
PEACE

HOPE
RE
LOVE



If we
say we have no
sin, we deceive ourselves.

1 JOHN 1. 8.

By
the fear of the
Lord men depart from evil.

PROV. xvi. 6.

- | | | |
|---|----|--|
| 1 | Th | There is no man that sinneth not. 1 Kings viii. 46. |
| 2 | F | PURIF. V. MARY. <i>If we say we have no sin, we deceive</i> |
| 3 | S | <i>All unrighteousness is sin. 1 John v. 17. [ourselves,</i> |
| 4 | S | Sexagesima S. <i>Thy wickedness may hurt a man as</i> |
| | | <i>thou art. Job xxxiv. 8.</i> |
| 5 | M | Fools make a mock at sin. Prov. xiv. 9. |
| 6 | Tu | Be sure your sin will find you out. Num. xxxii. 23. |
| 7 | W | Cease to do evil. Isa. i. 16. |

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 8 | Th | Learn to do well. Isa. i. 17. |
| 9 | F | All have sinned, and come short. Rom. iii. 23. |
| 10 | S | We have done perversely. 1 Kings viii. 47. |
| 11 | S | Quinquagesima S. <i>If I have done iniquity, I will</i> |
| | | <i>do no more. Job xxxiv. 32.</i> |
| 12 | M | If I be wicked, woe unto me. Job x. 15. |
| 13 | Tu | If I sin, then Thou markest me. Job x. 14. [repent. |
| 14 | W | FIRST DAY OF LENT. ASH WED. I abhor myself and |

THERE
IS JOY IN THE
PRESENCE OF GOD OVER
ONE SINNER THAT

REPENTETH.

ST. LUKE xv. 7.

The
goodness of
God leadeth to repentance.

ROM. ii. 4.

A Saviour
to give repentance.

ACTS v. 31.

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 15 | Th | The thought of foolishness is sin. Prov. xxiv. 9. |
| 16 | F | Break off thy sins by righteousness. Dan. iv. 27. |
| 17 | S | A Saviour to give repentance. Acts v. 31. |
| 18 | S | 1st S. in Lent. <i>Do works meet for repentance. Acts</i> |
| | | <i>xxvi. 20.</i> |
| 19 | M | Turn yourselves, and live ye. Ezek. xviii. 32. |
| 20 | Tu | Godly sorrow worketh repentance. 2 Cor. vii. 10. |
| 21 | W | Peter went out and wept bitterly. Luke xxii. 62. |

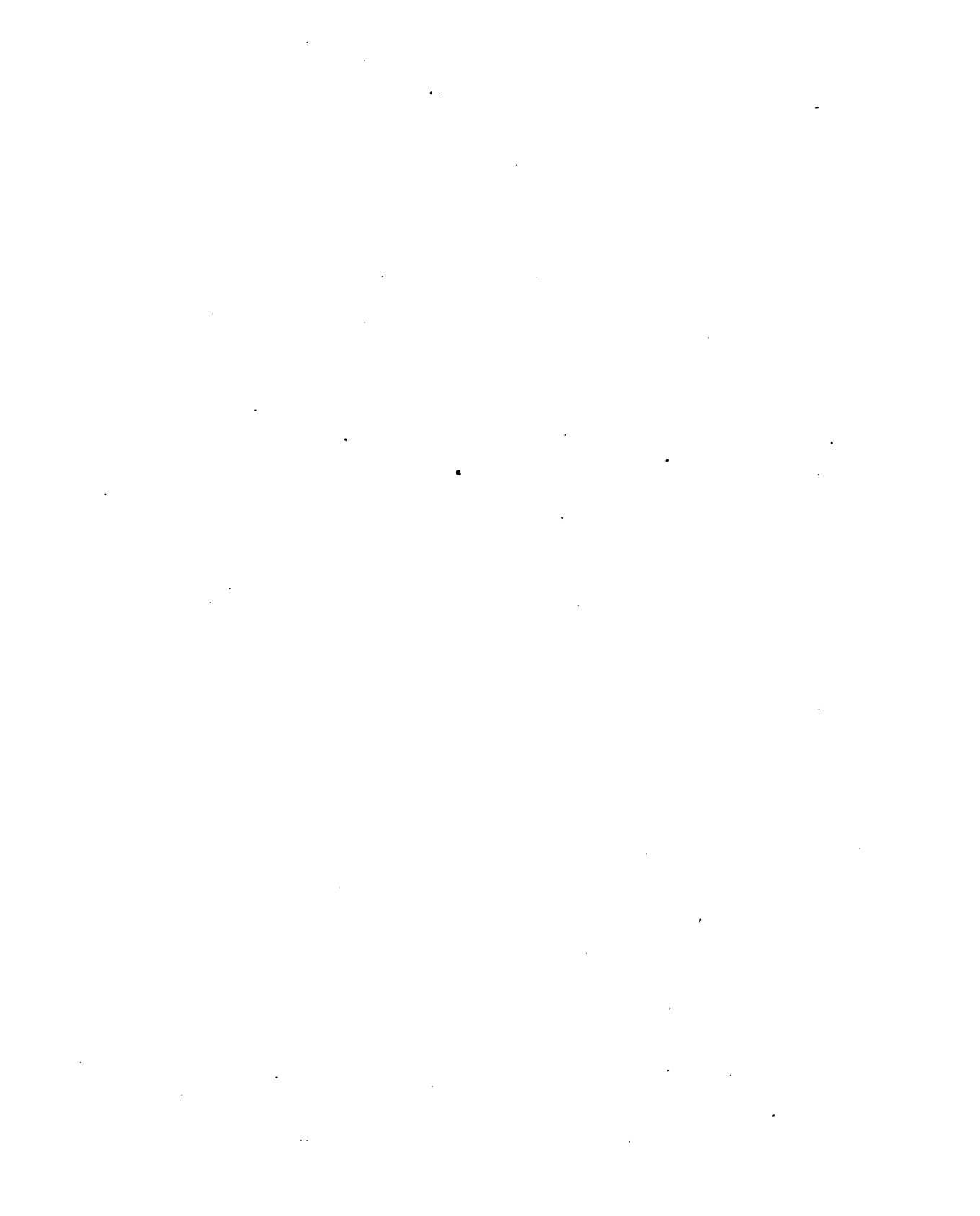
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|----|----|--|
| 22 | Th | Repent and turn from all your transgressions. |
| | | Ezek. xviii. 30. |
| 23 | F | Bring forth fruits meet for repentance. Matt. iii. 8. |
| 24 | S | ST. MATTHIAS. <i>Being made free from sin. Rom. vi. 22.</i> |
| 25 | S | 2nd S. in Lent. <i>Be zealous and repent. Rev. iii. 16.</i> |
| 26 | M | Remember how thou hast heard, and repent. Rev. [iii. 3. |
| 27 | Tu | Repent and be converted. Acts iii. 19. |
| 28 | W | Repent and be baptized. Acts ii. 38. |

SWEET is the Sabbath morning, when the chimes
Ring out their welcome music o'er the land!
Rich music! Gospel call for Gospel times,
Which princes feel, and peasants understand.
What gentle undulations swell and rise,

Wafted o'er hill and dale, like Mercy's voice;
Whose loving accents bid our hearts rejoice!
O trembling Prodigal, lift up thine eyes;
O troubled child of God, look upward to the skies.
Benjamin Gough.

LOOK unto Jesus, from your sins. He came into the world to save sinners, even the chief. It is His work, it is His joy, it is His glory, to save sinners. He has never refused to take within His sheltering side, to hide within His bleeding bosom, the penitent that sought its protection.—Dr. Winslow.

Repentance is a tear dropped from the eye of Faith by one who stands beneath the shadow of the cross.—Apo





George Thompson



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

Good Friday.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION, AND OTHER POEMS."



H that this day, on which my Surety died,
May humble me, and out of self and sin
So draw me upward, that I may begin,—
Low at His cross, exalted at His side,
Beneath my burden but above my pride,—
Henceforth a lowlier, loftier life, and win
The "Go up higher," and the "Enter in,"
Said only to the meek! O Crucified!
Whom only thus I know as afterward
Risen also and Ascended: let Thy Pains
In Passion and in Death,—while need remains,—
With all my life, borne for my sake, accord,
That I may rise o'er my dead self, and be
In heart, though here on earth, in heaven with Thee.

The Weatherbys;

OR, A HOME IN MARKET THORESBY.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "WILL FOSTER OF THE FERRY," "NOT FORSAKEN," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

ONE IN SORROW.



THE high wall which bounded the lane at the back of the cottages enclosed a good-sized garden full of trees.

In the midst of the trees stood a house, quaint in style, and not very large, but seemingly made

with a view to comfort; and in the front sitting-room, one early spring day, sat two ladies.

It was rather a singular-looking room.

The blinds were all drawn down, although there was no sunshine to be kept out on this side; and the curtains and furniture were dark-grey in hue, while every bit of pleasantly contrasting colour seemed to have been banished with curious care. The only exceptions to this prevailing dulness of tint were to be

found in the rosy cheeks and brown dress and blue bow of the younger lady. The elder lady was rather tall, and very thin and sickly-looking, and she wore a dress of very deep mourning. She sat in an easy chair, knitting slowly, and never lifting her eyes. Now and then she sighed quietly and heavily.

"Miss Eveleigh, would you not like a stroll in the garden?" asked the younger lady, in a very cheerful voice.

"No."

This was the usual response, and the younger lady knew how to meet it.

"I am sure the air would do you good. It is such a pleasant afternoon—really the first time I have felt it at all spring-like."

"No."

"I shall get your bonnet and shawl."

"No."

"The mantle, then," said the lady, smiling, and she rose and went away. Soon she came back with a crape bonnet, which she put gently upon Miss Eveleigh's head, and a large mantle which she wrapped round her slight figure,—the elder lady submitting passively. Then she said cheerily, "Come along."

"No," repeated Miss Eveleigh, as if from habit; for she arose nevertheless, and walked with languid uncertain steps by her companion's side.

"Isn't it a sweet afternoon?" said the younger lady enthusiastically.

Miss Eveleigh was pacing along with her eyes bent on the ground. "I do not know," she said. "I cannot talk while I am walking, Miss Penny."

Miss Penny only smiled again, and went on talking. Sometimes a little shade passed over her face, as if this continued cheerfulness were rather hard to keep up with so silent a companion; but she did keep it up.

Suddenly Miss Eveleigh stood still with her finger on her lips, and said—

"Hush!"

"What is it?" asked Miss Penny.

"Hush!"

They listened without a word. Some low soft notes in a child's voice came floating through the air from near at hand. The first part was indistinct; but suddenly the voice was raised, and every word became clear.

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is Thy Name:
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace."

Miss Eveleigh never stirred. She stood like one rooted to the spot; only Miss Penny could see a slight movement of her lips, as if she were following the words sung. The little singer went on to the end; and then, after the shortest possible pause, began the hymn over again:—

"Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging waters roll,
While the tempest still is high."

But when she reached the third verse, and a second time the words rang high,—

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find,"—

Miss Eveleigh burst into tears.

"Wouldn't you like to find out who it is?" asked Miss Penny.

"Yes, yes; make haste."

Dropping her usual languid manner, Miss Eveleigh hurried in the direction of the voice, followed by Miss Penny in no small wonderment; for during all the three years she had lived in the house, nothing had so roused Miss Eveleigh from her state of indifference to everything as this.

They reached the high wall which divided the garden from the back lane, and went along it inside until they came to a wooden door. Just at that moment the singing ceased; but it had sounded very near, and when Miss Penny, with some difficulty, pulled the door open, she found a group of little girls close on the other side. It was a quiet little nook which they had chosen. The eldest was a pale-faced child of about eleven, and three or four others were clustering round her—two of them as clean and neat-looking as herself, while one was a very ragged and rough-haired little specimen indeed.

"Which of you is singing?" asked Miss Penny.

The children started up, looking half

alarmed, but none of them spoke. Miss Penny repeated her question.

"And who'd it be if 'twasn't Rachel?" demanded the ragged child in answer, with her eyes fixed upon the taller lady behind.

"I'm sorry," faltered Rachel, her cheeks all in a glow. "I didn't know anybody would hear; I won't again."

"Nobody minds," said Miss Penny. "Don't be frightened. This lady likes it very much. Tell me what made you come to such a place to sing hymns. It isn't Sunday."

"I don't sing only Sunday," said Rachel, a little wonderingly. "But mother don't often like us to be in this lane; only to-day the girls are all gone off to see the show, and mother let me bring Sue and Nell here for a bit, 'cause it was quiet; and Judy came up too, and I thought I'd sing."

"What show?" asked Miss Penny.

"It's a club, and there's flags," said Rachel.

"Didn't you want to go too?"

"I don't mind," said Rachel quietly.

"You odd child," said Miss Penny, smiling.

"Now look here, the oftener you can come and sing at our gate the better."

Rachel shook her head.

"The lane's mostly got all the children running about," she said.

"And they wouldn't appreciate your singing, I suppose. What makes you like to do it so much?"

"She said it 'ud make us forget we was so hungry," said little six-year-old Nell.

"Hungry!" repeated Miss Eveleigh, speaking for the first time. "Give the children some bread and butter, Miss Penny."

"Come along," said Miss Penny, nothing loth. And as the four followed timidly to the house, Miss Eveleigh walked a little apart with her eyes as usual fixed upon the ground. She did not look up or make any remarks until two substantial plates of bread and butter had been supplied and disposed of. Then she beckoned to Rachel to come nearer.

"Miss Penny, the others may go."

"Very well, Miss Eveleigh, I'll take them to the door, and come back for Rachel."

Rachel felt rather alarmed at being left alone with this strange and sorrowful-looking lady. She stood quietly in front of her; and suddenly Miss Eveleigh looked up and said,—

"You must sing me that hymn again some day."

"Yes, ma'am," said Rachel, in a low voice, hoping it would not be yet.

"Sing some of the third verse to me now."

Rachel thought for a moment, and then began,—

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find."

"That will do," said Miss Eveleigh. "Can you say those words *really*, Rachel? Answer me the truth."

It was a hard moment for little Rachel. She was shy and timid, hardly knowing how to explain herself, almost afraid to speak, and yet still more afraid to keep quite silent, for that would have been wrong.

"Father and I want Him *most*," she whispered.

"There's a verse in the Bible like it," observed Miss Eveleigh slowly. "'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.' I never could say that verse, little Rachel, and I could not sing your hymn. Do you think *you* could, if God took away from you your father, and mother, and sisters, and everybody?"

"Oh, I hope He won't," broke out Rachel in a dismayed tone.

"He took *mine*," said Miss Eveleigh,— "father and mother and brother,—till nobody was left me. But Christ is not 'more than all' to me, Rachel. Would He be to you?"

It was almost a cruel question to ask of the child, who had never even dreamt of such possible trouble. It might have shaken for a while her simple faith—only it did not. Rachel looked up wonderingly for a moment, and then tears rushed to her wide-open eyes.

"Never mind," said Miss Eveleigh. "You don't know anything about it, child. How came you all to be so hungry to-day?"

"Father's out of work," said Rachel, with a wistful look, as if she felt that the last subject had not been rightly disposed of.

"What is his work?"

"He's been a gardener," said Rachel. "But nobody don't seem to want a gardener. And

mother's got a cough; and we don't know what to do, 'cause there's nothing more in the house."

"And so you came out to sing by way of comforting yourself," said Miss Eveleigh. "Those were strange words to sing when you wanted many things, Rachel."

Rachel lifted her eyes quickly, longing to say something.

"Well, child?"

"I'm sure, please ma'am, I wanted Him most."

Rachel was very much moved, and so was the lady. "Why, why?" she asked. "Didn't you need food very much? Wouldn't you, rather than anything, have your father find work?"

One moment's pause, and then the pent-up torrent came; and the child's quick breathing broke into tears and sobs unrestrained.

"I do love Him best. I do want Him most. And He does take care of me. He don't leave me hungry long; and if He *did*, He loves me ever so. Oh, please, mayn't I go home?"

Did the child shrink from remaining with one who seemed to understand and care so little for HIM who was all in all to her childish heart? Miss Eveleigh perhaps thought so, for a shade of pain crept over her face.

"You shall go, little Rachel. Here comes Miss Penny, to show you the way. But see me again. I will not talk like that to you any more. Good bye."

Rachel curtsied, and was taken away by Miss Penny. Miss Eveleigh sat in her old posture of dreamy thought. She spoke no more than usual that afternoon and evening, and Miss Penny's cheerful remarks were almost unheard by her. But again and again her lips might have been seen to move, as she murmured inaudibly the words,—

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find."

There each time she paused. "No, I don't find it so yet. I wish I could. *There* is something in which little Rachel is beyond me."

"Miss Eveleigh, did you ask that child's surname?" asked Miss Penny.

"No."

"I did. It is Witherby, and her father seems sorely in need of work. Couldn't you give him some employment in the garden? The little things are so evidently well brought up, that he must be an honest and well-meaning man, to say the least. Old Walters is less up to the work than ever this year, and would be thankful to retire, now his daughter has come to live with him."

"Would he?" said Miss Eveleigh.

"Why, the poor old man nearly breaks his back every time he has to tie up a carnation. He only keeps on because he has such a dread of putting you to inconvenience. I should inquire about this Witherby, if I were you, for the garden is literally going to ruin."

And though Miss Eveleigh made no answer, the suggestion did not fall to the ground. A week had not elapsed before Jacob Witherby was established on trial as gardener at the Elma.

CHAPTER VI.

GOSSIPINGS.

"*THAT* is a nice little girl of yours, Witherby," said Miss Penny.

It was Jacob's first day of work in the garden—a soft sunshiny spring day, good alike for rheumatism and low spirits. Jacob's spirits were anything but low that day. He could have sung aloud with joyful thankfulness to find himself no longer an idle man. And if his limbs gave an occasional twinge, still he found himself much stronger than in the cold weather.

Miss Eveleigh was sitting dejectedly on the green garden seat near at hand; and Jacob cast more than one passing glance of sympathy towards his new employer's bent head and pallid face. Bright Miss Penny stood upon the grass near, giving sundry directions and pieces of advice, all of which received Jacob's best attention.

"*That's* a nice little girl of yours, Witherby," she said, breaking suddenly into a fresh subject.

"She's a main good one,—thank ye kindly, ma'am, for noticing her," said Jacob. "If it's Rachel you mean."

"Yes, Rachel was the one who sang. Miss

Eveleigh, didn't you want to ask Witherby about that nice little Rachel?"

Miss Eveleigh made a sort of uncertain motion of assent, and Jacob moved nearer, while Miss Penny tripped away elsewhere. Jacob waited, but no remarks came at first.

"Would you please that I should go on with my work, ma'am?" asked Jacob at length.

"No," said Miss Eveleigh, rousing herself. "I am forgetting. Rachel must come and see me. Did she tell you about our little talk?"

Jacob was embarrassed for a moment.

"Rachie's but a child," he said in apology. "Maybe she hadn't ought; but she *did* say it all out. Rachie tells me 'most everything."

"Did you teach her that hymn?"

"No, ma'am, she's learnt it a good while ago."

"Do you and she feel alike? Rachel said you did."

Jacob thought over the question for a moment. He knew what it meant; but he was not always a ready man at an answer. She had not to wait long, however.

"I've knowed what it is to have good friends," he said slowly; "but I never had one like to the best of all, my Lord and Master above. I beg your pardon for speaking so plain, ma'am."

"I wish you to speak plainly. Is Christ your one desire—all your need? If you had to part with all you love; as I have done—"

She was almost too agitated to speak for a moment, but then added,—

"You understand me. All are gone, with me. How would it be with you?"

"A man daren't speak of strength nor patience till he's tried," said Jacob. "But I've been on the borders of parting this winter, leaving 'em all; and He was dearest to me then. And awhile back we seemed going down and down, till I didn't know where things 'd stop; but the trouble made Him seem a deal nearer."

"Then it is reality with you," said Miss Eveleigh calmly. "Troubles drive me farther from Him. I do not think I know Him as you and Rachel do. Now you may go on with your work."

Jacob could say no more—wish as he might

to do so. But if he could not speak he could pray; and many times that day, while digging, or hoeing, or tending neglected plants, he prayed with quiet earnestness that peace might come to the poor lady's troubled heart.

What a bright welcome home there was that evening for Jacob! He had not known such a one for many a day. And yet the cottage bore marks of the last few months' privations; for some of the furniture was gone, and everything ornamental had been swept away, and Dorothy and the children all looked more or less pinched and thin and wan. But they smiled right cheerily round the table again; for now that 'father' was once more in work, it seemed as if everything must go straight.

"Father, what's the lady like?" asked Ruth. "I can't get a bit out of Rachie, she's so close."

"Rachie isn't a gossip," said Dorothy, who appeared very happy.

"No more am I, mother; but I do like to know about folks. Father, *is* it true, all I heard; and is the lady not right in the head?"

"If you're not a gossip yet, you're on the high road to becoming one," said Dorothy. "It's time you were warned, Ruth. What does it matter to us about the lady's head, so long as she pays father's wages regular? Do give us a bit of peace this evening from your tongue."

Ruth's good-nature and her shallow chatter were alike persistent. Jacob, however, interposed here:—

"Ruthie, you'll speak of the lady in a gentler way, I'm hoping, when you know the truth. Just put out of your head all the nonsense you've heard. She's a poor sorrowing one, that's lost everybody she loved in the world. Poor master himself wasn't kinder to me than she is. But she don't say a great deal—seems like as if she hadn't heart for it. Miss Penny, the lady as lives with her, she told me Miss Eveleigh hadn't nobody left belonging to her; and she'd grieved till she'd got into this state of caring for nothing. We're going to try between us if we can't interest her a bit in the garden. Seems to me, though, the best of all we can do is to pray for her. Leastways that's a deal better than talk, Ruthie."

Ruth hung her head and looked somewhat abashed.

"But, you see, I didn't know all that, father."

"But you might have guessed Nancy Dix wouldn't be like to know much of the truth of the matter. And what's more, Ruthie,"—Jacob spoke firmly here,—"*I'll have you know one thing. If ever I speak of a thing I've seen or heard yonder in the house or garden where I work, it isn't to go no further than ourselves. If I find I can't trust you, I'll take mighty good care never to speak such a word before you; but I'd be sorry for that too. I'll have to do it, though, if you don't look out, my girl. I'm Miss Eveleigh's servant now; for my work is to serve her; and there's scarce a thing I hate like to servants gossiping over their masters' and mistresses' concerns. I've a mind to be faithful, God helping me, in things which are little as well as big, and I don't count *that* faithful. It don't seem to me honourable.*"

"I'll take care, father," said Ruth, in a more subdued tone than usual.

Tea went on merrily after this beginning; and presently the two little ones climbed to their old places on Jacob's knee, and made him tell stories till it was time for them to go to bed. Ruth washed up the tea-things and chattered briskly about her doings in school; and Tom had something to say on the same score, for his master had bestowed upon him especial praise that day, on account of his diligence; and honest Tom blushed like a peony with pleasure, as he gave a moderate report of what had been said. And then the two elder girls put the two younger ones to bed; and when they came down again, Dorothy bade Ruth help her with some mending. She said nothing to Rachel, however; for Rachel had been working already a good deal of her own free will that day; so Jacob beckoned to his younger girl and they went out for a little turn in the bit of garden at the back.

What a lovely evening it was. The sun had gone down, but a glow of crimson colour shone still through the air, and some dull red clouds were piled together on the western horizon. Overhead the sky was clear blue, freckled with white, and every tree around

was bursting into leaf. A little murmur of voices came softly past, broken now and then by a child's shrill laughter in the distance, or by some angry tones next door. Rachel did not like to hear those tones. The harsh sounds seemed so out of agreement with the fair quiet evening.

"Father, I wish nobody'd ever be vexed," she said.

"So do I, Rachie. I do love peaceableness."

"It's Mrs. Cox," said Rachel. "I get to know, because I hear her so often. And last night Mrs. Callaghan was beating Judy, and Judy did cry so, I didn't know how to bear it."

"A poor little weakly thing-like that! It's a shame," said Jacob. "And they do say the child isn't her own at all, but a little orphan as she took up. I'm afraid it wasn't much out of kindness. She used to take her out begging, and have more given her through the child's ways; but Judy's getting bigger now, and I doubt me Mrs. Callaghan finds her a bit in the way."

"Mother's sorry for Judy now," said Rachel; "and she don't mind me knowing her. I've told Judy she mustn't ever steal, or lie, or say bad words, or mother won't let me be with her. And I do think she is trying. And I'm teaching her a little bit of—of things I know, father, about the Lord Jesus."

"That's right, Rachie."

And they took a turn in silence.

"It's good to think you've work again," said Rachel, with a sigh of content.

"Ay,—it *is* good, Rachie. I didn't half know what a burden I'd been bearing lately, till now it's gone. I was wondering what next to part with, so as to get together the rent."

"It isn't so nice here as in the old house," said Rachel. "But it seems as if we'd *do* now. Father, we've *had* to be patient, haven't we?"

"There's been need of patience," said Jacob. "Maybe there'll be need again soon. There's mostly a deal of need of that sort in this life. One way or another, we're like to have need of it till the end."

"Only it's worse sometimes than others," said Rachel.

"That scolding now!" said Jacob, as the angry tones next door grew louder. "Why can't folks be at peace a beautiful evening like this? I've need of patience there, Rachie. I do love things to be quiet."

"Isn't it good that you have such a quiet garden to work in all day?" said Rachel; and he smiled.

"Ay, and I didn't mean to grumble neither. But it seems to me, the more we learn to hate sin and wrong, the more need

of patience there is in passing through this world, all in the midst of them. It'll be different by-and-by. But we've got to wait patiently. I wonder if *that's* something of what is meant when the Bible speaks of 'the patience of Jesus.'"

"That's what we've got to learn from Him, I s'pose," said little Rachel softly. "But I feel a deal more like singing to-night, father, than like sitting down to be patient."

(To be continued.)

Too Old to say Prayers.

[These verses embody words really spoken by a little girl to her mother. It may be, the arrow of conviction from "the bow drawn at a venture" may reach some loving parents' hearts, who have hitherto failed to teach their children *by example* that they have a Father in Heaven who hears and answers prayer.—EDITOR OF *Home Words*.]



H, Mother," says she, as she and I were going one night upstairs—

"Amn't I old enough," she says, "to give up saying my prayers?

For I've been seven such a long time now, I think I'll be eight very soon, And it's long since I've had a knife and a fork, and given over using a spoon."

"Why, what dost thou mean by such talk?" I said; and she turns on me her eyes, And gives me a look quite innocent, and yet as wise as wise;

"Why, mother," she says, "there's a lot of things, like saying 'I will' and 'I won't,' That children are always bid to mind, and that bigger people don't."

"And brothers, when they were as young as me, wore their little frocks instead Of coats and trousers, and little ones are sent off soon to bed, And sent to learn our A B ab; and I thought that saying one's prayers Was just like these—for *I never see any grown-up folks say theirs*."

"Oh bairn," I said, "have done with thy talk," for each word was like a knife;

"Of lessons thou'st given thy mother one that'll last her all her life; "

And I knelt down beside her little bed, and all that I could say

Was just "Our Father, Who art in Heaven," and "Lord, teach me how to pray."

"And pardon," I said, "a sinner's heart, that comes to Thee on her knees,

And pardon her ways that's been blind so long that it's only now she sees;

And pardon," I said, "a sinner's life, and give her Thy grace to mend,

And be Thou to me, and be Thou to mine, a Saviour and a Friend."

DORA GREENWELL.*

* From "Songs of Salvation" (London: Strahan & Co.).





Sandringham Church.

BEFORE the Prince of Wales selected Sandringham as his residence, few parts of England were less known than this north-west corner of the county of Norfolk. Wolferton, the nearest railway station, is a most primitive little stopping-place. There are no conveyances to be obtained nearer than Lynn, which is eight miles off. The walk, however, is very pretty. Half a mile from the station the road climbs a hill, the altitude of which is quite remarkable for Norfolk. From the top of this hill an extensive view is obtained of the surrounding country.

On every side are to be seen signs of the improvements effected by the Prince. The well-arranged plantations, the neat rustic palings, the well-kept roads and footpaths, all denote wealth judiciously expended. Presently the traveller sees the pretty tower of the little old church of Sandringham, with its flag floating in the breeze; then the western façade of Sandringham Hall becomes visible through the fine trees on the left of the road, and at last the lodge and gates are reached.

Opposite the tower of the church (of which we give an engraving), and overshadowed by two fine trees, stands the ivy-clad

Rectory House, and a little below this is the School-house, erected and supported by the Prince. It is a neat little building in the modern Gothic style, constructed of ironstone, with dressings of white brick. It consists of a large schoolroom with an open timber roof, apartments for the mistress, etc. Two or three cottages, built in the same neat style, compose the whole village of Sandringham.

The best view of Sandringham Hall is from the path leading from the churchyard to the hall. It is a handsome and dignified building, constructed of red brick and stone in the style of James I. The whole has been erected at the cost of the Prince, as the house which originally stood on this site was found to be in a ruinous state. In addition to the Hall itself, very extensive stables, lodges, labourers' cottages, and other adjuncts to a great country house, have also been constructed.

Sandringham and its rural church will ever be associated with remembrances of that period of national anxiety and prayer when our Royal Prince was "nigh unto death." Long may the royal dwelling be blessed with health and all that serves to constitute for Prince and peasant a Happy English Home:—

"A spot of earth supremely blest—
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

THE EDITOR.

George Moore, the Christian Merchant.

(See Portrait, Page 50.)

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.



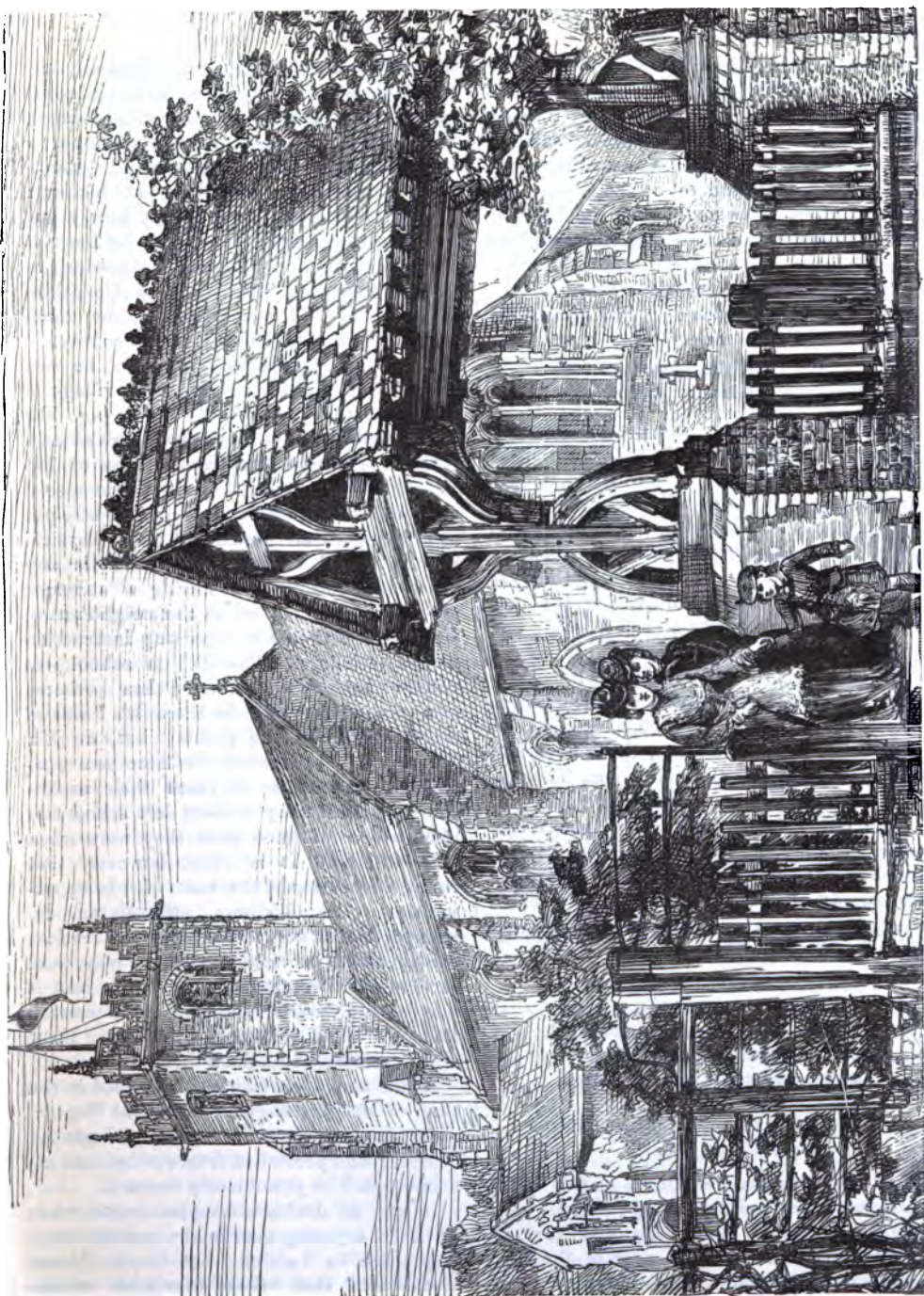
THE name of George Moore will not soon be forgotten, as "a simple, earnest-hearted servant of our Lord Jesus Christ, who devoted his clear head and his mighty energy and the princely wealth which he by his own power and

industry and God's blessing upon them had earned, to the furtherance of godliness and the welfare of his brethren."* Good men die, but their memory is cherished—

"The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust."

Their example also is emulated; so that the world is still their debtor when in God's providence they themselves "rest from their labours." Many a resolve, we doubt not, was

* The Bishop of Carlisle's Sermon at the Cathedral.



SANDRINGHAM CHURCH.

formed by other "London merchant princes" when the intelligence of George Moore's death reached them: "We will try to walk in his steps." For the happiness' sake of the thousands who will miss as well as mourn their beneficent friend, let us hope these resolves will all be wrought into the life that speaks, the life that *is* blessed, and therefore *blessees* others.

George Moore, in the right sense of the word,—the sense which does not ignore the Divine Providence, the—

"Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will,"—

was a self-made man. He derived from his parents the inheritance of an honest name and industrious habits; and these talents, the most precious after all, he turned to the best account, and through them in the end he achieved the noble position which he occupied for so many years. His father was a yeoman (or farmer cultivating his own small estate) at Mealsgate, near Wigton; and there—far away in the north-west corner of England, where the Cumberland hills slope down towards the Solway Firth—George was born, on the 9th of April, 1806, the second son in a family of five children, three boys and two girls, of whom the eldest son, Thomas, still owns and cultivates the paternal acres.

The influence of such homes, where the sense of English freedom is enjoyed in its amplest form, and where industry serves for the supply of every real want, and secures every natural and rational enjoyment, is well described by Mrs. Hemans:—

"The free fair homes of England,
Long, long in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall.
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God,"

Very few men have felt more of this home influence than did Mr. George Moore. He left at a very early age for the busy world of London, but his heart was ever in Cumberland; it was "home, sweet home;" and when success crowned his enterprises, and gave him the means and the right to enjoy

his well-earned rest, he yielded himself fully to the delight of ministering to the interests of his own country-folk, throwing himself heartily into all schemes for local improvement, aiding and encouraging all educational enterprises, and maintaining at his own charges, and stimulating by his hearty and genial personal intercourse and influence, a corps of Town and Village Missionaries and Bible Colporteurs, by whom the Gospel of the Grace of God was carried into the homes of the people of his beloved native county.

As the boy advanced in years, he was put to school at the neighbouring village of Bolton Gate. But seventy years ago the village school was of a very primitive character. The master was often a man of but little education, and perhaps even less special aptitude for his vocation, being frequently put to teaching either because of some physical infirmity, or because he was unfit for any other occupation, and having a stronger predilection for a pint at the neighbouring public-house than for imparting instruction to his scholars. The Bolton school was neither better nor worse than others; some smattering of "the three R's" was of course given to the pupils; but, as Mr. Moore used to remark in later years, no attempt was made to reach their understanding, and many of them left school but little better informed than they were when they entered. It is clear, however, that young Moore made the best of his opportunities. School-fellows, still living, remember him as a precocious boy, of restless energy, both in school and at play, and excelling his companions in both; and it may be said that, in fulfilment of the proverb that "the child is father of the man," these characteristics he retained through life.

At the age of fourteen he was placed in the shop of Mr. Messenger, a draper at Wigton, where he soon showed such an aptitude for business, and proved so trustworthy, that his master put him prominently forward.

It was, no doubt, a disappointment when so useful a young man announced his wish to proceed to London; but George Moore always held that "those who wish to rise must aim high, and that those who looked low would remain low," and a little country

town with a few thousand inhabitants afforded such small opportunities for the gratification of his ambitious spirit, that he was not long in deciding upon the change. His step-mother warmly entered into his views, and through her influence a modest situation was soon obtained for him with the retail firm of Messrs. Flint, Ray, Nicholson & Co., of Grafton House, Soho, one of the members of which was connected with his native county.

CHAPTER II.

COMMERCIAL LIFE.

IN 1825, at the age of eighteen, George Moore made his first appearance in London, a smart, active young fellow, with perhaps a little more than the traditional half-crown in his pocket, but nevertheless with a purse that was, if anything, rather lighter than his heart. The shop in which he was placed had a high reputation; but the year we have mentioned was marked by a financial panic that necessarily had its effect upon all kinds of trade, and he had not been long behind a London counter before his ambition began to yearn for a still wider sphere of activity. The retail trade was too slow for him; his dreams had been of great enterprise and large dealings, and he felt that if he was to get on in the world he must acquire a footing in some wholesale house; and accordingly he once more made up his mind to seek another change.

In this resolution he was strengthened by a romantic incident which has frequently been mentioned in public, and which we need not therefore hesitate to repeat here. One day, soon after he had entered upon his duties in Grafton House, Mrs. Ray, the wife of one of the principals, entered the shop, accompanied by her daughter; and the appearance of the young lady at once made a strong impression upon the susceptible heart of the country lad. It was a case of love at first sight on his part—a love that carried with it a consciousness of its own power, and a determination to conquer what, to many, might, under the circumstances, have seemed to be insuperable obstacles. "If ever I marry," said the young shopman to one of his fellows

when the lady had departed, "that girl shall be my wife." It is a remarkable fact, that for many years that resolve remained registered in his heart as the expression of a fixed purpose, that it proved a great incentive to exertion, and that in the end it was auspiciously fulfilled by the prosperous city merchant being united in marriage to the daughter of his first London employer.

Young Moore's desire for employment in a wholesale establishment was generously encouraged by Mr. Ray, who kindly used his influence, and ultimately succeeded in obtaining him a situation with Messrs. Fisher, of Watling Street, then regarded as the first house of the kind in the world. With that firm he began his career in the wholesale department of trade, as a warehouseman with a salary of £40 a year; but before he was twenty-one he was advanced to the post of town traveller. His whole interest was now concentrated upon the work going on around him; he was not fully satisfied until he had mastered the details, not of his own department only, but of every other that he had a chance of obtaining information about; for he still kept before him his favourite motto, "aim high," and he was convinced that his only hope of success lay in knowing as much about his business as anybody else. "I will rise," was the reflection always uppermost in the mind of the young London traveller, with his humble salary; and he succeeded in accomplishing his purpose.

His employers soon found that Moore's orders exceeded in number and amount those of any of their other travellers, and they were not slow in recognizing his services and turning them to better account. In the course of a year or two the best "country ground" visited by the firm became vacant, and the successful young town traveller was sent out to occupy it.

In his new sphere he proved himself more than equal to his work. His reputation as a pushing salesman at once spread. He was talked about in all the commercial rooms; and among the tradesmen of Manchester and Liverpool and the large towns of the North, he was always welcomed as one to whom orders could be entrusted with the certainty of being executed with the greatest possible despatch.

But he bore his honours very modestly, and was not carried off his feet by the puff of praise. "It is the lace, not the seller of it, that does the work," he was wont to say; "people can't do without Fisher's goods, and I only supply their wants." Yet he always took care to be on the spot when goods were wanted.

In those days, it must be remembered, there were no railways. The coach was the only public conveyance; and between many places coaches ran only once a day, and in some instances less frequently. Nowadays, if a traveller does not finish up his work at night, he can still put in an hour or two in the morning and reach his next station by the middle of the day; but such a delay, forty or fifty years ago, meant the loss of a day, and perhaps more. In after years Mr. Moore used often to relate how, after a hard day's work in taking orders, he has sat up all night packing his goods, and then rushed off by the early coach next morning, rather than lose a moment of time unnecessarily; and happily for him the "flesh" in his case proved as strong as the "spirit," and he was able to bear the strain.

A turning point in his career occurred soon after. A traveller who represented the com-

paratively new house of Groucock, Copestake, & Co., then struggling into existence, was so much struck with the energy and determination exhibited by Mr. Moore, and considered it so hopeless to struggle against such an intrepid opponent, that he induced his employers to try to come to some arrangement with him. Mr. Moore was offered a considerable increase of salary if he would transfer his services to the new house; but the offer was more than once declined.

At length Mr. Groucock offered him as much as £500 a year if he would become their traveller. An advance of salary from £150 to £500 a year was, of course, very tempting; but at this time Mr. Moore knew pretty well what he was worth, and he firmly announced his decision of making no change except upon the condition of a partnership. At this proposition the firm hesitated for a time; but they ultimately accepted Mr. Moore's own terms.

A strong personal attachment sprung up between the old partners and their new colleague—an attachment that ripened with years; and Mr. Moore has often been heard to say that no man could have been more happy in his partners than himself.

(To be continued.)

The Purchase of His Cross.

"NOT YOUR OWN."



OT your own!" but His ye are,
Whohath paid a price untold
For your life, exceeding far
All earth's store of gems
and gold.

With the precious blood of Christ,
Ransom-treasure all unpriced,
Full redemption is procured,
Full salvation is assured.

"Not your own;" but His by right,
His peculiar treasure now;
Fair and precious in His sight,
Purchased jewels for His brow.
He will keep what thus He sought,
Safely guard the dearly bought,
Cherish that which He did choose,
His love and never lose.

"Not your own!" To Him ye owe
All your life and all your love;
Live, that ye His praise may show,
Who is yet all praise above.
Every day and every hour,
Every gift and every power,
Consecrate to Him alone,
Who hath claimed you for His own.

Teach us, Master, how to give
All we have and are to Thee;
Grant us, Saviour, while we live,
Wholly, only, Thine to be.
Henceforth be our calling high
Thee to serve and glorify;
Ours no longer, but Thine own,
Thine for ever, Thine alone!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Little Foxes and the Tender Grapes.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "NOT YOUR OWN;"
"BENEATH THE CROSS," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

INDOLENCE.



"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes."—*Solomon's Song* ii. 15.

ERE is one of the tribe that I very much dread. Indolence is a sleepy, drowsy, slow-footed fellow, but none the less dangerous for this. A more pestilent troubler of the vineyard is nowhere to be found. In spite of his drowsy look he is ubiquitous, lurking everywhere, and always doing mischief. There is no place where, some time or other, you may not see him.

You find him in *the street*. Here is a knot of men standing idle—keeping Saint Monday, as it is sometimes called. One of the six working days is lost and wasted with no profit or pleasure to themselves, and with great loss to their families and their employers.

You find him in *the Church*. Eutychus, who fell asleep and fell down from the loft and was taken up dead—he had not escaped injury at his hands. And often now the most wholesome instructions are lost, —the most suitable words of prayer and praise are all without benefit,—because sloth shuts up the ear and the heart, and a dull heavy carelessness has hushed the soul to sleep.

You find him in *the shop* and in *the house of business*. Accounts are badly kept, letters are left unanswered, orders not executed in time, and goods are not at hand to supply to customers. So by-and-by failure follows—debt, and the bankruptcy court, and I know not what else of discomfort and distress, arises.

He creeps into *the farm* or *the garden*,

and weeds and thistles grow apace. Trees are left unpruned and seed-time is put off. So a well-nigh fruitless summer and harvest follows, and perhaps a new tenant has to come in and take possession where the former has neglected his work.

He creeps into *the school-room*, and you see a boy or girl dawdling over the lessons—looking here and there, and talking in an undertone to others; and then, at the end of the term, a very indifferent report is received, and little or no progress in study has been made; money has been spent by parents in vain, and a precious portion of life's spring-time is wasted and lost.

He creeps into *the drawing-room*; and idle chit-chat and gossip takes up many a golden hour, and the novel beguiles away time that ought to be redeemed for something far higher; and day passes day, and weeks fly by, and what is the fruit they leave behind?

He creeps into *the kitchen*, and work is only half done. Nothing looks bright and clean. The cupboard is choked full of wasted remnants. The dinner is not cooked as it should be, and yet is half an hour late. Servants have no comfort, because five, or six, or seven o'clock comes, and everything is still in confusion; when it required but a little more forethought and diligence, and they might have had an hour or two of quiet rest for themselves.

He creeps into *the bedroom* and robs men of the best hours of the day. At the last moment the effort to rise is made which ought to have been made half an hour or an hour sooner, and then all is hurry-scurry. There is scarcely a moment for washing or

for dressing. A hasty prayer is said without a moment's reflection, or else is forgotten altogether. You come down when family prayer is over, or when breakfast has begun. All the day's duties are jostled out of their place. You can scarcely reach in time the train or the omnibus. A ruffled spirit prevents your comfort in work; and all has arisen for want of a little diligence and self-denial in the early dawn.

Thus everywhere sloth and indolence creep in and do their deadly work. There is no possibility of reckoning the evil they do.

What endless trouble they often cause to their victims! "The way of the slothful man," says the Preacher, "is a hedge of thorns." What does this mean? Simply, the idle, slothful spirit creates for itself thorns and briars, which perpetually wound and pierce it. You neglect a duty, and that one neglect brings after it trouble upon trouble. It may be in your home or in your business; but months elapse before you are free from the annoyance that has arisen through your own fault.

In the Book of Proverbs, *poverty* is continually spoken of as the fruit of sloth. Very striking is this under the image of the sluggard's vineyard, "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw, and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth; and thy want as an armed man."—Prov. xxiv. 30-34.

An excellent fable is given at the commencement of Mr. Smiles' book on "Thrift," bearing on the same point. A grasshopper, half-starved with cold and hunger, came to a well-stored beehive at the approach of winter, and humbly begged the bees to re-

lieve his wants with a few drops of honey. One of the bees asked him how he had spent his time all the summer, and why he had not laid up a store of food like them. "Truly," said he, "I spent my time very merrily in drinking, dancing, and singing, and never once thought of winter." "Our plan is very different," said the bee; "we work hard in the summer to lay by a store of food against the season when we foresee we shall want it; but those who do nothing but drink and dance and sing in the summer must expect to starve in the winter."

Indolence, times without number, brings dire poverty in *temporal circumstances*. Here is a young man who will never give his time or thought to any work or study. He is a clergyman's son, and has as fair a prospect as any one need wish. But through indolence he throws it away. By-and-by his father dies, and he is reduced to abject poverty. He must take a situation as porter for a few shillings a week, "to keep the wolf from his door."

Indolence brings *poverty of mind*. Spare hours and moments well improved, and you might have had all the chambers of the mind filled with pleasant and useful knowledge. You might have had a rich treasury of information for the good of children and neighbours and friends, as well as for your own comfort. But this fox has destroyed these tender grapes, and you often lack knowledge which might have been the greatest help to you.

But the worst result of all, is *soul-poverty*. This is the greatest evil by far. Life's opportunities have passed by unimproved. You have redeemed no time for prayer, for searching the Scriptures, for self-examination, for doing God's work and advancing His kingdom. Self has been served, and sin indulged. And now the winter is at hand, "the harvest is past, the summer is ended," and you have no golden store laid up. Ah! poor soul, thou art poor indeed. Thou hast none of the bread of life to nourish

thee, no robe of righteousness to cover thy guilty soul in the Day of Judgment, not a coin of Heaven's mintage to carry with thee through the grave. Thou hast no heart-
riches, no faith, no contrition, no love, no peace. Whatsoever thou hast in the way of privilege, shall be taken from thee, and thy portion beyond the grave can only be poverty and shame.

Nay, but it need not be! Life is not over yet. The past may have been wasted, but at least a few fragments remain. Therefore use double diligence. Be alive and awake now. There is pardon for the past through Him who bore thy sin on the cross. There is help and restoration and grace to live better through the Spirit.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest'
Was not spoken of the soul."

"Not many lives, but only one have we; one—only one;

How sacred should that one life ever be—that narrow span!

Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil."

But how shall you catch and kill this Fox? How shall you best be able to cast Indolence and Sloth out of your vineyard?

Reckon it a matter of *real importance*. Regard sloth and idleness as a positive sin. Regard it as a most necessary duty to be up and doing, and to make the most of life whilst you have it.

Remember, your time is a precious talent, for which you must give account by-and-by. Think over such texts as these—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Eccles. ix. 10. "I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."—John ix. 4. "Redeeming the time."—Eph. v. 16.

Be sure that indolence and sloth will *ruin your present peace*. They will prove a terrible injury to your soul. They will hinder your usefulness in your home and in the Church

of God; whilst diligence, activity, and perseverance, earnestness in whatever you do, will open the door for ever-increasing prosperity and happiness.

Copy the noble *examples* left you in Holy Scripture. Think of Joseph, and Nehemiah, and Daniel, and Paul; each in their sphere so faithful to God, and so active and laborious in their several duties. Above all, think of the example of the Master. Christ never was idle, He was never in a hurry, and yet He never wasted a moment. We often read in St. John's Gospel of "the next day." Each day had its appointed work, and every day was spent in doing good and in glorifying His Father in Heaven. Seek to follow in His footsteps. By the mighty energy of the Holy Ghost quickening your soul, live while you live, and live to purpose.

Gather up the fragments. The moments and the minutes are gold dust. Don't throw them away. Especially remember the proverb, "The morning hour has gold in its mouth." Let the early part of each day be very carefully laid out to profit. Do not shrink from a little pains and trouble. If something is wrong, set about putting it right. If some forgotten duty crosses your mind,—if possible, on the instant,—see if you cannot do it. "Better late than never." Think of such words as these: "No pains, no gains." "No mill, no meal." "Make hay while the sun shines." "A stitch in time saves nine."

Determinately reject all needless excuses for delay. Don't put off a walk till the afternoon, when it would do you most good in the morning. Don't wait to do something till some one else is ready to help you in it. Leave nothing till to-morrow that ought to be done to-day. And, chiefest of all, neglect not the care of the soul. Labour to be rich—rich indeed—rich in faith, rich in good works, rich towards God. "Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt."



I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold ;
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled,
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home,
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child ;
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild.
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone ;
 They bound me with the bands of love ;
 They saved the wandering one.

Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole.
 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep ;
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controlled ;
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold.
 I was a wayward child,
 I once preferred to roam ;
 But now I love my Father's voice,
 I love, I love His Home.

DR. BONAR.

The Good Shepherd.

"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd : He shall gather the Lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."—ISAIAH xl. 11.

"The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the Sheep."—ST. JOHN x. 11.

"Jesus saith to Peter, Feed my Lambs."—ST. JOHN xxi. 15.

Natural History Anecdotes.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS," ETC.



II. A FRIEND IN NEED.

ONCE heard a very interesting account of two dogs, belonging to an English gentleman. They were very fond of each other, and might often be seen playing and romping together in the beautiful fields and on the high hills. They appeared to have a language of their own, for they seemed as though they talked to, or understood each other.

One day, in the midst of their romping, one of them fell into the river, at a place where the embankment was very steep. The dog tried very hard to get out of the water, but could not stretch his paw far enough to reach the top of the bank. The poor dog began to howl in distress, when the other dog suddenly appeared at the edge of the river.

What do you think he did? Why, the sagacious creature stretched out his neck as far as he could, and caught hold of the other dog's ear. In a moment the dog that was in the water gave a sudden spring, and the other dog gave a clever pull, and the next moment both dogs were running about as joyfully as before.

III. THE RAVEN AND THE RING.

IN a village near Warsaw, there lived a pious peasant, by name Dobry. Without any fault of his own, he had fallen into arrear with his rent, and the landlord determined to turn him out. It was winter, and evening, and the next day he was to be turned out, with all his family. As they sat in their sorrow, Dobry knelt down in their midst, and they sang,—

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands."

Just as they came to the last verse,—

"When Thou wouldst all our need supply,
Who then shall stay Thy hand?"

there was a knock at the window. It was an old friend, a raven, that Dobry's grandfather

had taken out of the nest and tamed and then set at liberty. Dobry opened the window; the raven hopped in, and in his bill there was a ring, set with precious stones.

Dobry thought he would sell the ring; but he thought again that he would take and show it to his minister; and he, who saw at once, by the crest, that it belonged to King Stanislaus, took it to him, and related the story. The king sent for Dobry, and rewarded him so that he was no more in need; and the next year built him a new house, and gave him cattle from his own herd; and over the house door there is an iron tablet, whereon is carved a raven with a ring in his beak, and underneath the verse,—

"Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light!"

IV. FAITHFUL IN DEATH.

A POOR woman was returning from a market town some distance off, and perished in a snowstorm by which she was overtaken. So deep was the snow-drift that her body was not discovered till three days afterwards, when the dog was found lying close to his mistress, with the basket of eatables untouched.

It was then remembered, unhappily too late, that the faithful animal had been in the village on the evening of the snowstorm, and by whining and pulling at their clothes, had in vain endeavoured to induce some of the poor woman's neighbours to afford her relief.

V. MUSICAL DOGS.

A GENTLEMAN, on whose word the utmost reliance may be placed, tells me that his father had a shepherd's dog, Colley, which was in the habit of going regularly to church with the family, and ensconcing himself at the bottom of the pew. As soon as the psalmody commenced (for it was a Scottish Church), it would start up, and placing its paws on the table, pat time to the music with the utmost regularity.

Music had also a peculiar effect on his own dog, a cross by a retriever and a water-dog, whether agreeable or the contrary he was not able to determine. Invariably, when any one played on a musical instrument within hearing, it would intimate its dissent (?) or approbation (?) by loud and continuous howls during the performance. I noticed the other day the same effect produced on a large Newfoundland dog by the strains of a barrel-organ in the street. If in the latter instance it meant to signify its disgust, I should be inclined to give the dog credit for a better taste than has been usually assigned to the brute creation.

VI. "WHO ARE YOU?"

A PERSON of my acquaintance was very fond of pets, and had a number of rabbits, guinea pigs, and other pets, confined on a large grass plot. Among these animals a fine rose-crested cockatoo used to wander, not only fearlessly, but without inflicting any injury on the rest of the animals. One day my friend procured a large white Angola rabbit, which he placed with the others on the grass plot. The new arrival attracted the attention of the cockatoo, who straightway walked towards the rabbit. It did not seem afraid of the approach, as,

being white like itself, perhaps it thought there was some affinity between them. When the cockatoo had drawn quite close to the rabbit, he put his beak to the ear of the animal, and shouted out, "Who are you?" My friend roared at the consternation such a salute caused to the rabbit, who bounded off at full speed to the farther end of the enclosure.

VII. A CANINE POLICEMAN.

A VALUABLE dog belonged to the late Rev. J. Palmer, who entrusted one of his farm servants with the key of the barn, from whence he occasionally brought sacks of flour to the house, for the use of the family. One night this man wickedly stole a sack of corn for his own household, little thinking that the dog, who knew him so well, and watched and followed him so quietly, would interfere with his guilty plan.

All went smoothly, till the thief, leaving his master's premises, turned into the road that led to the village; when the shrewd animal, suspecting that all was not right, suddenly seized him by the leg, and, without hurting him in the least, held him tightly till the morning. Unable to account for his awkward position, the culprit was obliged to confess his crime.—*Our Dumb Companions.*

Life's First Journey.



ENCOURAGED by his father's voice and smile,
That little trav'ler presses on his way;
To him the mimic journey is no play,
Although he counts not progress by the mile!
The brandished whip and flourished reins beguile
The fleeting moments of the careless day:
The joys of childhood—ah, how brief their stay!
Like vernal flowers seen but a little while.
A life-long journey lies before that child,
Which calls for energy and trust and prayer;
But o'er him still will bend a Father mild,
With loving words to soothe his daily care:
And when at last the toilsome course is run,
A joyful welcome waits each faithful son!

Londesborough Rectory.

RICHARD WILTON, M.A.



LIFE'S FIRST JOURNEY.

But he bore his honours very modestly, and was not carried off his feet by the puff of praise. "It is the lace, not the seller of it, that does the work," he was wont to say; "people can't do without Fisher's goods, and I only supply their wants." Yet he always took care to be on the spot when goods were wanted.

In those days, it must be remembered, there were no railways. The coach was the only public conveyance; and between many places coaches ran only once a day, and in some instances less frequently. Nowadays, if a traveller does not finish up his work at night, he can still put in an hour or two in the morning and reach his next station by the middle of the day; but such a delay, forty or fifty years ago, meant the loss of a day, and perhaps more. In after years Mr. Moore used often to relate how, after a hard day's work in taking orders, he has sat up all night packing his goods, and then rushed off by the early coach next morning, rather than lose a moment of time unnecessarily; and happily for him the "flesh" in his case proved as strong as the "spirit," and he was able to bear the strain.

A turning point in his career occurred soon after. A traveller who represented the com-

paratively new house of Groucock, Copestake, & Co., then struggling into existence, was so much struck with the energy and determination exhibited by Mr. Moore, and considered it so hopeless to struggle against such an intrepid opponent, that he induced his employers to try to come to some arrangement with him. Mr. Moore was offered a considerable increase of salary if he would transfer his services to the new house; but the offer was more than once declined.

At length Mr. Groucock offered him as much as £500 a year if he would become their traveller. An advance of salary from £150 to £500 a year was, of course, very tempting; but at this time Mr. Moore knew pretty well what he was worth, and he firmly announced his decision of making no change except upon the condition of a partnership. At this proposition the firm hesitated for a time; but they ultimately accepted Mr. Moore's own terms.

A strong personal attachment sprung up between the old partners and their new colleague—an attachment that ripened with years; and Mr. Moore has often been heard to say that no man could have been more happy in his partners than himself.

(To be continued.)

The Purchase of His Cross.

"NOT YOUR OWN."



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Whohath paid a price untold
For your life, exceeding far
All earth's store of gems
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You find him in *the shop* and in *the house of business*. Accounts are badly kept, letters are left unanswered, orders not executed in time, and goods are not at hand to supply to customers. So by-and-by failure follows—debt, and the bankruptcy court, and I know not what else of discomfort and distress, arises.

He creeps into *the farm* or *the garden*,

and weeds and thistles grow apace. Trees are left unpruned and seed-time is put off. So a well-nigh fruitless summer and harvest follows, and perhaps a new tenant has to come in and take possession where the former has neglected his work.

He creeps into *the school-room*, and you see a boy or girl dawdling over the lessons—looking here and there, and talking in an undertone to others; and then, at the end of the term, a very indifferent report is received, and little or no progress in study has been made; money has been spent by parents in vain, and a precious portion of life's spring-time is wasted and lost.

He creeps into *the drawing-room*; and idle chit-chat and gossip takes up many a golden hour, and the novel beguiles away time that ought to be redeemed for something far higher; and day passes day, and weeks fly by, and what is the fruit they leave behind?

He creeps into *the kitchen*, and work is only half done. Nothing looks bright and clean. The cupboard is choked full of wasted remnants. The dinner is not cooked as it should be, and yet is half an hour late. Servants have no comfort, because five, or six, or seven o'clock comes, and everything is still in confusion; when it required but a little more forethought and diligence, and they might have had an hour or two of quiet rest for themselves.

He creeps into *the bedroom* and robs men of the best hours of the day. At the last moment the effort to rise is made which ought to have been made half an hour or an hour sooner, and then all is hurry-scurry. There is scarcely a moment for washing or



THE WAYSIDE WELL.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The Wayside Well.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION," ETC



T the Well's heart serene and
deep
Sweet waters lie:
But from their sleep
The maid will stir them by-and-by.

The plunging pail their peace shall break;
And at the sound
They shall awake,
Meeting the summons with a bound.

Then from the darkness to the light
Shall be new-born,
While in their sight
Is spread the beauty of the morn.

Was their repose a blessed thing?
For bliss or bane
Shall they up-spring?
Is such emotion joy or pain?

Deep in the maiden's heart serene
Sweet waters lie,
Silent, unseen—
But one shall stir them by-and-by!

Love that has lain in sleepy night,
Aroused shall sing
And leap to light,
As from still Winter leaps the Spring.

But was the slumber good or ill?
Will joy or pain
The future fill?
Is such new knowledge true or vain?

True be the knowledge that shall crown
Her waiting eyes!
Cast her not down,
Saying, "'Tis folly to be wise"!

An Easter Salutation.

BY THE REV. CANON HILL, M.A., VICAR OF SHEFFIELD.

"Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you."—*John* xi. 21.



HE first words of Jesus to
His people after the Re-
surrection. We need not
mind the little word "be."

It is not in the original. The
words may be taken as ex-
pressing a simple fact, if we like,—or as a

prayer, or as a benediction. In all these
ways they are true,—in all they are very
precious—"Peace be unto you."

To give us Peace is the great object of
the Gospel. It was the first word from
Heaven at the Saviour's birth. It was the
first word of Jesus to His people when His

work of Redemption was completed. He could not give it till that work was done. He could promise it; and He did so just before His crucifixion. But now it was purchased, it could be bestowed. "*The God of Peace* had brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus through the blood of the everlasting Covenant."

Peace, we know, may be given in two ways. The body, racked with pain, may either be drugged with opiates so as to become insensible to suffering,—or it may be relieved of the disease which is the cause of agony. The former is Satan's method, the latter is God's plan. Satan lulls the

soul into a state of deadly security in regard to sin: the strong man armed keeps his palace, and his goods are in peace. But God delivers the soul from sin through the work of His Son. In His death He shows that it is punished. In His resurrection He shows that it is put away.

Thus the first word of Jesus to His people in rising from the grave, is, "Peace be unto you."

Oh that we may all have hearts this Easter time to receive this first of Easter blessings: "I will hear what God the Lord will speak: for He will speak Peace unto His people, and to His saints."

The Witherbys;

OR, A HOME IN MARKET THORESBY.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "WILL FOSTER OF THE FERRY," "NOT FORSAKEN," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A FORBIDDEN SEAT.



NE Saturday afternoon in June, Ruth Witherby was seated—where she had no business to be, but where she dearly loved to climb—on the wall at the bottom of the garden. Ruth was perfectly well aware that her mother would not approve of such a position; but she knew Dorothy was busy in front of the cottage, and she knew Rachel had gone for a walk with the little ones, while Tom was helping his father in Miss Eveleigh's garden. So, feeling pretty secure from discovery, Ruth tried to persuade herself that "just for half an hour" the little act of disobedience could not signify.

"So there you be!" said Mrs. Cox in her shrill voice, as she lounged out of her back door with a few ragged clothes which she had just been washing. Saturday is a particularly bad day for washing, but Mrs. Cox never managed to get things done at the right time, so she had to shuffle along as best she could

by getting them done at the wrong, or else by leaving them altogether. No wonder Mrs. Cox and her husband and all the little Coxes lived in a mess, and didn't know what it was to be clean.

"So there you be, Ruth Witherby," she repeated, hanging one of the rags across a line. "A body can't often get a word with ye, you're all so close shut up. It's all very fine, but I wouldn't be too proud to know my neighbours."

If Rachel had been in Ruth's place, she would have made a pleasant answer and slipped speedily away. Ruth knew she ought to do the same, for Mrs. Cox was no desirable friend; but a silly fear of what might be said kept her from moving. Also she dearly loved a bit of gossip.

"I'm not shut up, Mrs. Cox; but Rachel and I go to school, and we help mother in the house."

"Yes, yes, I know," responded Mrs. Cox, with a toss of her head. "It's all very fine. Nobody here ain't grand enough for Dorothy Witherby. I knows well enough."

"I'm sure I don't want to be grand," said Ruth. "I like knowing people very much."

"I always did say you was the best of the

lot," said Mrs. Cox, speaking with some difficulty, on account of a wooden peg which she had placed for convenience in her mouth.

Ruth felt pleased and said, "But father isn't so particular as mother."

"He's but a poor-spirited sort of man to do as she tells him, then," said Mrs. Cox, forgetting her usual boast that she could turn her husband round her little finger.

Ruth did not quite like this, but her courage was not equal to a remonstrance.

"I say, what were them things going in at your door this morning?" asked Mrs. Cox.

"Father's been buying some furniture because we had to get rid of a lot lately," said Ruth readily, quite forgetting, or not choosing to remember, how displeased Dorothy would be at such things being told. "He's got some chairs and a saucepan, and——"

"My! if that ain't grand! You'll be having a sofa and a piano next!" said Mrs. Cox.

"Oh, no; but it is nice to get these, because father didn't think he could have bought them so soon," said Ruth, excited by those shrill tones to raise her own voice, and not seeing that some one was just then approaching in the lane below. Ruth's back was turned to the lane, and she noticed nothing.

"It's a wonder to me how Jacob Witherby can afford it at all," said Mrs. Cox. "I know how money goes."

"Ah, but we're very careful, and father never goes to the public," said Ruth.

Mrs. Cox's face slightly darkened, but she only said, "Seems as if Witherby was mighty took up by the queer lady in yonder house."

"She isn't queer," said Ruth; "at least not in the way Nancy told me. Father says she's had a deal of trouble. But she's as kind to him as can be, and she's took such a fancy to Rachel! I just wish it was me."

"Why shouldn't it be?" asked Mrs. Cox.

"She had me once in, but she's asked for Rachel three times. I shouldn't wonder if she is a bit queer to take notions like that," said Ruth. "But she's gone and raised father's wages, and she sends him about to do things for her. Yesterday she gave him a lot of money to take somewhere."

"Where?" asked Mrs. Cox. "What for?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Ruth. "She told

him she could trust him. Father just came indoors a moment on his way, and he told mother. It was in a black pocket-book. He said 'the poor lady didn't seem to know much about money.'"

The figure behind passed out of hearing at this point in the conversation; but Ruth had been quite unaware of the presence of any third person.

"I wish I'd a chance," muttered Mrs. Cox.

"Mother was pleased at how the lady trusted father," said Ruth, after a pause. "She told Tom it was a lesson for him."

"Maybe," said Mrs. Cox carelessly. "I ain't so fond of them folks as is always giving lessons, though. Nor I ain't fond of taking them neither. I like going my own way, and I don't see as I'm worse than other folks."

Ruth was slightly at a loss how to answer this remark; and beginning to fear the possibility of discovery, she slipped down off the wall, and sauntered into the house.

"I couldn't think where you were gone," said Dorothy, looking up. "Come and help me with this work, Ruth."

"Why don't Rachel come back, mother?" asked Ruth rather ill-humouredly.

"If she did it wouldn't make any difference to you," returned Dorothy. "Tom came home and brought word that Miss Eveleigh wants to see her this afternoon."

"I don't see why Rachel's always the one to have pleasure," grumbled Ruth, whose uneasy conscience did not tend to pleasantness of temper.

"You'd cut a sorry figure if I sent you to the lady without your being wanted," said Dorothy. "Don't be silly, Ruth, but do your work."

Ruth obeyed in a lazy fashion, frowning, yawning, and perpetually breaking her thread. Presently Rachel came back with the little ones, all three full of glee, and laden with wild flowers. She received Tom's message and set off at once, leaving Sue and Nell to tell about the afternoon's ramble.

"So here you are," said Miss Eveleigh, lifting her head with a dim sort of smile, as a little figure came soberly along the pathway towards the green bench on which she sat.

"How do you do, Rachel?"

Rachel dropped a curtsy, and said, "Please,

ma'am, I've been out with the little ones; but Tom told me as soon as ever I came back that you wanted me."

"I thought you would have been sooner. Miss Penny has to go out for me to-day, and I am all alone. Rachel, you have not sung me that hymn again."

Rachel blushed brightly. She did not at all like to have to do it, and looked wistfully across at her father, who was mowing the lawn. He had given her a nod and smile when she passed by. It was a bright day, and Jacob felt very happy in the midst of his work. It was the work he most loved, and his flowers were getting on beautifully, and he himself seemed so happily and comfortably established in his new position, that he had scarcely any regrets to spare even for the past.

Ah, poor Jacob! He could not see the storm-cloud over his head, just ready to break!

"Must I sing it?" asked Rachel timidly.

"Will you, to please me, little Rachel?"

Rachel could not refuse after that. She stood up and clasped her hands, and the sweet words of the old hymn rang through the air around. There was no interruption until the end was reached. Miss Eveleigh sat even then like one in a dream, and Rachel stood quite still without speaking.

"Yes," murmured Miss Eveleigh at length. "It is true, quite true."

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want!
More than all in Thee I—"

But there she stopped.

"I do not find, I only want. Little Rachel, sing those words again."

Rachel obeyed at once. It was easier this time. She had to sing that verse a third and a fourth time, and then she ventured to ask—

"Wouldn't you like another hymn instead, please, ma'am?"

"No," said Miss Eveleigh. "I don't want any other. I want—I only want *that*—what your hymn says;" and the poor worn gentle face of the lady took a longing sorrowful expression. "Rachel, you are a happy little girl to have found Him so early. It's worth everything else to have Him, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Rachel thoughtfully. "I'm sure it is, ma'am. Because father says it's having everything to have Him."

"And I haven't *anything*," said Miss Eveleigh sadly.

Rachel looked round in a wondering way at the pretty house and garden, and Miss Eveleigh saw the look.

"No, I haven't *anything*, Rachel. Not one thing that I can keep. If I were to die to-night I should have to leave these things. And what do I care for them all? I haven't anything at all that is my very own, little Rachel, so that I am quite sure of keeping it for ever—and for ever—and for ever!"

Rachel was almost frightened. There was something so sad and so solemn in the words and manner. She was half-afraid to speak except in answer to a question, and yet she did long to comfort the poor lady.

"Father knows," she whispered.

"Knows what?" asked Miss Eveleigh.

Rachel hung her head, and was silent.

"Tell me what is passing in your little mind," said Miss Eveleigh. "Don't be frightened, Rachel. I should like *one* little girl to love me, for nobody does now in all the world."

Rachel's "Oh!" had a shocked sound.

"Never mind about that. Tell me your thoughts."

But Rachel was far too shy; or perhaps the thoughts had flown away, for no words came, and gradually Miss Eveleigh's usual absent look and drooping air came back. She seemed to forget all about Rachel; so Rachel stood silently beside her, enjoying the sweet scent of the flowers and the hum of the busy bees. How strange it seemed, that Miss Eveleigh should care so little for such a beautiful home! But then it was quite true that it could be her home only for a little while. Nothing of all this beauty could be taken with Miss Eveleigh to another world. House and flowers and money, and all that she had, were but lent for a short time, just to be used in this life, and then to be lent to somebody else after her death.

Ah! it was sad indeed to think that the poor lady had nothing of her *very* own—no mansion and golden crown awaiting her in the "land that is very far off;" no peace and joy and heavenly love, from which death itself could not part her.

Rachel felt as she stood quietly there, that

not for the sake of possessions tenfold more beautiful than these around her could she ever wish to give up those things which she trusted were indeed her *very own* for evermore—the promises of God in His Word, and the gift of eternal life in Jesus Christ her Lord.

CHAPTER VIII.

ACCUSATION.

THE fairest and calmest of summer days have been sometimes broken in upon by the most sudden and terrible of thunderstorms; and like such an unexpected and crashing thunder-peal, in the midst of Jacob Witherby's sunshine, came the announcement, two days later, that his services would no longer be required by Miss Eveleigh.

He stood gazing at first in utter bewilderment. His services not wanted! Would Miss Eveleigh please say it again? And gently, firmly, sadly, Miss Eveleigh did repeat the words. There was no mistake about the matter; Jacob was dismissed from his post. Miss Eveleigh was willing to pay him a month's wages, but he was no longer needed from that moment to work in the garden.

"Would Miss Eveleigh mind telling him how he had failed to give satisfaction," faltered poor Jacob, feeling as if his horizon had indeed grown black with clouds in that brief interview.

Miss Eveleigh made a gesture of sorrowful regret. Miss Penny, standing at the table, nearly behind her chair, spoke coldly: "I should think your own conscience could sufficiently well supply an answer. It is better not to go into the matter."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but for my character's sake I do think I have a right to ask," Jacob answered respectfully, yet steadily. "If that goes, everything goes. Maybe I haven't done all as Miss Eveleigh wanted in the garden."

"You have given entire satisfaction there, Witherby. You know—you know all," said Miss Penny. "Why ask? Miss Eveleigh is willing to put up with the loss rather than proceed to extremities, and she cannot bear to accuse you. She is very much grieved indeed

to have to dismiss you. But there can be no doubt about the matter."

"Accuse me of what, if you please, ma'am?" inquired Jacob firmly.

"Tell him," whispered Miss Eveleigh, in evident distress.

"I ought rather to say that we accuse you of nothing," said Miss Penny, after a moment's thought. "But until the perplexity is cleared up, things cannot go on as they have done. Perhaps it is fair to speak out plainly, and give you a chance of explaining, only explanation seems impossible." Then, after again a little break, she added: "You know that you had a sum of money entrusted to you three days ago, to be delivered at the end house in the Paragon?"

"Yes, ma'am, at Mr. Sharp's; and I gave it in safely," said Jacob, with an anxious look.

"You gave in the pocket-book safely; yes," said Miss Penny, with a slight stress on the word "pocket-book."

"I gave it into his own hands, in the hall, with the housekeeper standing by," said Jacob. "I did your bidding, ma'am;" and he turned to Miss Eveleigh, but she shook her head sorrowfully.

"I am sorry to say, Witherby, that when Mr. Sharp examined the contents he found a sovereign missing," said Miss Penny, in a low voice.

Jacob started, and his whole face flushed crimson.

"But—but—a sovereign missing! But I took it all safe. If you please, ma'am, it *must* be some mistake."

The dread and confusion of his first words seemed almost to confirm his guilt. Miss Penny hardly realized, perhaps, how much need there was for such dread—how much cause for such confusion—in the case of an innocent man. She thought that, if innocent, he might lift his head and look the world boldly in the face; whereas Jacob seemed to be bowed down, almost crushed, beneath the agony and shame of such an accusation. *He* to be accounted a thief! *He* to take money not his own! His whole soul recoiled at the bare idea, yet how to clear himself he knew not.

"I am afraid the mistake was one of principle on your own part," said Miss Penny.

"There can hardly be any other. The money was counted before you here, and after being in your charge the sovereign was missing. If you allowed the pocket-book to pass into any other hands than your own, it was most blamable carelessness on your part."

"No, I didn't," muttered Jacob. "I didn't. I took it from here, and never let a finger touch it till I put it into Mr. Sharp's hands."

"I am very much grieved," said Miss Eveleigh's low voice. "And I blame myself for putting temptation in your way, Witherby. It was exceedingly wrong of me. The money ought to have been sealed up. But I did not like to seem to distrust you. It was weak of me. I think my head is weak sometimes, and I am not business-like. But I did think I might trust you perfectly; I thought you were a good man. O Witherby! if only you had not given way to the temptation."

"I did *not*, ma'am," said Jacob. "It was no temptation to me at all. I wouldn't have fingered the gold that wasn't mine for worlds."

"Miss Penny, he says he did not take it;" and Miss Eveleigh looked up wistfully at her companion.

"Who else could have done so?" asked Miss Penny.

"Ah! true. I am forgetting;" and Miss Eveleigh sighed.

Jacob felt that the case did indeed show blackly against him. Who else could possibly be suspected but himself? Too utterly depressed to feel any anger, he stood in front of the ladies, and said—

"If you would but trust me a bit longer, ma'am. The truth 'll be sure to come out some day. I never touched a penny of the money. I'd sooner have died. Won't you believe me, ma'am? It 'll be starvation to all of us if I'm turned adrift without a friend, and such a suspicion hanging over me."

Miss Eveleigh did not seem to hear the words. She was sinking into one of her absent fits, with her head bent forwards and her fingers nervously clasped. He turned to Miss Penny.

"Won't you speak for me, ma'am? I do assure you it's all a mistake. I've never in all my life had a word spoke against my honesty before, and I don't scarce know how to bear

it. Things do look bad against me, but it 'll all come out some day."

But Miss Penny shook her head. She had a reason which Jacob did not know for feeling convinced that he had indeed committed this theft. It was Miss Penny herself who had been quietly passing below the wall, while Ruth chattered with Mrs. Cox; and that which she had overheard as to the money placed in Witherby's hands, the visit home with the pocket-book before carrying out the commission entrusted to him, and the furniture suddenly purchased, which they had not expected to be able to buy so soon—all this left Miss Penny in no doubt whatever on the subject.

Also, Ruth's loud gossiping remarks about Miss Eveleigh had annoyed Miss Penny, and made her believe that the Witherbys altogether must be different people in kind from what she had believed.

Of all this, however, Miss Penny said nothing. She did not suppose it possible that any explanations could make the slightest difference as to the words which she had overheard; and knowing excitement to be injurious to Miss Eveleigh's health, her only wish was to close, as speedily as might be, the present interview.

So she merely shook her head, and answered quietly, "I am sorry for you, Witherby; but I fear you have brought this on yourself. Unless you can thoroughly clear the matter up, you must consider yourself dismissed. I hope you will take warning, and never commit a like offence again."

Jacob was a meek-spirited man, yet he found it hard to bear calmly this evident certainty that he could have acted in such wise. Angry words of self-defence rose to his lips, but they did not break forth. He stood for one moment, breathing hard in the effort for self-control. Then with one steadfastly-uttered,—"It's a mistake from first to last, and I've not touched one penny of the money," he turned round, and abruptly quitted the room.

He had to go homewards now—once more an idle, and this time also a disgraced man. It was very hard and terrible to bear. He did not know *how* to bear it at first. The bright summer's sky seemed to have grown

dark over his head, and his limbs felt like lead as he walked down the garden path. He was growing so to love these beautiful flowers, which day by day he had carefully tended. He must say good-bye to them now.

What was to become of him—to become of the dear ones at home? He had no savings now—no means of supporting them. Who would ever dream of engaging a man suspected of dishonesty? Such a ban as *that* would cut him off from all work. Utterly helpless, utterly hopeless, Jacob Witherby wandered homewards. He strayed on with doubtful uncertain steps. What would Dorothy say? How could he ever tell her?

Maybe the workhouse lay ahead—for himself and his little ones. Jacob's faith waned and waned till it almost flickered out in that dark sad hour. He felt himself forsaken of God and man.

Would God help him—defend, guard, support His servant? Jacob knew that he had been, and was, the servant of the Most High! Had he not one Friend still to whom he might appeal in his bitter necessity? What had he once said to Miss Eveleigh herself concerning this Friend, as compared with earthly friends? Did his trust hold good still?

"No use," faltered Jacob mournfully. "It's all up now. There's no help nor hope for me in life. If I could but just lie down and die, and never show my face again! To be pointed at as a thief!"

That was the climax of woe. It seemed to Jacob that he could have borne anything else patiently, only not that. Any other sorrow would have worn a less terribly dark aspect. And every poor man of honest name will know how Jacob had prided himself on *his* good name. Poor he might be; nothing more than a working man, earning his daily bread with his daily toil; needing many things in the present; anxious, perchance, for the future; but *dishonest*? Never! never!

(To be continued.)

And above and beyond this, Jacob Witherby was a Christian man! What dishonour this accusation would bring upon his religion—what a blot upon his banner! "Here is your Christian man!" people would sneeringly say. "Talks any amount when it pleases him; but let him have the chance, and, dear me, he can be as light-fingered as anybody where it suits his purpose?"

How was he to clear himself? How was he to discover anything whatever about the matter? The whole thing seemed so simple, so straightforward. The pocket-book had been given him by Miss Eveleigh herself. It had never left his hands till placed in those of Mr. Sharp. All plain and clear as daylight—*only* the sovereign was gone! Jacob had not taken it, and seemingly nobody else had had a chance of doing so.

Home at last! Dorothy looked up in surprise as he entered heavily, with downward bent head and dispirited air.

"Why, Jacob! Arn't you well? What's the matter? What brings you home at this time of day?"

Jacob took a seat without speaking, and hid his face. He did not know how to tell Dorothy. Ruth gazed with open eyes, and Rachel crept nearer to his side. All saw that something sad awaited them. Dorothy's colour varied.

"What's the matter, Jacob?"

A groan answered her. She put down the duster she was using, and stood facing him.

"Jacob, what's the matter?"

"I'm dismissed."

Jacob could hardly utter the words. Dorothy said nothing. A faint "Oh!" of dismay was heard from the two girls.

Jacob lifted his head, and looked them straight in the face, one after another.

"That isn't all. Dolly—Ruth—Rachel—your father's counted a *thief*! And I've no means of clearing my name."

Good Night.



HAT do I see in Baby's eyes?

So bright! so bright!

I see the blue, I see a spark,

I see a twinkle in the dark—

Now shut them tight.

What do I see in Baby's eyes?

Shut tight—shut tight.

The blue is gone, the light is hid:—

I'll lay a soft kiss on each lid:—

Good night! good night!

The Voice of Spring.



AM coming, I am coming!—
Hark! the little bee is humming;

See, the lark is soaring high
In the blue and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing,
Wheeling round in airy ring.

See the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on banks of mossy green
Star-like primroses are seen;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets blow.

Hark! the new-born lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting

In the elms—a noisy crowd!
All the birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sunshine dances by.

Look around thee—look around!
Flowers in all the fields abound;
Every running stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white,
And each small and waving shoot
Promises sweet flowers and fruit.

Turn thine eyes to earth and heaven!
God for thee the Spring has given,
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth, and cleared the skies,
For thy pleasure or thy food:—
Pour thy soul in gratitude!

MARY HOWITT.



The Word of God, and the Book of Common Prayer.

IN the comparatively new revelation of the Word of God which had come upon the Reformers, it had for them a supreme importance which we can now hardly conceive. But what the discovery of printing was in the world of letters, what the discovery of America was in the political and commercial world, that the re-discovery of the Word of God was for the men of that day. It overpowered with them every other consideration; and their sole idea was to bring that Word to bear in the most effective and direct manner upon the minds of the people. With them it became a first principle that the main purpose to be kept in view in Divine worship was to bring God and man into communion, by subjecting man to the influence of the Divine Word. In illustration of this, we need only refer to the Prayer-Book Preface, *Concerning the Service of the Church*:—

“The first original and ground of Divine Service, if a man would search out of the ancient Fathers, he shall find that the same was not ordained but of a good purpose, and for a great advancement of godliness. For they so ordered the matter, that all the whole Bible (or the greatest part thereof) should be read over once every year; intending thereby that the Clergy, and especially such as were Ministers in the congregation, should (by often reading and meditation in God’s Word) be stirred up to godliness themselves, and be more able to exhort others by wholesome doctrine, and to confute them that were adversaries to the truth; and further that the people (by daily hearing of Holy Scripture read in the Church) might continually profit more and more in the knowledge of God, and be the more inflamed with the love of His true religion.”

That expresses the original idea, or the starting-point, of our Church Service; and the purpose thus contemplated was, it will be seen, to stamp the Word of God, by means of the Scriptures, upon the hearts and minds of the people.

Accordingly the prominence which is given to the Word of God in our Service



THE VOICE OF SPRING.

is everywhere conspicuous. The Canticles, the Psalms, the Lessons, the Epistles and Gospels, the Ten Commandments, and finally the Sermon, occupy, one may safely say, much more than one-half of the time during which an ordinary service may last. During all that time the two-edged sword of the Word of God is piercing the souls and consciences of the people, and in the Reformers' strong image, setting them on fire. The prayers, amidst which this reading of God's Word is, as it were, set, are selected on the same principle. They are, to say no more, the choicest result of that experience which the Spirit of God has wrought in the hearts of the saints of all ages. Though not the actual Word of God, they are the nearest thing to it, being the impression which that Word has produced

upon the holiest souls, purified and softened by the long thought and experience of the Church. This was the point of view from which our Services were constructed.

By the aid of Common Prayer in the vulgar tongue, and by the reading of the Scriptures in the same tongue, the Church has impressed this Word of God, direct and indirect, upon the minds of the English people by the most effectual of all methods. She has compelled the incessant recitation by the Clergy, and the perpetual reception into the ears of the people, of the whole Divine Revelation, from the earliest period of the Sacred History to the final Revelation vouchsafed to the Church of the latter ages. She has thus impressed it upon them by the most powerful means known to our experience.

(To be continued.)

Little Foxes and the Tender Grapes.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "NOT YOUR OWN;"
"BENEATH THE CROSS," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

SELFISHNESS.

"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes."—*Solomon's Song* ii. 15.



HERE is another of these "Little Foxes" that destroy our vineyards and mar our work. And I fancy there are few vineyards so favoured as not to have experienced damage from its inroads. The peculiarity of this fox is, that it has *very deep holes*. It goes far beneath the surface; so that you may imagine you are free from danger, while all the time it is close at hand—only a few feet or yards under ground. Then, if you discover your enemy in one hole, he is very crafty in making for another; so that you are still in as much danger as ever.

To speak plainly, Selfishness lurks in

the depths of the heart. There may be a pleasant exterior, a kind genial manner; there may be much apparent courtesy, affable words, and gifts not a few; and yet this vice is there, deeply embedded in the soul. And it often changes its abode. It may be exposed and driven out from one quarter, but take refuge in another. It may forsake public life, and a man may be generous and open-handed amongst his fellows, but it may still reign undisturbed in the family. The outside world may take one view of such a person, but those who live with him may take quite another.

Before going farther, I want to remind the reader of a great truth:—*All selfishness is sin, and all sin is selfishness.*

All selfishness is sin; for it breaks the

human side of God's law—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself:" "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them, for this is the law and the prophets." Selfishness utterly sets at nought precepts like these. So that if a man live ever so blamelessly in his outward walk, yet if this evil has dominion within, he is guilty of one of the blackest sins before God.

Equally true is it that *all sin is selfishness*. For whatever evil a man does, it corrupts others as well as himself. The influence spreads. The contagion pollutes men and women and children round about. More than this, selfishness is the root of many sins: fraud, deceit, drunkenness, strife, murder, and such-like, all come from selfishness in some shape or other. The oppression of the poor by the rich: the disregard of a master's interest by his workmen: the wasted Monday, and perhaps Tuesday, that prevents work being finished and orders completed, that beggars and robs the wife and children, what selfishness is at the bottom of it all! Or, take the young man who gives the rein to his evil passions, and drags down a young companion, and blasts the promise of a happy life, and makes a fair flower to wither and fade and die; what terrible selfishness is here!

In a thousand other forms Selfishness comes into the vineyard, and never comes without bringing harm and loss.

A well-to-do tradesman is a member of a Christian congregation. He has some value for God's truth, and maintains a name for professing godliness. But he is no real help to his pastor, or the Lord's cause. He is strong and hearty, and a little work for Christ on the Sunday or week-day would be a real blessing to himself as well as to others. But no. Business and money getting and his family must have all his time and all his thoughts. He has really no time. He can't go out

on Sunday afternoons. He never likes to ask others for money, still less to give very much. He never goes to a week-day meeting, and would feel out of his element in visiting the sick or poor. So Selfishness carries the day. And the pastor must do the best he can, and parish work must be left undone, and the Sunday-school may dwindle away for want of teachers, and all through this detestable fox—SELFISHNESS.

Take another case. A daughter has left school and is living at home. There is a large family and much work to be done, and means are not over-plentiful. But she is no comfort to her mother. She rather likes to be the fine lady. The mother may go about the house, perhaps with baby in her arms, and toil and slave night and day; but the daughter is only thinking of her own pleasure. She is reading a novel, or doing her woolwork, or practising on the piano, or visiting friends; but very little help or assistance does she render to the poor overworked mother.

Or take another case. A young man is taken out of mere kindness by an employer and taught a business. He is quite useless at first, and gives little but trouble; but by-and-by the pains and trouble bestowed upon him are rewarded. He becomes a real assistance to the master who has taken him. The master gives him good wages; but he goes off without notice. He causes great loss by the work being neglected, and never thinks for a moment of all the kindness previously shown to him.

In each case it is Selfishness that is at work—a curse and a foe wherever it comes.

How shall we catch this Fox? How shall we cast him out of the vineyard? Let us take the bright lamp of Holy Scripture to trace him to his den. Let us see Selfishness and heaven-born Charity side by side, that we may learn to cherish the one and eschew the other.

I see a lonely road, and a traveller

attacked by robbers. They take from him all he possesses, strip him of his raiment, and leave him wounded and ready to perish. Unable to move or help himself, his only hope lies in the possible kindness of some passer-by. Soon his hope is aroused. One draws nigh who might be expected to come to his aid. The law had commanded that if an ass or an ox fall down by the way, a man may not hide himself from them, but help to lift them up again. Much more ought the priest to have succoured the wounded man. But he has no heart for the duty. He never comes near, nor gives him so much as a look. Selfishness passes by on the other side.

But soon there comes another. He too is engaged in God's service, and might be expected to care for the suffering one. Ah! and it seems he will. He comes and looks upon him, and surely he will help. Not so. He is a cloud without water. It is a vain hope. He looks on, but he never tarries for a moment. Selfishness again goes its way, perhaps with a sigh, and leaves the man to perish.

But now comes holy, heaven-born Charity. The Samaritan is of another spirit to the priest and the Levite. He might have regarded the man as an alien and an enemy, but he seeks no excuse, and he makes none. If others leave the man to die, he will not. He shows true, unselfish kindness. Coming right up to the spot where the man is lying, looking upon his sad condition, compassion and pity fill his breast. He forgets himself and his journey, and thinks not of time or trouble or cost. He will do for the man all he can. He gives the best relief in his power, binding up the bleeding wounds and pouring in the healing remedies. He thinks of the man's feebleness, and mounts him on his own beast. He watches over him like a friend or a brother. He provides for the future as well as the present, promising the host to repay all needful expense.

The story is written for an everlasting memorial. If it be a story from real life, as most probably it is, the man's charity has been rewarded a thousandfold. For all through the Churches and in all generations it has been a legacy of love, and has stirred up the hearts of Christians to "go and do likewise."

But with this example we place one still higher—the example of the Lord Himself. We must even take Him as the Great Pattern in every virtue—so in this of genuine, unselfish love. His whole life was Love. He never thought of Himself, but was ever filled with the woes and wants of mankind. He lived in poverty, shame, and sorrow; He died a malefactor's death, to save and bless the wretched and the lost.

Christian, follow His footsteps. Be large-hearted, and filled with charity. Pray for the Holy Ghost, that you may be considerate of others' needs, and willing to cast self aside. Be not content to have a little tiny soul—only large enough for your own important self, and your own troubles and joys. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." "Weep with them that weep, and rejoice with them that rejoice." The eye must not say to the ear, nor the hand to the foot, "I have no need of thee."

When you read the newspaper, take notice of anything that may arouse your compassion, and let no hardened insensibility creep over you because men's miseries may be miles away, or in another rank of life to your own. Listen to the tale of sorrow in your own neighbourhood, and go and do something or give something, if you can, to relieve it. Try to lessen the mountain of human woe, and to add a few grains to the happiness of mankind. Be active in doing good, and open your eye to see where it is required. Read

over 1 Cor. 13—Paul's marvellous portrait of Charity—and let its lineaments be engraven on your heart.

Never find plausible excuses or excellent reasons for keeping your hand in your pocket and saying "No" to the claims of benevolence or religion. Don't wait till others do more, or till agents or societies are perfect, before you support them. Don't spend large sums in luxurious entertainments and dress, and on your own hobbies, whatever they may be—gardens, or

horses, or pictures, or books, or the like—and leave the poor out in the cold, and Christ's work to languish for want of means.

No, no! Be Christlike. *Kill the Fox.* Let Selfishness no longer destroy your vineyard. Live for others. Pray for others. Give for others. Work for others. And it shall be a praise and a glory. The cup of cold water given for Christ's sake shall not lose its reward.

"The Lord is Risen indeed."

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION," ETC.

"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."—Rev. i. 18.



ALL the sacrifice is ended,
Breathed His Body's latest
breath,
And His human Soul hath
wended
Where the weary rest beneath;
Christ as Man hath comprehended
All the human law of death!

Yet not there His Soul remaineth,
Nor His Body in the tomb;
Lo! what sudden glory gaineth
Quick dominion o'er the gloom!
Yea, o'er death and hell He reigneth,
Bursting back the gates of doom!

Manifold the attestation!
Brethren tell the marvel o'er,
And the soldiers from their station,
And the Angels at the door,
And His own word's revelation,—
"Lo! I live for evermore."

Hail, thou Morn of Resurrection,
Primal holy Easter Day!
Now the hours of deep dejection
'Neath the night-cloud's dark array,
Foes' reviling, friends' defection,
In thy glory pass away!

Now He lives and reigns for ever!
That we too may enter in
Where eternal life shall never
Taste of sorrow or of sin:
Where from Him no death shall sever
Those He vanquished death to win.

Saviour! in *our* night of weeping
Tell us of the joyful morn;
Guard our souls, their vigils keeping
In the hours of hate and scorn:
Raise us falling, wake us sleeping,
Till *our* Easter Day be born.

Golden Rules.

"Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it."

"Always take the part of an absent person,

who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow."

"Say as little as possible of yourself and of those who are near to you."

George Moore, the Christian Merchant.

(Continued from page 62.)

CHAPTER III.

PROSPERITY AND USEFULNESS.



FROM the date of Mr. Moore's partnership with Groucock, Copestake, & Co. the prosperity of the firm went on increasing. As it did so, the junior partner began to urge his suit with the lady who had won his heart when he first appeared in London; and not without success. In 1839 he married Miss Ray, and thus realized a hope that had spurred him forward for nearly fifteen years. His marriage, however, did not interfere with his devotion to his business, but rather tended to increase it. The house in Bow Churchyard became every year more opulent and more influential; its premises were gradually extended (the house in which Milton was born forming a part of the property that came in due time to be appropriated to its uses); and it is now many years since the establishment began to be numbered among the sights of London.

"There," said a writer, some years ago, "counters, tables, slabs, and benches are all pressed into the service for the display of textile fabrics of every kind, from the 'thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,' which are as ethereal as gossamer, to the more substantial wearables of everyday life. Many of the productions can vie in excellence with the tracery of Persia and the loom-spinning of Thibet, while ideas of comfort intermingle with variety, and a stock suited to all climes and classes is displayed before the wondering admiration of a myriad of purchasers." But this is only the centre of a system which has innumerable branches at Nottingham, Glasgow, Manchester, Paris, New York, Philadelphia, for instance, and which draws into its fancy departments some of the choicest results of French, English, and Irish manufacture.

As Mr. Moore's position improved, and his wealth increased, his great desire seemed to be, to enable others to participate in the advantages of his prosperity, and to remove out of the path of those who attempted to

emulate his example those obstacles to success which he had himself encountered. "My opinion about money," he once said to a meeting of children at Wigton, "is, that it is a good thing to make plenty of money, if you only make a *proper use of it*;" and he certainly made a good use of his own riches.

His religious convictions appear to have been closely connected with the serious illness and death of his partner, Mr. Groucock. Mr. Moore devoted himself to the care of his friend and his friend's family and affairs until his death. In early days religion had occupied a very secondary place in their regards. But now Mr. Groucock was dying, the excitement, the struggles, the successes of business were to him things of the past. Wealth, often thought to be omnipotent in life, is worse than useless in death; and so the dying man felt, and Mr. Moore felt it too. From this time the one lived in the presence of a near eternity; and to the quicker and more acute perceptions of the younger partner, time had new interests and duties, life new purposes and hopes.

We find him, first of all, devoting his attention to "those of his own household." He made careful provision for the religious instruction of the young men at Bow Churchyard, by the employment of a chaplain who conducted daily worship; large and well-furnished libraries, and lectures ministered to their mutual improvement; and ready and generous support was given to promote their healthy recreations. Christmas festivities regularly took place under Mr. Moore's own presidency in the comfortable dwellings erected by the firm for their porters and grooms, with the useful accompaniments of lectures or lessons of some kind, in cheerful form, that his people might be at once merry and wise.

His next care was for the orphans and the Christian training and education of the young. He almost founded the noble institution at Pinner for the children of deceased or unsuccessful commercial travellers; and other Schools and Orphan Asylums everywhere found in him a ready helper.

But it would be impossible to enumerate the Christian and charitable objects to which Mr. Moore gave his warm support. "No one," said the Bishop of Carlisle in his funeral sermon, "will ever know the extent of our friend's liberality." He even met his death in coming to Carlisle to support a charitable work. Mr. Moore had complained that the Nursing Institution was in a certain sense selfish, as its object was to provide nurses for those who were able to pay for them; but when he saw the draft report, and observed that the aim of the institution was also to provide nurses for the poor, he determined that it should have his support; and he came to Carlisle for the very purpose of giving it. Mr. Moore said in the morning, apparently

(To be continued.)

with a kind of strange presentiment, that he was going to Carlisle to make his last speech there.

In connection with this visit to Carlisle, and as an example of the many instances of Mr. Moore's considerate charity,—the right hand not knowing what the left hand did,—his last letter to London is worthy of record. He had heard of a little boy in a London warehouse whose family had become suddenly impoverished; and he wrote to a friend to beg that the lad might be sought out, and, if his character was good, then that his clothing and personal expenses might be provided during all his apprenticeship, and the lad himself looked after, without any one but his correspondent knowing whence the supply came.

Worth While.



T may not seem to be "worth while"

To try to win a brother's smile:
Busy in search of something

new,

Or striving some great work to do,
We often slight the things that ought
To be our first, our earnest thought.

Ofttimes we think 'tis not "worth while"
Our fairer garments to defile
Amongst the haunts of sin and shame,
Where but the murmur of a Name
Might make some erring child of sin
A life of hope and love begin.

How oft it seems not worth our while
A brother's sadness to beguile:
Wrapt in the thought of self alone,
Our hearts, insensible as stone,
Thus lose the chance of winning love
From men on earth or God above!

Worth while? oh, think! to-day perchance
God hath ordained some circumstance
To lead us, howsoever weak,

An act to do, or word to speak,
That shall a joy and blessing be
To us through all Eternity.

Worth while? think of the Father's care,
Who listens to the feeblest prayer;
With power so vast, yet love profound,
A sparrow falls not to the ground
Unmark'd by His all-seeing Eye,
Who deigns to bless our destiny.

He might have thought, it was not worth
His while to bless with flowers the earth;
He might have made the world without
Its countless beauties strewn about;
The fields, the birds, the sun-lit seas,
He might have made it without these.

But He, who did not e'en forget
The perfume for the violet,
By bird and flower, by wave and wind,
Rebukes the vain and selfish mind
That deems the effort not "worth while,"
Which wakes a hope or wins a smile.

ROWLAND BROWN.



The Domestic Cat.

VERY one must have noticed the love of a cat for her kittens, and the manner in which she brings them up, teaching them their lessons, as it were, and exercising their limbs and eyes by all manner of gambols. Unlike many animals, when her young arrive at years of discretion, and are able to gain their own living without her maternal care, she does not drive them away, but still keeps up a kindly feeling for them, although it is not so strong as when they were little and helpless. At such a time she devotes her whole existence to her young, and if they are in danger, thinks her own life as nothing when compared with their safety.

Some time since, while a number of kittens were playing about in the straw near a barn-door, a large hawk swooped down upon them, and seized one of the kittens in his claws. Being encumbered by the weight, it could not rise very quickly, and gave the mother time to spring to the rescue of her offspring. She immediately flew at the hawk, who in self-defence was forced to drop the kitten. A regular pitched battle then took place, the hawk at first gaining the advantage, in consequence of his power of flight. After some time, the cat, after losing an eye and getting her ears torn to ribbons succeeded in breaking the wing of her adversary. Stimulated by this success, she sprang on the maimed hawk with renewed fury; and after a protracted struggle, made one decisive effort, and laid him dead at her feet. She spent but one moment in making sure of her conquest by tearing the head of her vanquished foe to pieces, and then turned to her kitten, licked its bleeding wounds, and began to purr as if she had not received the slightest injury herself.

The reasoning powers of the cat have been very much underrated. The intellect of a cat does not come very far behind that of a dog; but as it is almost always exerted for selfish purposes, comparatively little notice is taken of it. In the following anecdotes the reasoning powers appear to be by no means small,

and in one instance were exerted in a very singular manner.

Four cats, belonging to one of my friends, had taught themselves the art of begging like a dog. They had frequently seen the dog practise that accomplishment at table, and had observed that he generally obtained a reward for so doing. By a process of inductive reasoning they decided that, if they possessed the same accomplishment, they would in all probability receive the same reward. Acting on this opinion, they waited until they saw the dog sit up in the begging position, and immediately assumed the same attitude with imperturbable gravity. Of course their ingenuity was not suffered to pass unrewarded, and they always found that their newly-discovered accomplishment was an unfailing source of supplies for them.

Two cats had taken up their residence in a barn, and were remarkable for their friendship towards each other. It so happened that both of the cats were favoured with kittens about the same time, and of course were very proud and careful of their young families. After a few days the little kittens began to run about; and at last both families contrived to stray into a pathway where they might possibly be injured. One of the mothers, seeing this, took up her own offspring one by one, and carried them into a place of safety; but there was then left one kitten belonging to her friend. This she would not touch, but went in search of its mother, brought it with her to the kitten, and waited until it also had been placed in safety.

Although the proverb respecting cats and dogs seems to point to an inextinguishable animosity existing between them, no animals can live more comfortably together than do cats and dogs when brought up together. They will even eat together from the same plate without quarrelling, though the dog does get the greater part of the provisions.

Sometimes the cat seems to envy the dog's greater power of mastication, and appears to fancy that she is not well treated. This was most ludicrously exemplified in the case of a very small kitten. The little creature used to consider that the food daily placed for a



THE DOMESTIC CAT.

large Newfoundland dog was so much more than her own allowance, that means ought to be taken to equalize matters. Now Kitty, although her estimate of comparative size was rather erroneous with regard to the provisions, was very correct with regard to the dog himself; and she never ventured to make a direct attack, as the Newfoundland could have swallowed her without in the least destroying his appetite for dinner. So she set about her task in a different way. When she saw Neptune at dinner, she would make her appearance, and take a circuit round his kennel, just out of reach of his chain, looking at him in a conciliatory manner. Next circuit would be a little smaller, bringing her within

his reach. Neptune, well knowing what she wanted, would lift his nose from the plate and look at her, at which Kitty would mew in a very supplicatory manner. This used to be repeated until the kitten had got close to the kennel. When there, she lay down as if perfectly satisfied with making friends with the dog. Soon she began to creep slowly towards his plate, but looking perfectly unconcerned, as if she did not see that any dinner was going on. Having reached the plate, she would watch until Neptune's eye was off her, when she would make a sudden spring across the plate, snatching up a piece of meat in her progress, and dash off as fast as she could scamper.—*J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S.*

England's Martyr-Bishops.

II. ROBERT FERRAR: BISHOP AND MARTYR.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK.



THE second of our Martyr-Bishops is ROBERT FERRAR, Bishop of St. David's. He was promoted to that See by his patron, the Lord Protector Somerset, in the reign of Edward VI. Foxe tells us that this simple-minded and godly Bishop suffered a double martyrdom ("twice a martyr"), being first persecuted even during Edward's reign, and afterwards martyred under Queen Mary. It was after the death of his patron, Somerset, that the malice of his enemies was first stirred openly against him. We might almost say that his foes were those "of his own household"; for it was from the members of one of his own principal churches that the first obloquy was raised against him. The canons (monks) of the church of Carmarthen uttered certain articles of charge against him, as many as fifty-six in number. These are given *in extenso*, with the Bishop's rejoinders, in *Foxe's Book of Martyrs* (vol. vii. 4, etc.); and, if only for the trifling and even amusing character of most of

them, would well repay perusal. Thus we find the Bishop charged under the following heads:—(1) Abuse of authority, (2) Maintenance of Superstition, (3) Covetousness, (4) Negligence, and (5) Folly (seeing, I suppose, that "they themselves were wise"). Respecting these we note the following particulars:—

1. Abuse of authority: Under this head they alleged certain objections (for the most part legal and technical) regarding collation and sequestration of livings.

2. Maintenance of superstition: (strange that this man should afterwards burn for *not* believing in superstitious observances!) The causes here alleged were such as these—allowing the "knocking of breasts" in prayer, the use of beads, the lighting of candles, the baptizing of children *on week-days*. To these charges, besides his detailed answers, the Bishop in general terms replied that, "abhorring in his heart all superstition, he hath travailed, and doth travail, to abolish the same by true doctrine and doing, as much as he can."

3. Covetousness: The monks accused

their Bishop "for that he went about surveying land, looking for mines, and that his common talk was about baking, brewing, enclosing, ploughing, mining, and mile-stones!" To these also detailed answers are given.

4. Negligence. These charges were for the most part as to the scanty number of the Bishop's sermons, and to the reformed doctrine of his sermon, when he did preach. It would appear from both the charges and the answers, that the good Bishop was, like many of his successors (not the present, nor his illustrious predecessor), unable to preach in Welsh, and so preached but rarely!

5. Folly. Here we are really introduced to the simple-minded Bishop, and his characteristic ways! So, hear ye this, one and all! The reverend canons of Carmarthen accused their Bishop for using a peculiar kind of harness,—a Scottish saddle-pad, with unvarnished studs and spurs, a black bridle, and white snaffle and bit. He chose to wear a very broad-brimmed hat, which served as an umbrella (in the rain) and a parasol (in the dog-days). A very sensible broad-brim, indeed! The venerable Bishop was charged with the grave offence of going on foot from Wales to Westminster! a truly apostolic way for a Bishop to go up to Parliament. But it must have been a long and trying walk; and the Great Western had not started just then! The poor Bishop had a son, and he dared to call his name "Samuel," and allowed *two* god-mothers to stand sponsors for the child. And the Bishop confesses that he called his child by that good old name; and that he allowed the ladies to be sponsors as the only way of settling a difficulty which arose from the fact that neither would give way to the other, and a quarrel ensued; and the Bishop proved his wisdom, and not his folly, by allowing both to have their way. The next charge is ludicrous in the extreme.

"That he daily useth whistling of his child; and saith that he understood his whistle when he was but three days old!" To this the fatherly man gave answer:—"They whistle their horses and dogs, and I am contented; they might also be contented that I whistle my child!" The Chancellor of the Exchequer ought to be apprised of the last of these instances of episcopal "folly," wherein it was averred by the accusers, that, with regard to a proposed alteration of the current coin of the realm, the good Bishop expressed a wish that "what metal soever it were made of, the penny should be in weight *worth a penny!*"

The conclusion we have arrived at, after perusing these amusing charges and answers, is, that at the least the Bishop was a very fatherly man; and that at the worst, he was a very eccentric man.

Well, if such enmity as this against the Bishop existed in Edward's days, what may we expect in the days of Queen Mary? Let me assure my readers, it came to be more than a whistling matter then! Ferrar was summoned before Bonner and Gardiner, and "witnessed a good confession." Refusing to abjure his faith, he was sent back to Wales to receive his sentence of condemnation.

Two articles, were pleaded against him,—(1) on the marriage of the clergy, and (2) on the nature of the presence of Christ in the Lord's Supper. These were afterwards expanded into six articles, in which he was called upon (1) to renounce matrimony; (2) to grant the natural presence of Christ in the Sacrament; (3) to grant that the Mass was propitiatory; (4) to believe that General Councils could not err; (5) that we are not justified by faith; and (6) that the Church is the visible authority to expound Scripture and to define controversies in religion.

All these he refused to assent to; whereupon he was condemned as a

heretic, and handed over to the secular power to be burned. And accordingly, "being Saturday next to Passion Sunday," on 30th March (1555) he was led to the market-place of the town of Carmarthen, and, as Foxe relates, "most constantly sustained the torments and passion of the fire." Thus died a genuine and true-hearted and simple-minded bishop of

the Church of God, ROBERT FERRAR, Bishop of St. David's.

[NOTE.—As well as I can recollect, from a visit I paid to Carmarthen some few years ago, there is no memorial of the Martyr-Bishop in that town. There is, I believe, a commemorative slab in the fine old parish Church; but the market-place has certainly no memorial of the good Protestant Bishop that perished there. Gloucester has been more faithful to the memory of Hooper than St. David's to that of Robert Ferrar.—R.M.]

Natural History Anecdotes.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS," ETC.



VIII. NOVEL USE FOR A HAT.

FEW years ago, a farmer from near Dumfries walked to Penrith with his sheep and two dogs. Having sold his cattle, he prepared to return home; but Fan, one of the dogs, in the meantime had had puppies, and was left in charge of a friend, who made a bed for her in his parlour, and fed her.

After a few weeks, on coming as usual to feed her, neither she nor her puppies were to be seen. He looked for his hat; it had also disappeared! Ah, thought he, the thief has taken that too.

After a diligent search, which proved useless,—for neither dog, puppies, nor hat had been seen or heard of,—the friend wrote to the Scotch farmer to inform him of his loss. A few days after he received the following reply:—

"Make no further researches. Fan arrived here early this morning with her three puppies in your hat!"

Mark the animal's reasoning, we may call it. She had seen the Penrith farmer put his head in the hat; Fan seized the idea, and placed her little darlings in it, being no longer able to remain away from her master, or to leave her young behind.

IX. "NOTHING TO FEAR."

LIVINE in my girlhood on a fifty-acre farm,

of course there were plenty of animals, and all were treated kindly. The herd of cows came gladly at the bidding of the owner. On one occasion the said owner, being in a neighbour's barn, noticed that when each cow passed the threshold it was received with a blow. Soon after, at milking time, the neighbour returned the visit, and remarked upon the docility of the herd.

"It is because they are never struck, and have nothing to fear," was the explanation.—*Communicated to the Rev. F. O. Morris.*

X. THE RUNAWAY PERAMBULATOR.

A NURSEMAID in the employ of a gentleman living at Kingsdown was wheeling a baby in a perambulator down Spring Hill. She was accompanied by a valuable dog, half Newfoundland and half retriever, the property of her master. The girl was suddenly seized with a fit, and loosened her hold of the perambulator, which rolled away at an accelerated speed, and to the imminent danger of its little occupant.

The faithful dog, with wonderful instinct, realized the child's danger, and dashing after the vehicle, seized part of the leather apron in his mouth and brought the runaway to a stop. In another minute the perambulator would have been dashed over a flight of steps. We need hardly say that the sagacious dog was overwhelmed with the caresses of the grateful parents when they learnt how he had saved their child.—*Western Daily Press.*

The Young Folks' Page.

X. TRUTH BETTER THAN GOLD.



HERE were prizes to be given in Willie's school, and he was very anxious to merit one of them. Willie was young, and had never had much chance to learn, so he was behind the other boys in all his studies except writing. As he had no hope to excel in anything but writing, he made up his mind to try for the special prize for that with all his might. And he did try so that his copy-book would have done honour to a boy twice his age. When the prizes were awarded, the master of the school held up two copy-books, and said,—

"It would be difficult to say which of these two books is better than the other, but for one copy of Willie's, which is not only superior to Charlie's, but to every other copy; therefore, Willie's book gains the prize."

Willie's heart beat high with hope, which was not unmingled with fear. Blushing to his temples, he said,—

"Please, sir, may I see that copy?"

"Certainly," replied the master, looking somewhat surprised.

Willie glanced at the copy, and, handing the book back, said,—

"Please, sir, that is not my writing. It was written by an upper-class boy, who took my book by mistake one day instead of his own."

"Oh, oh!" said the master, "that may alter the case," and, after comparing them carefully, he awarded the prize to Charlie.

The boys laughed at Willie. One said he was silly to say anything about the mistake. "I wouldn't have told," said another. "Nor I," added a third boy, laughing. "The copy was in your book, and you had a right to enjoy the benefit of it."

But, in spite of all their quizzing, Willie felt that he was right.

"It would not have been the truth," he replied, "if I had not told who wrote the copy. I would rather hold fast the truth than have a prize, for truth is better than gold."

"Hurrah for Willie! Three cheers for Willie! Well done, Willie!" shouted the boys, and Willie went home to his work happier than he could have done if, by means of a silent lie, he had won the prize.

XI. THE HONEST CABMAN.

ONE day, while he was Chancellor, Lord Eldon took a hackney coach to convey him from Downing Street, where he had been attending a cabinet meeting, to his own residence. Having a pressing appointment, he alighted hastily from the vehicle, leaving papers containing important Government secrets behind him. Some hours after, the driver discovered the packages, and took them to Hamilton Place unopened, when his lordship desired to see the coachman, and, after a short interview, told him to call again.

The man called again, and was then informed that he was no longer a servant, but the owner of a hackney coach, which his lordship had in the meantime given directions to be purchased, and presented to him, together with three horses, as a reward for his honour and promptitude.

XII. STOOP! STOOP!

WHENEVER Franklin saw any one receive a mortification from carrying his head too high, he used to recommend a prudent humility by relating this circumstance:—"When I was leaving the library of Dr. Mather, at Boston, once, by a narrow passage in which a beam projected from the roof, we were talking, until Mather suddenly called out, 'Stoop! stoop!' Before I observed the warning, my head struck sharply against the beam, when my friend remarked,—'You are young, and have the world before you; stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.'"

THE BIBLE MINE SEARCHED.



WE hope many Sunday-school Teachers will arrange to receive answers to these Bible Questions from their scholars during each current month. Probably a Prize would stimulate interest. Answers are not to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR LENT.

BY THE REV. W. S. LEWIS, M.A., VICAR OF ST. GEORGE'S, WORTHING.

THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

Where, in Scripture, do we find the fruits of the earth—

1. Given, in mercy, by God to man;
2. Taken away from men in punishment for their sins;
3. Offered by man to God with acceptance;
4. Offered once, in like manner, but without acceptance;
5. Offered, by man to man—

As a peace offering;	In goodwill;
As an encouragement;	In doubtful goodwill;
As a means of cure;	In compassion;

6. Refused, to their lawful owner, when undoubtedly due;

7. Sought for, in vain, by Christ Himself when on earth;

8. Promised, apparently in unexampled perfection, in the world to come.

ANSWERS (See March No.).

1. Wonderful compassion in our Lord Himself.—Luke xxiii. 27, 28, 34.
2. Admirable fidelity, also in our Lord Himself.—John xviii. 8.
3. Awful duplicity.—Mark xiv. 44, 45; Luke xxii. 48.
4. Astounding wickedness on the part of the chief priests.—Matt. xxvii. 3, 4.
5. Exceeding weakness. Peter and Pilate.—Mark xiv. 31, 66-72; xv. 15.
6. Marvellous faith. The penitent thief.—Luke xxiii. 42.
7. Remarkable courage. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus.—Mark xv. 43.
8. Intense apprehension. Our Lord in the Garden of Gethsemane.—Luke xxii. 41-44.
9. Astonishing calmness. Our Lord before Pilate.—Mark xv. 5; Matt. xxvii. 12-14.
10. Shocking cruelty. The chief priests and others.—Matt. xxvii. 40-43.
11. Amazing fickleness. The multitude.—Comp. Matt. xxi. 8, 9, 10, and xxvii. 20, both in the same week.
12. Unutterable Folly.—Matt. xxviii. 25.



Sun.—1st day.
Rises 5.38. Sets 6.31.

APRIL.

Moon.—New, 13th, A. 5.50.
Full, 27th, A. 4.39.



BEARING AND FORBEARING.



Christ
suffered for us,
leaving us an Example.

1 Pet. ii. 21.

Live
unto God, through
Jesus Christ our Lord.

Rom. vi. 11.

- | | | |
|---|----|--|
| 1 | S | Easter Day. If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above. Col. iii. 1. |
| 2 | M | EASTER MON. Walk in newness of life. Rom. vi. 4. |
| 3 | Tu | EASTER Tu. Walk in love. Ephes. v. 1. |
| 4 | W | Forbearing threatening. Ephes. vi. 9. [12. |
| 5 | Th | Put on kindness, meekness, long-suffering. Col. iii. 12. |
| 6 | F | Let nothing be done through strife. Phil. ii. 3. [iii. 21. |
| 7 | S | Fathers, provoke not your children to anger. Col. iii. 21. |

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 8 | S | 1st S. af. Easter. Let the peace of God rule in your hearts. 1 Pet. iii. 9. |
| 9 | M | Not rendering evil for evil. 1 Pet. iii. 9. |
| 10 | Tu | Or railing for railing. 1 Pet. iii. 9. |
| 11 | W | Let him eschew evil and do good. 1 Pet. iii. 11. |
| 12 | Th | Let him seek peace and ensue it. 1 Pet. iii. 11. |
| 13 | F | Let him refrain his tongue from evil. 1 Pet. iii. 10. |
| 14 | S | It is better that ye suffer for well doing than for evil. |
| 15 | S | 2nd S. after Easter. Endure with all long suffering. |

PEACEABLE,
GENTLE, AND EASY
TO BE ENTREATED, FULL OF
MERCY AND GOOD

FRUITS.

Gal. iii. 17.

Servants, be
subject to your masters.

1 Pet. ii. 18.

meek and quiet
spirit is . . . of great price.

1 Pet. iii. 4.

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 16 | M | The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace. Jas. i. 8. |
| 17 | Tu | Add to temperance, patience. 1 Pet. i. 6. [iii. 18. |
| 18 | W | Add to godliness brotherly kindness. 1 Pet. i. 6. |
| 19 | Th | The patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit. |
| 20 | F | He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty. |
| 21 | S | Yielding pacifieth great offences. Eccles. x. 4. |
| 22 | S | 3rd S. aft. Easter. Bless them which persecute you. |
| 23 | M | Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry. Eccles. vii. 9. |

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 24 | Tu | Say not, I will do so to him as he hath done to me. |
| 25 | W | St. MARK. The servant of the Lord must not strive. |
| 26 | Th | Suffer not thy mouth to cause thy flesh to sin. Eccl. x. 1. |
| 27 | F | Be not overcome of evil. Rom. xii. 21. [v. 6. |
| 28 | S | Overcome evil with good. Rom. xii. 21. |
| 29 | S | 4th S. af. Easter. Pray for them which despitefully use you. |
| 30 | M | Be patient toward all men. 1 Thess. v. 14. [use you. |

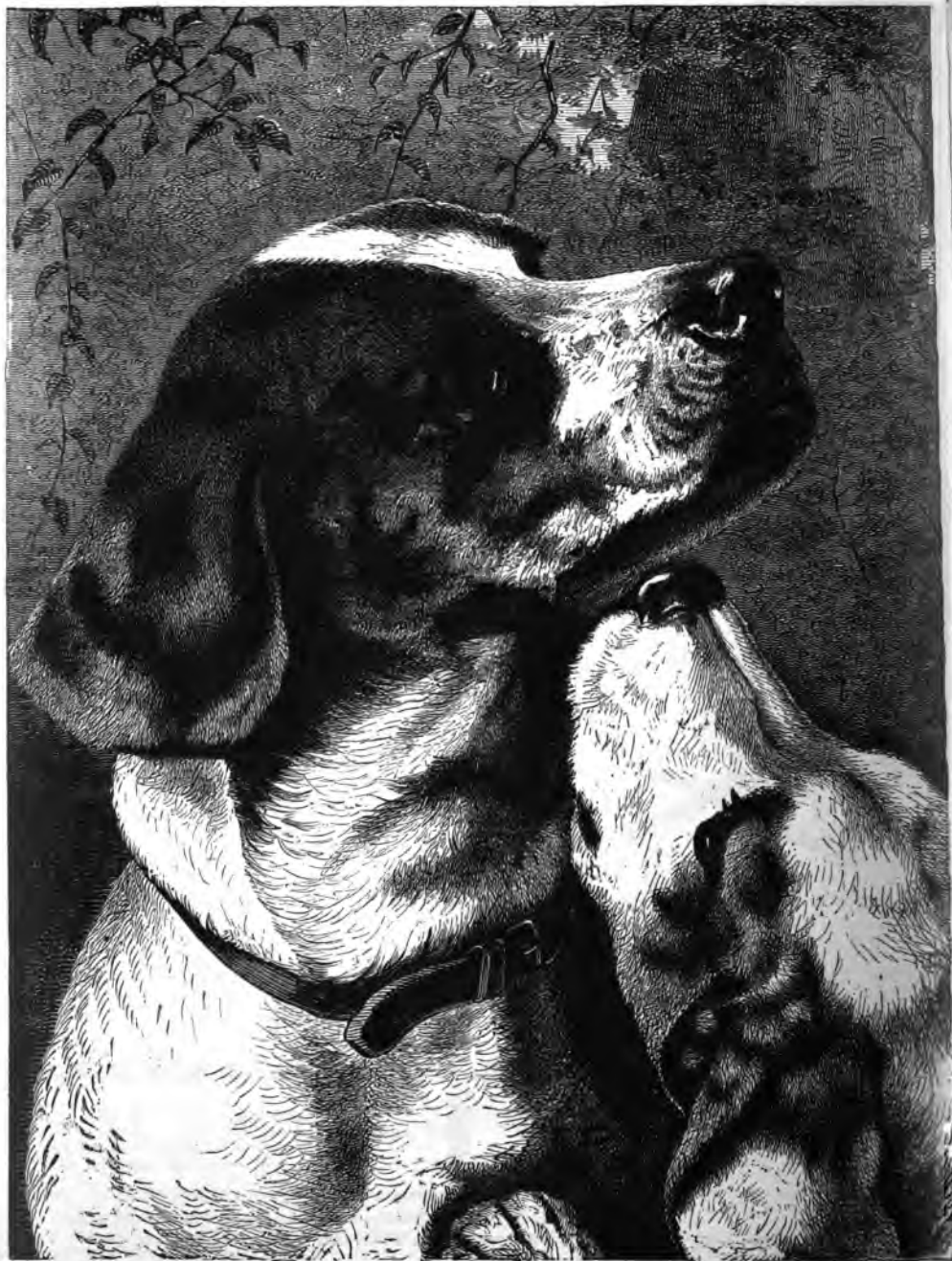
FOR every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride or little sense;
Good nature and good sense must always join
To err is human; to forgive, Divine.

Guard well thy lips; none, none can know
What evils from the tongue may flow;
What guilt, what grief may be incurred
By one incautious, hasty word.

THE quarrels of professors are often the reproach of their profession.—Henry.

I never seemed fit to say a word to a sinner, except when I had a broken heart myself, when I was subdued and melted into tenderness.—Payson.

The meek are they who "give soft answers to rough questions."—Anon.



THE PLAYMATES.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The Playmates.

BY BENJAMIN GOUGH, AUTHOR OF "KENTISH LYRICS," ETC.



OME little "ours of low degree"
Seem quite unable to agree,
And bark and snarl and bite;
But noble Trouncer and young
All in good temper join in play, [Tray
And gambol in delight.

Some dogs are always quarrelsome;
No matter who may go or come,
They meet them with a growl;
And when sweet baby without fear
Tugs at their tail or pulls their ear
They run away and howl.

Trouncer and Tray are kind and good,
And children in their merry mood
Ride on them both astride;
They seem delighted with their load,
And carry them along the road,
Trotting on side by side.

A dog is man's unchanging friend,
And loves his master to the end
With strong and pure affection;
What cruel people they must be
Who outrage all humanity,
And practise vivisection!

A dog watched by his master's bed,
And when he found that he was dead
Crept closely by his side;
Followed in silence to his tomb,
And then lay down in mournful gloom
Upon his grave and died.

Few nobler animals we find
Given for the service of mankind,
And none more firm and true;
Our dog is worthy of our love,
And every day he lives to prove
That kindness is his due.

The Doctrine of the Spirit's Work.



WE are to "sow to the Spirit"; we are to bring forth "the fruit of the Spirit" (Gal. vi. 8, v. 22). We are to use "the sword of the Spirit"; we are to "keep the unity of the Spirit"; we are to be "strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man" (Eph.

vi. 17, iv. 3, iii. 16). We are to have "the love of God shed abroad in our hearts through the Holy Ghost"; we are to "abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost" (Rom. v. 5, xv. 13). We are to "live in the Spirit" (Gal. v. 25).

What do we know experimentally of the doctrine of the Spirit's work? C. B.

The Witherbys; OR, A HOME IN MARKET THORESBY.

BY AGNES GIBBERNE, AUTHOR OF "WILL FOSTER OF THE FERRY," "NOT FORSAKEN," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

WARM WORDS.



ND what did you do to defend yourself?" asked Dorothy passionately when Jacob had explained how matters stood.

"I don't scarcely know, Dolly, woman. I was that dazed and startled, that

I hardly know what I *did* say. I told the ladies I was innocent. But my word don't go for much."

"It ought," said Dorothy doggedly. "They ought to know you by this for an honest man."

"But they don't," said Jacob. "And who could have taken the money? That's the thing, Dolly! Where can it have gone? If I didn't take it,—and I didn't,—then who *did*? Things do look black against me, and it can't be denied."

"I wish I'd been there to give 'em a bit of my mind," said Dorothy, in a hard sort of tone. She had shed no tears as yet; but her lips were firmly set, and her eyes had a glitter in them of anger, as well as pain.

"It wouldn't do no good, but only harm," said Jacob.

"If you're going to sit down tamely, and be called a thief, without a word, you're not the man I thought you," said Dorothy shortly.

"I'm going to see Mr. Sharp," said Jacob. "I'll go presently, when I'll be likely to find him in. May be I'll find something out from him."

"And if you don't—"

Jacob's head moved sorrowfully. His resources ended there,—his earthly resources at least.

"You're quite sure nobody touched the pocket-book between the Elms and Mr. Sharp's?"

"Quite sure." Jacob had no doubt whatever about that. "Even you didn't lay a finger upon it, Dolly."

"I'm not so fond of fingering other folk's

gold," said Dorothy, half-crying. "I don't know how you ever came to take it, all loose like that, so as you *could* be blamed. I wouldn't if I'd been you."

Jacob would not remind her of the triumph she had expressed in the perfect trust thereby shown in her husband's honour. He only said gently, "May be it was a bit imprudent of me, but I didn't think,—no more than Miss Eveleigh. That's all done and finished, and can't be undone."

A sorrowful hour of uncertainty passed away, during which Dorothy varied between excitement, indignation, and melancholy. Then Jacob set out upon his walk. Hardly had he disappeared, before Dorothy took down her own bonnet and cloak.

"Mother, are you going out?" asked Ruth.

"Yes," was the short answer.

"Where are you going, mother?"

"I'm going to give the ladies a bit of my mind. I'm not like your father; I can't stand this sort of thing. He hasn't got a notion of defending himself."

Dorothy had not far to go; but during that short walk she worked herself up into a heat of body which matched well with her heat of mind, but which augured ill for the success of her undertaking. If Dorothy had but possessed a little more of the spirit of patience!

"Tell your mistress, if you please, that Dorothy Witherby wants to speak to her," was the message sent in at the door,—voice and manner being alike uncompromising.

Miss Penny was just coming downstairs, and overheard the words. Now, while Jacob's character was about the most important thing in the world to Dorothy, Miss Eveleigh's health and spirits filled much the same important position in the mind of Miss Penny. Immediately judging that such an interview was likely to prove even more exciting and agitating than the last, Miss Penny resolved to take the matter into her own hands.

So she called Dorothy into the library and asked to know her business. She was sorry for the poor woman, and spoke kindly;

but unhappily Dorothy was too busy with her own thoughts to note the manner.

Poor impatient eager Dorothy! Why could she not have waited? Why could she not have spoken calmly? She little dreamt that only five minutes before, the two ladies had been quietly discussing the possibility of trying Jacob again for awhile. They liked him. They did not wish to ruin him. He might take warning, and be honest in future. They had almost decided so to do. And then Dorothy arrived.

"I've come to speak about this business," Dorothy said sternly. "It's Miss Eveleigh I want to see."

"You cannot see Miss Eveleigh. She is not well, and has had enough excitement. I will tell her what you have to say."

It seemed hard and unjust to Dorothy to be denied admittance. Jacob's welfare was everything to her, and she could not realize how much of past suffering had been endured by Miss Eveleigh, and what danger lay to health and brain in any unwonted agitation. The denial made her angry and indignant, and her first words of defence were hot. The raised tones and flushed face did not look like innocence. Miss Penny's manner grew colder as she stood listening.

"You must be reasonable, Mrs. Witherby," she said. "We have no wish to take away your husband's character. But the money was entrusted to him, and it is gone. No one touched the pocket-book, it seems, except he, from the time it left Miss Eveleigh, to the time it reached Mr. Sharp. Witherby himself acknowledged that the full sum was counted before him here. Very unwisely, he did not wait to see it counted by Mr. Sharp; but that could have made no difference. As he went out of the door, Mr. Sharp began to count, with the housekeeper, a most worthy woman, standing by, and he at once found a sovereign missing. If Witherby cannot explain where it has gone, what are we to think?"

Dorothy interrupted in an angry tone two or three times, but Miss Penny went on steadily. Then she waited, and Dorothy fulfilled her intention of "giving a bit of her mind,"—a very hot bit, and a very long bit it was, unhappily, and by no means calculated to do poor Jacob any good.

"I am sorry for you," Miss Penny responded, at the first pause; "but this sort of abuse is not *defence*, Mrs. Witherby. It is of no use to be angry. All we want is an explanation."

That set Dorothy off again. It was too bad to suspect a man like her husband,—so good—so honest,—and no more proof than this against him! The ladies would find out how wrong they had been. It was cruel,—unjust. He spoke the truth, and always did. Nobody had touched the purse except himself, and was *that* a reason for suspecting him? He'd just gone straight as he was told from the Elms to Mr. Sharp.

"Stop," said Miss Penny at this moment, for Dorothy's tongue was running faster than her memory. "Perhaps you can explain how it was that Witherby went home on his way, and showed the pocket-book to you, and I believe also to one or more of your children."

Dorothy was confounded,—alike at her own heedless slip, and at the lady's knowledge. For in truth Jacob *had* gone in, feeling hot and tired, and had asked for some cold water. It was a little matter, but much seemed to hinge upon it now. Dorothy's angry impatience had made her husband's innocence to look like guilt.

"He came in for a drop of water," she faltered. "It's Jacob's way. I'd forgot it for a moment."

"And you saw the pocket-book?"

Dorothy could not deny it. But how could she explain? What words *could* have any appearance but that of guilt? To speak of Jacob's pleasure at being so trusted, would make the matter worse, rather than better. Dorothy was utterly silenced.

"You see that our reasons for suspicion are stronger than you imagined," said Miss Penny. "That is not all; I do not wish to make too much of something else which has come to my ears. Still, I confess it has a suspicious sound that Witherby should have bought furniture that very day, which he expected not to be able to afford till later."

Dorothy grew fairly white with perplexity and distress. She felt herself in a perfect tangle; and worst of all, she only had herself to blame.

"'Twas only a few chairs and one or two things," she said huskily. "We'd been saving our best, and Jacob had meant to order 'em the day before, only he hadn't time."

Miss Penny shook her head sorrowfully. "How am I to know? The more you say, the more convinced I unhappily am of his guilt."

"Then I'd better be going," said Dorothy. "If folks be determined to believe my Jacob a thief, they'll do it, and I can't stop 'em. I suppose we may all starve, and it'll make no manner of difference. I do think it's a bit strange of gentlefolks to come asking all about us and the things we've been buying, and—"

"Stay," said Miss Penny, in doubt herself whether to be most grieved or displeased. "You are unjust yourself now, Mrs. Witherby. These particulars I inquired of no one. The truth is, as I happened to be passing up the lane, I heard loud voices discussing Miss Eveleigh, in a way which I confess struck me as rather impertinent. One speaker was a child, sitting on your garden wall; and as it was all in the open air, with no appearance of secrecy, I did not scruple to listen. The other speaker I could not see, but the child was telling her about the pocket-book of money which her father had brought home, and the furniture which he had bought. I am afraid I may bring her into trouble by saying this,"—for Dorothy's face grew rigid with displeasure, not this time against Miss Penny. "But I think that habit of gossiping would be better checked among your children, Mrs. Witherby, if you will take a piece of friendly advice. As for the rest, if anything could be discovered which should prove Witherby's innocence, no one would rejoice more than Miss Eveleigh and I. That is all I have to say. Good-bye."

And Miss Penny left the room. Dorothy made no effort to detain her. She was absolutely dumb-stricken. And when a servant came to show her out of the house, she went quietly. It was well perhaps that she did not know *all* the harm her interview had done. For when Miss Penny returned to Miss Eveleigh, all idea of trying Jacob again, with this suspicion resting upon him, was given up. Dorothy's unrestrained anger had just formed

the turning weight in the scale, on the opposite side from that which she had intended.

CHAPTER X.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE BURDEN

"WHERE have you been, Dolly?" asked Jacob, as she came in. No answer. Dorothy pulled off her shawl and bonnet, and sat down with a fixed face of distress and pain.

"Don't take on so," said Jacob gently. "I've been to Mr. Sharp's, but I can't find out anything. He wasn't unkind, and he said if I *was* innocent it was mighty hard for me. But what's he or any one to think? He counted the money as I left the house, and found the sovereign gone. Dolly, what have you been doing?"

"I've been to see Miss Eveleigh," said Dorothy, speaking in a thick husky voice. "And I wish I'd bit my tongue off sooner than I'd gone."

Jacob made a gesture of sorrowful comprehension. He could guess somewhat of her meaning. "You should have asked me first," he said.

"I knew what you'd say, and I was determined I *would* go. But I haven't done you a bit of good, Jacob. I've been in a passion, and spoke out my mind; and the lady's surer than ever that it's you."

"The truth 'll come out some day," said Jacob dejectedly. "But it's hard to bear—hard to bear, Dolly, woman. I don't know how we'll get along."

"That isn't all," said Dorothy, her face suddenly inflamed with a deep flush as she saw the two girls, Ruth and Rachel, walking up the road outside, and heard them enter the front door. "Look here, Ruth! I've got to speak to you."

"Has she been doing wrong?" asked Jacob. He really was afraid poor excited Dorothy would so far forget herself as to punish Ruth, before saying what the punishment was for; and he put his hand on Ruth's shoulder, making her stand back a little.

"Has Ruth been doing wrong, Dorothy?"

"Father, it's been horrid in school to-day," Ruth burst out, not understanding yet that she was herself under displeasure.

"That Nancy Dix has gone and heard somehow about this—this money,—and what's said of you; and she's spread it among the girls in the school that you're a thief; and one or two of the bad ones called out after us, 'Thief! thief!' O father, it was dreadful."

Poor Jacob felt it so, as was shown by his drooping head and saddened look. Rachel crept up to him, like a little wounded bird, and hid her face on his shoulder. Dorothy spoke harshly,—

"Ay; now you see what gossiping comes to, Ruth. *That's* the girl you'd have made a friend of, if I'd have let you. But I've more to say. What's this about your sitting on the wall, and telling Mrs. Dix all about the pocket-book, and father coming in, and the furniture being bought when we hadn't thought we could afford it; and gossiping about Miss Eveleigh too?"

Dorothy herself had not been more utterly at a loss before Miss Penny than was Ruth now before Dorothy. She grew scarlet with shame, and after one glance round of dismay, looked down on the ground.

"Is it true, Ruthie?" asked Jacob.

Ruth had no word to answer. She stood silent.

"True enough," said Dorothy. "It's Miss Penny herself as was passing and heard all Ruth said,—leastways, she heard enough. You've done the business now, Ruth, and you may thank yourself for our troubles. I don't believe, if it hadn't been for your silly gossip,—impertinent the lady called it, and she wasn't far wrong,—dragging in Miss Eveleigh's name like that!—I don't believe she'd have been half so quick to be sure about this. And it's she that manages the thing. Miss Eveleigh's a bit weak, and does her bidding,—it's easy to see that; but it's *you* we have to thank, Ruth. It's you! You've brought it upon us."

"That'll do, Dolly," said Jacob, unable to stand Ruth's distressed sobbing.

"No, it won't do!" said Dorothy. "I've warned her a hundred times, and she's that hard I don't know now as she'll half-care for the disgrace she's brought on us,—leastways, has helped to bring. She shall have a bit of time for thinking of it over. Go to bed, Ruth, and don't let me see you again till to-morrow."

Ruth had no choice but to obey; and in real, self-reproachful sorrow she went away. And then Dorothy put her apron up to her face, and began to sob likewise.

"I've got to keep her in order, and I won't have her forget. But, oh, dear! I'm nigh as bad in another way, Jacob; I don't know as you can forgive me. A deal of it is my fault too. I do think the lady was kinder toward you before I went, than after."

"'Twas a mistake of yours to go," said Jacob. "We're not going to think more about that part of the matter, though. And there's no need for talk about forgiving, Dolly. It's all one trouble that we have all together, and we'll bear it together, and pray God to help us bear it as we should."

But perhaps Jacob's gentleness increased instead of lessening Dorothy's remorse. She went away crying, and Jacob allowed himself a deep sigh.

"Rachie, it's hard to bear,—all of it," he said heavily to the child who leant against him.

"You said we'd may be have need of patience again soon; but I didn't think it would be like this," said Rachel's low voice.

"Nor I neither. I didn't—I didn't," repeated Jacob. "'Most anything in the world would seem easier to bear."

"Oh, it is so dreadful!" whispered Rachel, with a little sob.

Presently Jacob said, "Rachie, I do want a bit of comfort."

Rachel looked up with tearful eyes, but hardly knew what to say.

"I'm downhearted, altogether," said Jacob. "I want you to be cheery, Rachel. Can't you?"

"No," said Rachel. "I don't feel cheery, father. But don't you think we oughtn't to forget our text,—'Ye have need of patience'?—and all the others too, about the gift of everlasting life. *That's* ours still, isn't it, father?"

"Yes; because there's One who won't forsake us, though folks round do. And He is 'the Life,' Rachie, you know."

"May be this is like the 'trying—working patience,'" said Rachel thoughtfully. "And, father, there's one text says, 'Tribulation worketh patience;' and another says we're to be 'patient in tribulation.' And teacher says tribulation means anything that makes us sorry."

Jacob nodded. "Ay, you've got to the right of the matter. There's nothing like God's Word for giving comfort when a man's downhearted. Bring it here, and let's have a few verses. I'm in need of help of some sort, and I'll find it there. Let's see what David said in his troubles."

Jacob began turning over the leaves slowly from the beginning of the Book of Psalms, looking for something which might suit his own case,—“something to make him patient,” as he said with a little smile. And he had not very many leaves to turn before he stumbled on the thirty-seventh Psalm.

"This'll do right well. Listen, Rachie."

"Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity. For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.' Seems as if there must be *some* such evil-doer now, Rachie; only I don't know who he is that has taken the money. But God knows. 'Trust in the Lord, and do good. So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.' *That's* a promise for us, isn't it? I don't *think* it means only food for the soul, so that we really do trust Him for the other too. 'Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass. And

He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday!' Why, Rachie—"

"Isn't it the very thing, father?" said Rachel brightly.

"Just!" said Jacob. "I've only got to commit it all to Him,—'*roll thy way upon the Lord,*' it says at the side; roll it right off altogether upon the Lord, and '*He shall* bring it to pass,' and make all clear. That's a promise like to a rock, I'm thinking."

"'Who is a Rock, like our God?'" quoted Rachel quickly, with shining eyes.

"Ah! it's good the store of texts you have in your heart. I wish I'd as many. Yes; He'll keep His word, if I trust Him. But there's more still."

"We don't seem to need more than the first verses," said Rachel, when he had read on a little. "It's all beautiful. O father, it oughtn't to be so hard to be a bit patient. It'll all come right by-and-by."

"Ay! and meantime I've got to roll off the burden," said Jacob. "I haven't need to be heavy-hearted any longer, Rachie; nor you neither; nor mother, if she'd see it so. I wish she did. But you and I *do* know it's all right and sure. May be we'll have to wait awhile; but if it's long or short, we won't fear. There's no call for fear, is there, Rachie, with such words as them to rest upon?"

(To be continued.)

The Word of God, and the Book of Common Prayer.

(Continued from page 84.)



It remains for us to point out the manner in which the particular form of our Prayer-Book services has promoted their main object, viz., to stamp the Word of God upon the hearts and minds of the people.

Nothing has an effect in imbuing the mind with thoughts and their expression at all comparable to the effect of learning by heart, of actual recitation, of incessant repetition of sound. The way in which a child learns the greater part of its know-

ledge is by means of the vocal impress of words and sentences upon its ears. If one desires to attain the full understanding of the meaning of an author, nothing can for a moment be compared with the influence of learning his works by heart. Ridley thus learned by heart most of St. Paul's Epistles; and any man who has attained thorough understanding of an author will be found to have pursued in substance a similar method. Until one gets the tone, the ring, the form of the sentences in the mind, one is not in a position fully to enter into their spirit. No study in the chamber,

no reflection, can be a substitute for this method.

Our Reformers, with that practical wisdom which distinguished them, perceived that if the Word of God was to be got into the heart of the people, there was one thing more important than any sermons or expositions, and that was that the Word itself, and the prayers which come nearest in feeling to that Word, should be incessantly recited among them, that the language should grow into their very nature, and that they should in effect have it by heart. Individual preachers might mistake the meaning of particular passages. They might inflict their narrow views upon their audience. But if the Bible itself, and the prayers which, as has been said, are imbued with the spirit of the Bible, were continually forced upon the minds of the people, it would sink deeper into them than any thoughts or explanations of men, and would insensibly mould them into harmony with its spirit.

Such, accordingly, has been the result. The effect of the Common Prayer, taking the word in the broadest sense, as including the whole of Divine worship, has been that the Clergy of the English Church have been almost compelled to learn by heart a great portion of the Scriptures, and that the people have gone through the process which is nearest to this. If the words of the Scriptures and of the prayers are not so familiar to them, not so engraved in their minds as in the case of the Clergy, they too have almost learned by heart, for practical purposes, some of the most important parts of the Scriptures, and the most memorable expressions of Christian devotion.

It is only necessary to suggest briefly something of what has been the inevitable consequence. The whole English nation—nay, all English-speaking people, have been compelled, by the strong force of imitation, from early years to think and to feel, more

or less, in the language and spirit of the Bible. The truest and most wholesome of all thoughts and words, of all exhortation, and of all doctrine have been thus made the daily food of the English mind; and who shall limit the degree in which we are indebted to this influence, not only for the general prevalence of true religion among us, but for our practical wisdom, our gradual progress, and the blessings which, on the whole, we have so largely enjoyed?

If we would realize what was done at the time of the Reformation, we might almost conceive of the English Reformers as taking into their hands a great seal, the seal of the Word of God, and by one grand act of legislation stamping it for all time upon the subsequent generations of Englishmen. On the whole, it may well be doubted whether any equal feat of Christian statesmanship has ever been performed.

Not merely the English nation, but, as has been said, all English-speaking people, have become imbued with the Bible and with the best devotions of Christian hearts, to an extent which has certainly never been attained since the foundation of the Christian Church. The only parallel to it, probably, is the extent to which the Jews are imbued with their law—and that by the same means—the incessant recitation of it in their religious assemblies.

The well-known saying respecting the influence of the ballads of a nation may be applied with tenfold force to a nation's prayers, and still more to their Common Prayer.

Our principle of uniformity may in some respects have been carried out too rigidly, and into too many details; but in substance it has amounted to impressing upon the English people a uniform knowledge of God's Word and of the devotions of the Christian Church; and allowing for the necessary imperfections of human effort, it is difficult to conceive of a greater blessing being conferred upon the people.

Old Memories; or, Home Seen Again.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."



GAIN I saw the eglantine
Around the modest threshold
twine,
The old, once-busy wheel within,
Which oft sweet Annie used to spin;
The elbow-chair beside the grate,
In which her grey-haired father sate;
The shelf whereon his Bible lay,
Till taken down at close of day—
Their voices still I seem to hear,
Their forms beloved seemed moving near.

As thus I stood, it seemed to me,
Not only what we hear and see,
And smell and taste, and earn and save,
Make the whole sum of what we have—
But memories sweet of former years,
All that ennobles and endears,
And high resolves and trust in worth,
And dreams too pure to be of earth,
And heavenward flights and hopes on
high,
Are mines of wealth that cannot die.

Little Foxes and the Tender Grapes.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "NOT YOUR OWN;"
"BENEATH THE CROSS," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

INDECISION.



"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes."—*Sol. Song ii. 15.*

KNOW few things that bring more discomfort than a fickle, hesitating, undecided spirit. You ask a person to do something for you, or to come on such a day to see you, or to give you a subscription towards some charitable object, but you can get no clear answer. They will think over it. They are not quite sure. They must wait a few days before giving an answer, and when the few days are passed you have still to wait on, for no answer comes. Thus you are left all in uncertainty. You cannot make up your accounts, or make application for some other help, or invite other friends beneath your roof. If your friend would only just make up his mind and say "Yes" or "No," you would be content and know what steps to take; but indecision leaves everything unsettled and makes every one uncomfortable.

But I want to speak of indecision in the highest matters. If it is bad in temporal things, it is far worse in our dealings with Christ and His salvation. So many are always halting between two opinions. They never take a firm stand on the right side. To-day you think they are true followers of Christ, but to-morrow they are all for the world. They can be very serious at times, and express a great desire for the hope of the Gospel; but when thrown with worldly people, their religion seems all gone to the winds.

I suppose the reason is because of the two-sidedness of Christ's Gospel.

On the one side we have glorious hopes and blessed privileges: deliverance from guilt and condemnation, free remission of the past debt of sin, a garment of perfect righteousness, peace with God, a place in His family, the comforts of His love, citizenship in the heavenly Zion, ever-



OLD MEMORIES; OR, HOME SEEN AGAIN.

lasting life, and a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

Here is one side; but there is another. Those who believe in Christ, have day by day to take up the cross, to deny themselves, and to walk in the Master's footsteps. The way is often narrow, and the gate is strait. Reproach and persecution must be endured. Earthly idols must be cast away, and even life itself must be sacrificed, if our allegiance to Christ require it. The Lord requires that His people should, when He calls for it, withhold nothing. A free heart, all we are and all we have, must be laid at His feet. "He that forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be My disciple."

Hence comes a wavering, hesitating spirit. Persons would have the one side, but not the other. They wish for the privileges of the Gospel, but shrink from its precepts. They want the joys of God's people, but have no heart to bear the cross and confess Christ's Name in the world. They dare not cast off the profession of the Gospel, lest they shall be shut out of heaven; but again and again they turn aside from the King's highway, and walk in "by-path meadow."

Want of thorough decision is the root of great evil. Take a young person who delights to listen to the truth, and to a certain extent has a love for it, but there is no real earnestness or determined purpose of heart. The salvation of the soul has never been the first thing. There has been no fixed choice. There has been no hearty dedication to the Saviour's service.

The result before long comes out. There is no real peace and no strength to meet temptation; and when some suitable snare is presented, there is no power to overcome. Or if a sudden danger come and death approach, all is alarm and confusion.

A short time ago a young girl was taken from her earthly home after four days' ill-

ness. She was the daughter of Christian parents, and she had often been told the story of her Saviour's love. She was naturally amiable and pleasing; but those who lived with her could not tell how far she felt the power of God's Word. The hour of danger told the truth. When told that probably she might not recover, she exclaimed, "I cannot die, I have not loved Jesus"; and from that moment every thought was centred in that one care. Her parched lips continually pleaded, "O Jesus, teach me, help me, to love Thee!" She would not be comforted by false peace, and it was only at the very last that the clouds seemed to burst, and that she could see the Saviour to be her own.

Another case I remember, the very reverse of this, one that shows the blessedness of decision for God. A young girl of seventeen was sent from home to a school where she had many privileges. She worked hard at her lessons, doing in one year more than many girls in three. At this time her heart was touched by God's Holy Spirit. After weeks of prayer and earnest inquiry she gave herself unreserved to the Saviour, and found great peace. The next year she was laid low with an attack on the brain. Her life, so full of promise, seemed ebbing away; but the danger passed. Health was gradually restored. But what was the cause? It was due, under God, to the quiet, deep, calm peace which possessed her heart. Her medical adviser stated that had there been the slightest mental struggle or fear it must have been fatal to life or reason. She had given herself unreservedly to Christ, and she had a blessed reward. She had "perfect peace" in the hour of danger, and this, in God's hand, was the means of her recovery.

I can scarcely think of any little bit of advice I would more earnestly give to any who are anxious to be the disciples of Christ, than this, *Be out and out Christians.*

Don't blow hot and cold. Don't veer round from north to south, and from south to north. Be one thing, and one thing always,—in all places and in all companies.

Christ has no room in His kingdom for those who keep back half the price. He has no room for almost Christians. He has no room for those who would call Him, "Lord, Lord," and yet chime in with the evil practices of those who will not have Him to reign over them. He hath said it plainly—"No man can serve two masters;" "He that is not with Me is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth abroad."—Matt. vi. 24; xii. 30.

Away with all empty, hollow profession! Away with all half-heartedness and Laodicean lukewarmness. Away with all doubleness of mind, expecting to taste the fruits of Paradise, and yet never to toil or labour in His vineyard! All such religion is a delusion and a sham.

Be decided for God. Leaning on Christ, relying upon the heavenly assistance of the Holy Ghost, be a fearless and faithful follower of the Lamb. Be a Christian altogether; not a Christian on Sunday and a worldling on Monday; not a Christian in lip and a worldling in life; not following Christ in fair weather and forsaking Him in foul, but holding fast your profession at all times and in all circumstances.

Be decided. Think of the example of your great Master. He walked straight on through good report and ill, through toil and through suffering, through contempt and reproach, to do His Father's will. He set His face like a flint. He steadfastly went forward to die a malefactor's death for our sake. He did all that was needful for our salvation, and then was received back to His glory.

Even so let it be with you. You must walk in His footsteps. You must stand fast in faith and hope. You must suffer with Christ if you would reign with Him.

You must bear the cross if you would wear the crown.

Be decided. It is the only safe course. To be almost a Christian will never save you. If you were living in a village near a volcano, and there were signs of danger, it would not profit to think of leaving your home, or even being almost persuaded to do so. When the burning lava stream overwhelmed the village you might perish after all. But if you quitted the spot and took up your abode in a place of safety, then the peril could not touch you. So must you act in the matter of your salvation. You must forsake the evil that is in the world; you must fly from sin and judgment to Christ the only Refuge; you must give yourself up altogether to Him, and then you are safe. No harm can then come nigh you. You have a shelter which no storm of wrath can ever invade.

Be decided. To be so makes the path of life plain and clear. To act like Balaam, to long for the gold and silver, and go as far as you dare to obtain it, and yet profess to obey God,—ah! this is a wretched, miserable course. In acting in this spirit, a man is drawn hither and thither, and knows not which way to take. There is a constant battle between conscience and character. But let a man take God's standard and abide by it; let him desire only to do God's will as far as he sees it, let him put God first and everything else second, and he will have peace; his path will usually lie clear before him; he may have opposition to encounter and loss to suffer, but he will have God on his side, and his conscience will be at rest.

Be decided. You will thus honour God and be a blessing in the world. You will be a pillar of strength in the Church of Christ. Waverers and faint-hearted disciples will see you and be reproved. Those who yet are strangers to Divine peace will see there is a power in true

religion. Men will know where to find you, and what you mean. There will be no doubt on which side you are. And you will leave a mark behind. When your work is done, you will be missed by your fellow-Christians, and your name and memory will be blessed. The remembrance of your example will allure others to walk in the way of life. Just as the example and last words of Joshua were blessed to the whole generation who had seen and known him, so your fixed and steadfast purpose to serve the Lord will not be forgotten when you are in the grave.

Be decided. A bright and glorious crown shall be yours. Take the words of

promise: "Those that honour Me, I will honour." "If any serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be: if any man serve Me, him will My Father honour."—John xii. 26.

Who are these like stars appearing,
These before God's throne who stand
Each a golden crown is wearing;

Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark they sing,
Praising loud their Heavenly King.

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

The Faithful Comforter.

(FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.)

"The Holy Ghost—He is faithful."—Heb. ix. 15, 23.



O Thee, O Comforter Divine,
For all Thy grace and power
benign,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, whose faithful love had place
In God's great Covenant of Grace,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, whose faithful power doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever One,
Sing we Alleluia! Amen!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

Reading God's Word.



If we look at a sun-dial we may understand the use and import of the figures, yet can we not attain a knowledge of the time unless the sun shine upon it. So is it with respect to the Word of God; we

may understand the general meaning of the words, yet can we not receive its spiritual instruction unless we have that unction of the Holy One whereby we may know all things. The words of Christ are spirit and life."
—Simeon.

George Moore, the Christian Merchant.

(Continued from page 89.)



CHAPTER IV.

HONOURED IN DEATH.

THE intelligence of the accident—the runaway horse the fall, the brief period of suffering, and then the “rest” from labour—was received everywhere with the deepest regret and sense of loss. But though good men die,

“The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when they sleep in dust.”

The world is still their debtor when in God's providence they are called home. Many a resolve, we doubt not, was formed by other “London merchant princes” when the message announcing George Moore's death reached them—“We will try to walk in his steps.” For the happiness' sake of the thousands who will miss as well as mourn their beneficent friend, let us hope these resolves will all be wrought into the “life that speaks,” the life that *is* blessed, and therefore *blesses* others.

Testimonies to his worth appeared in most of the London and provincial journals. It was felt that a man who had so zealously laboured for the public good could ill be spared. One point in his character as a Christian merchant which the Bishop of Carlisle specially noted, found a touching illustration in the fact that, on hearing of his death, the employés in the London firm *en masse* expressed their desire to travel down to Carlisle to attend his funeral.

“There were few men,” said the Bishop, “admired so much as Mr. George Moore by so many persons standing in the relation of employed to employer; and in these days when there was so much jealousy of capital and masters it was a great thing to think that there were cases of employed and employer being thus bound together by something better than a poor bond of cash payments.”

The Archbishop of Canterbury bore similar testimony to his worth at a crowded meeting held in London, to raise a fund for some

fitting memorial of his services in the cause of education and philanthropy:—

“If at any time I wanted either money, or, what was more valuable, prudent and wise counsel, I knew where to apply for it, and I was never refused. The amount of his magnificent donations to various charities is before the public; but no one except those who are intimately acquainted with him can be aware that he was as ready to give that which was more precious than money—his time and kindly attention to any good work which was pressed upon his notice.

“It was one characteristic of our deceased friend that he never forgot those who in humble circumstances had been associated with him in his youth. I heard lately of his paying a visit to the Bishop of Carlisle, at Rose Castle, and being welcomed by an old woman who looked after the poultry there, as an old schoolfellow, and being ready at once to recognise an old acquaintance; and I am told that in the neighbourhood of Rose Castle many an eye was wet with tears the moment the news was announced that George Moore had been taken away from the county of Cumberland. I have had the pleasure of knowing him for twenty years. I have known him here in London, but I have also had the privilege to visit him in his country home in Cumberland, and I will say that nothing could be more instructive than the way in which, while engaged with the upper classes of the county in all good works, he was still ready to meet the poorest on equal terms, and to remember all the connections of his youth.”

But perhaps the most touching tribute to his memory fell from the lips of the venerable Dean of Carlisle. Preaching in the cathedral on the Sunday after his funeral, Dean Close thus referred to his generous spirit and large-hearted benevolence:—

“There is none among you, and none among the mourners round his grave, valued that man more than I did; perhaps none received sweeter proofs of his love and good nature. I shall never forget one. It was several years ago, when we were in considerable trouble and

distress about the Infirmary. He heard of it only through the newspapers. I made no application to him. One morning I rose much perplexed and troubled, and came down to the breakfast table and saw a letter. I opened it indifferently. It was from Mr. Moore, and it said: 'I see you are in some difficulty about supporting your Infirmary. I send you a cheque for a thousand pounds.' That was

the man—unasked, unsought. He knew when, and where, and how to distribute the bounty which God had conferred upon him. May we go and do likewise! May we die the death of the righteous, whether we die on our beds, or on the battlefield, or in the crash on the railway, or by foundering in the deep; may we die and be buried and sleep with Jesus, to awake to a joyful resurrection!"

THE EDITOR.

Natural History Anecdotes.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS," ETC.



XI. RESPECT FOR THE AGED AND INFIRM.

R. Jesse relates an anecdote communicated to him by a Sussex clergyman, which tends to prove that the old English rat shows a considera-

tion and care for its elders on the march, which is worthy of human philanthropy.

Walking out in some meadows one evening, he observed a great number of rats migrating from one place to another. He stood perfectly still, and the whole assemblage passed close to him. His astonishment was great when he saw amongst the number an old blind rat, which held a piece of stick at one end in his mouth, while another had hold of the other end of it, and thus conducted its blind companion.

XII. FAITHFUL SERVICES REWARDED.

The following extract furnishes a remarkable instance of a man's gratitude to his dog for faithful services. It is from the will of Samuel Trevithnan, of the parish of Padstow, in Cornwall, carpenter, dated November 26, 1729. The will is now in the Registry of the Consistorial Court of the Bishop of Exeter.

"Item.—I do give unto my dear wife, or my daughter, or to whose hands soever he may come, one shilling and sixpence weekly for the well treating my old dog, that has been my companion through thick and thin almost these fifteen years. The first time that ever he was observed to bark was when that great

eclipse was seen, April 22, 1715. I say, I do give one shilling and sixpence a week, during his life, for his well meating, fire in the winter, and fresh barley straw now and then, to be put to his old lodging, in the middle cage, in the old kitchen, to be paid out of my chattel estate; and forty shillings a year, that I reserved to make me a freeman of the county, desiring and requesting all people and persons whomsoever not to hurt or kill him that hath been so good a servant of a dog for sense and tractableness to admiration."

XIII. WHICH WAS THE ANIMAL?

In Meriden, recently, a drunken man crept into a stable, and when discovered, was lying at full length under a horse, the animal standing with legs extended to avoid hurting the drunken sleeper.

XIV. "AULD ACQUAINTANCE."

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot." Mr. Topham, of Little Armley, Appleton-le-Moor, had a shepherd dog that was brought up with a pet lamb. When the lamb no longer required the fostering care of the kitchen, it was turned into the flock; and the pup having grown up, had to do duty in tending and keeping his master's flock.

But the acquaintance commenced in the kitchen four years ago was not forgotten; for although the dog will drive the flock before him with great determination, nothing will induce him to harass or injure his old friend; and although the flock show every sign of fear on the approach of the dog, and

use every endeavour to get out of his way, this sheep shows no fear, but runs up to him and trots at his side, whilst he drives the flock before him.

XV. USEFUL TAILS.

A friend assures me that he has frequently known rats empty a vessel of oil, kept for the use of barn machinery, by introducing their tails into the vessel through a comparatively narrow opening, withdrawing the oil as it adhered, licking it off, and repeating the process so long as any of the oil remained.

Another friend relates that he witnessed a party of rats in the exercise of their filching propensities carrying off hens' eggs. One of the party grasped the egg with all four paws, and turning on his back was dragged away by the tail up a flight of steps by the rest of the party.

XVI. OLD TARTAR.

Old Tartar was a favourite dog,
Sagacious, faithful, true;
And though he was both wise and good,
He had some whimsies too.

If in his master's house he saw
No symptoms of *roast meat*,
He straightway came to us to know
What we had got to eat.

And after his repast was done,
Back to his home he'd trot;
He always went, when told to go,
Save once,—when he *would not*.

Coaxing and threats alike were vain,
He would not leave the door:
'Twas very odd, he never had
Behaved like this before.

So, wondering much at Tartar's whim,
He was allowed to stay;
The household all retired to rest,
And wrapped in slumber lay.

But in the night his voice was heard,
Most furious was he;
He growled and tore about the house,
What could the matter be?

When morning came, 'twas found a bolt
With crowbar had been bent;
To get into the "counting-house"
Was doubtless their intent.

But Tartar's unsuspected voice
No doubt the robbers scared,
Who surely had an entrance gained
But for our faithful guard.

Say, was it chance which led the dog
On that one night to stay?—
Or Providence, who kept him there
To drive the rogues away?

XVII. A SWALLOW STRATAGEM.

Lord Brougham gives a singular story, told by Dupont de Nemours, which he says he witnessed himself. Paris was the scene of the exploit.

A single swallow had accidentally put its foot into a noose of a cord that was attached to the spout of the pump in the College des Quatres Nations, and the only purpose answered by its own efforts to escape was that of drawing the knot so tight upon itself as to render all further exertions useless. In vain it fluttered till all its strength was exhausted. It then gave utterance to piteous cries, which were sufficiently loud to assemble a vast flock of the same birds upon the spot; indeed, all the swallows from the Tuilleries and Pont Neuf were soon collected at the post of alarm.

For a time, it is said, they crowded together as if consulting a plan of release. At length the plan being decided on, one of the number commenced the operation by darting at the string, which it struck with its beak as it flew past. Another and another followed in quick succession, till the whole army of besiegers had given a dash at the fort to be dismantled. The combined operation was sustained during half an hour, when the cord was severed, and the captive companion set free. For some time afterwards the whole flock continued to hover together, chattering one among another, as if conscious of a triumph.

HOW TO WIN AND KEEP AFFECTION.—It is by little acts of watchful kindness, by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, that affection is won and preserved.

A Quaint Old Fishing-Town.



QUAINT old fishing-town, nooked underneath
Steep, sterile hills; a breadth of bay before,
Backed by a broad blue stretch of barren heath,
That fades away in misty distance hoar.

Small coasting craft, each with its one white wing

Wooing the warm airs of the autumn day,

Cleave the near waters; while far out a string

Of fishing-smacks tack inward to the bay.

Boats oddly grouped, and boats in ordered rows,

All idly rocking by the water's edge,

Stud the long line of piers. The lighthouse shows

A tall white pillar on the outer ledge

Of the grey rocks beyond; while overhead

Float fleecy clouds, warm-rimmed with blue and red.

JAMES DAWSON.

John Ellerthorpe, "the Hero of the Humber."

(Continued from vol. VI., page 254.)



CHAPTER III.

REWARDS AND HONOURS.

WE were unable to find space in our last volume for the closing portion of John Ellerthorpe's simple but graphic narrative of his noble deeds of daring in rescuing during a period of forty years no less than thirty-nine individuals from a watery grave.

"My first object," he writes, "after I had plunged into the water, was to catch a sight of the drowning person; and if I could once do that, I always felt confident I should soon have him in my grasp. It is a most difficult thing to search for a drowning person, especially in muddy water. I have had to make this attempt again and again, and sometimes the fear has crept over me that my exertions would be in vain, when I have made the most prodigious and exhausting efforts. And that I have never failed in a single instance is to me a source of great

gratitude to God, 'in whose Hand my breath is, and whose are all my ways.'

"I remember that once I had my leg crushed between our packet and the pier, and for some days after I could not walk without the aid of crutches. One day I got down to the South End, but soon felt tired, and returned home; but after a short rest I again went to the pier, when I was told that during my short absence, a cabman, named Sharpe, had fallen into the harbour, and was drowned. I was filled with indescribable distress at the news, and said, 'If I had been here I would have saved him, despite my broken leg. At least I would have tried.' A man, who professed to be a great swimmer, was present, and he answered, 'Oh, I can swim as well as you can,' when my muscles began to quiver, and my blood to throb, and I replied, in no very good temper, 'I dispute that, unless you mean now that I have my broken leg. Why didn't you try to save him?' I always felt that I would much rather have the satisfaction of having tried to save a drowning person and fail, than have the miserable satisfaction of shaking my head and shrugging my shoul-



Drawn by WILLIAM SMALL.]

"A QUAIN OLD FISHING TOWN."

ders, and saying, 'Oh, I knew it would be no use trying to save him; it was foolish to try.' 'I could have done it' never saved a drowning man. 'I will try' has enabled me, under God, to save many of my fellow creatures.

"I do not wish to intimate that every man who sees a fellow-creature drowning ought to plunge into the water to rescue that person. Indeed, I have seen two or three instances where men, who could not swim themselves, have jumped into the water to save the drowning, and in every instance the consequences have nearly proved fatal. Before a person makes such an attempt, he should have tested his own ability to swim. If he can float himself, and believes he can save the drowning person, he ought to make the attempt, and God will help him. This is not mere theory, but what I have felt again and again.

"Ever after my conversion to God I used to pray, when plunging into the water, 'Lord, help me,' and I felt confident He would help me; and so He did; for I have often, when in the water, felt a sweet consciousness that God was with me. He has taught my hands to war with the waters, and my fingers to grasp my precious freight. When struggling with the boy Woodman, these words came forcibly into my mind, and I repeated them in the water:—

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.'

"I always felt it my duty, after rescuing a drowning person, to go to the house of God at night, and return public thanks to the Almighty. On the morning following the deliverance, I generally went to see the rescued person, and sought to improve the event by impressing their mind with the uncertainty of life, and with the importance of being prepared for death."

It should be known that though, often urged to take a reward, Mr. Ellerthorpe "never did take anything from any one whom he had rescued," although, in several cases, small sums were given him by gentlemen who had witnessed his exploits. The closing sentence of his remarkable narrative indicates the

genuine spirit of a Christian hero:—"If," he says, "I have recorded a boastful sentence, respecting what my fellow-townsmen have been pleased to call my 'deeds of daring,' I hope to be forgiven by God, whose I am and whom I serve."

To the latest years of his life Ellerthorpe evinced the same readiness to imperil his own life to save the lives of others. When upwards of sixty-one years of age, although he then suffered acutely at times, in consequence of his former exposures in the water and cold, he, on several occasions, plunged into the Humber to rescue the drowning.

The rewards and honours of the hero, long delayed, were at length conferred upon him. Not that he needed such rewards to stimulate him in his noble career. "I always felt myself amply recompensed," he says, "when I got the drowning out of the water, and saw they were all right. Physically, I often felt much exhausted by the efforts I had made, and could eat no food, nor could I take rest for hours after. But I was filled with a pleasure I could not describe; sometimes my feelings found vent in tears, and at other times, in loud and hearty laughter; and when questioned, I could only say, 'I can't tell you how I feel.' I had this thought and feeling running through me, throbbing within me: 'I have saved a fellow-creature from drowning.' And that imparted to me a happiness which no amount of money and no decorations of honour could have given me; a happiness which no man can conceive, far less describe, unless he has himself snatched a fellow-creature from a watery grave."

The Royal Humane Society, in 1836, conferred on him the Honorary Medallion of the Society; the Board of Trade conferred on him a silver medal; Lord Palmerston forwarded to him from the Royal Bounty a donation of £20; and on November the 6th, 1861, at a large gathering of upwards of four hundred persons in the Music Hall, Hull, he received from his townsmen a purse containing one hundred guineas, with a gold watch and chain. This was afterwards supplemented by a further gift from the leading shipping firms of Hull.

For several years Mr. Ellerthorpe continued to discharge his duties as Foreman of the Humber Dock; but he increasingly felt

his employment, exposing him to all kinds of weather, day and night, according to the tides, was telling seriously upon his health; and in July, 1868, after protracted and severe suffering, he fell asleep in simple Christian faith. "No man in Hull," said one of the Hull newspapers, "had been more truly and deservedly respected—indeed we might almost say, loved, alike for his kind and amiable spirit,

his manly self-reliance, and his noble and benevolent actions. John Ellerthorpe well won, and that in the best sense, the title of '*The Hero of the Humber.*'

"The warrior's deeds may win
An earthly fame; but deeds by mercy
wrought
Are Heaven's own register within:
Not one shall be forgot."

Spring Flowers and Birds.

By BENJAMIN GOUGH, AUTHOR OF "LYRA SABBATICA," ETC.

"The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come."—*Sol. Song* ii. 12.



ET them boast as they will of
the flowers
Which are grown by the noble
and great,

I will sing of the cottager's bowers,
And the gardens of lowly estate.
The commonest flower that we see
Has a beauty and charm all its own;
And the Violet scent is as free
To the poor, as the Queen on the throne.

How sweet, when the Snowdrops appear
In clumps, at the dawning of Spring;
And the Crocus and Daffodil cheer
Every heart with the promise they
bring!
When the Primrose in clusters is seen,
And the breeze wafts its welcome per-
fume;
The sunnyward hedgerow is green,
And the Cherry tree bursts into bloom!

What a chorus of birds all in song!
How melting the nightingale's lay!
And the peasant hies whistling along,
Enjoying the beauties of May.
His garden, now radiant with flowers,
With Cowslips and Daisies is drest;
And Lilacs bend down with the showers,
Giving out their rich scents as they're
prest.

And the chief of all beauties, the Rose,
White, red, and mingled in hue,
The old-fashioned Rose, he still grows,
The same as his grandfather grew:
The "bower," and the "moss"—there
they smile,
The joy and the pride of the poor;
Just over the low rustic stile,
Or trained at the side of the door.

Then on Sundays, when Church-going
bells
So plaintively float on the air,
In the cottage what happiness dwells,
When both father and mother are there!
The children, all dressed in their best,
How they love the Spring flowers of our
land!

Each takes one to Church in his vest,
And "baby" holds one in his hand.
Let them boast, then, as much as they
please,
Of the flowers grown by noble and
great;
I will sing, 'mid the humming of bees,
Of the gardens of humble estate.
God sends flowers for the rich and the
poor;
But the commonest flower that is known
Is as sweet, and its colours as pure,
To the poor, as the Queen on the throne.



Learner and Teacher.

BY THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., RECTOR OF LONDESBOROUGH, E. YORKS.,
AUTHOR OF "WOOD-NOTES AND CHURCH BELLS."



SEE her pen with motion slow
O'er the stainless paper go;
Word by word she forms with
care,

Eyes and fingers centred there.

So each day on her young mind
New ideas grow defined,
Which from Nature's touch she learns,
Or by Heavenly grace discerns.

While that other little maid
Lends her the experienced aid
Which an added year or two
Qualifies her quite to do!

See her with superior air
Watch the pen, and cry, "Take care—
Make your l's a little longer,
Upstrokes finer, downstrokes stronger!"

She herself two years ago
Moved her pen with pace as slow;
But that time is far behind
To her fast advancing mind.

We who hold the teachers' place,
Wise instructors of our race,
Oh, how few the years since we
Bowed beneath authority!

Oh, how little yet we know
Of the wonders hid below,
And the mysteries of love
Shining in the heavens above!

Here earth's alphabet we learn,
Soon to teach it in our turn;
But, Lord, we are children all,
And to Thee for wisdom call.

Master, take Thy pen and write
On our hearts with lines of light;
Once Thou wrotest on the ground,
And as low we would be found!

Learners, teachers—may we be
"Clothed with humility;"
Sitting daily at Thy feet,
Till by grace for glory meet!

The Young Folks' Page.

XIII. HABITS OF SIN.

THE Arabs have a fable of a miller, who was one day awakened by having the nose of a camel thrust into the window of a room where he was sleeping.

"It is very cold out here," said the camel, "I only want to get my nose in."

The miller granted his request. After a while, the camel asked that he might get his neck in; then his fore feet; and so, little by little, crowded in his whole body. The miller found his companion troublesome; for the room was not large enough for both. When he complained to the camel, he received for answer:

"If you do not like it, you may leave: as for myself, I shall stay where I am."

XIV. FEAR AND CONFIDENCE.

St. Ambrose says that a Christian wife was on a journey with her heathen husband, when a terrific thunderstorm arose, which overwhelmed the man with terror: His wife asked the cause. He replied, "Are not you afraid?" She answered, "No, not at all: for I know that it is the voice of my heavenly Father; and shall a child be afraid of a father's voice?"

The husband saw that his wife had what he had not; and this led him to the adoption of Christianity. A boy at school when tempted to do wrong, used to pray: "O God, give me courage that I may fear none but Thee!" That was a brave boy; he had filial fear and childlike confidence.

XV. PROVERBS WORTH REMEMBERING.

- "Denying a fault doubles it."
- "He has hard work who has nothing to do."
- "One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow."
- "The boughs that bear most hang lowest."
- "Proud looks make foul work in fair faces."
- "You never lose anything by doing a kind turn."
- "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

- "Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it."
- "God reaches us good things by our own hands."
- "Richest is he that wants least."

XVI. A NUT TO CRACK.

THERE was an old woman who lived in a hut
About the size of a hickory nut;
The walls were thick, and the ceiling low,
And seldom outside did the old woman go.

She took no paper, and in no book
Of any sort was she seen to look;
Yet she imagined she knew much more
Than man or woman had known before.

They talked in her hearing of wondrous things,
Of the dazzling splendour of Eastern kings,
Of mountains covered with ice and snow
When all the valley lay green below.

They spoke of adventures by sea and land,
Of oceans and seas by a cable spanned,
Of buried treasures;—but though she heard,
She said she didn't believe one word!

And still she lives in her little hut
About the size of a hickory nut,
At peace with herself, and quite content
With the way in which her days are spent.

Little it troubles her, I suppose,
Because so very little she knows;
For, keeping her doors and windows shut,
She has shrivelled up in her hickory nut.

And you, my dears, will no larger grow,
If you rest contented with what you know,—
But a pitiful object you will dwell,
Shut up inside of your hickory shell.

J. P.

THE BIBLE MINE SEARCHED.



I hope many Sunday-school Teachers will arrange to receive answers to these Bible Questions from their scholars during each current month. Probably a Prize would stimulate interest. Answers are not to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. W. S. LEWIS, M.A., VICAR OF ST. GEORGE'S, WORKING.

SOLOMON'S PICTURE GALLERY.

In this gallery we find pictures,—

1. Of a certain man's house.
2. Of the same man's estate.
3. Of the man himself in his walks.
4. Of the same man when in bed.
5. Of the same man returned from hunting.
6. Of the same man paying taxes.
7. Of the same man asking alms.
8. Of the same, very hungry.
9. Of the same, very dissatisfied.
10. Of the same, very satisfied with himself.
11. Of the same, alarmed without cause.
12. Of the same, at his worst.

We also find pictures—

13. Of one of his nearest relatives.
 14. Of his ignorance.
- And, in one of the four Gospels, we find a picture—
15. Of his fate.

ANSWERS (See April No.).

THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

The requisite texts, in answer to this question, will be found as below:—

1. Gen. i. 29.
2. Exod. x. 15; Hag. i. 10, 11.
3. Lev. xxvii. 30.
4. Gen. iv. 3.
5. Gen. xliiii. 11; 1 Sam. xxv. 18; 1 Chron. xii. 40.
Num. xiii. 23.
2 Kings xx. 7.
2 Sam. xvi. 1.
2 Sam. xvii. 28.
1 Sam. xxx. 12.
6. Matt. xxi. 34.
7. Matt. xxi. 19.
8. Rev. xxii. 2.

(See also Ps. lxxvii. 6; Ezek. xxxiv. 23-27).

Sun.—1st day.
Rises 4.34. Sets 7.21.

MAY.

Moon.—New, 13th, m. 5.29.
Full, 27th, m. 4.5.



WAITING AND WATCHING.



Continue in prayer,
and watch in the same.

Col. iii. 2.

Blessed
is the man . . .
watching daily at my gates.

Prov. viii. 34.

1	Tu	ST. PHILIP & ST. JAMES. Wait on the Lord. Ps. xxvii.
2	W	Our soul waiteth for the Lord. Ps. xxxiii. 20. [14.
3	Th	I wait on Thee. Ps. xxv. 21.
4	F	Wait thou only upon God. Ps. lxii. 5. [xliv. 23.
5	S	They shall not be ashamed that wait for Me. Isa.
6	S	Rogation S. In the way of Thy judgments have we
7	M	On Thee do I wait. Ps. xxv. 5. [waited for Thee.
8	Tu	Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.

9	W	Wait on thy God continually. Hos. xii. 6. [i. 18.
10	Th	ASCENSION DAY. He shall so come in like manner. Acts
11	F	The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him.
12	S	Wait on the Lord and He shall save thee. Prov. xx. 22.
13	S	S. aft. Ascension. I will wait for the God of my sal-
14	M	Though it tarry, wait. Hab. ii. 3. [vation. Mic. vii. 7.
15	Tu	We will wait upon Thee. Jer. xiv. 22.
16	W	Wait on the Lord, and keep His way. Ps. xxxvii. 34.

NEITHER
HATH THE EYE SEEN
... WHAT HE HATH PREPARED
FOR HIM THAT WAITETH

Isa. lxiv. 4.

They that
wait upon the Lord
shall renew their strength.

Isa. xl. 31.

Blessed
is he that watcheth.

Rev. xvi. 15.

17	Th	Let us watch and be sober. 1 Thess. v. 6.
18	F	Watch thou in all things. 2 Tim. iv. 5.
19	S	Wait for the promise of the Father. Acts i. 14.
20	S	Whit-Sun. They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.
21	M	Whit-M. Watch ye, stand fast in the faith. 1 Cor. xvi. 13.
22	Tu	Whit-Tuesday. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation. } 41. [12.
23	W	
24	Th	QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY. God save the King. 2 Kings xi.

25	F	Take ye heed, watch and pray. Mark xlii. 33.
26	S	I say unto all, Watch. Mark xlii. 37.
27	S	Trinity Sun. Blessed are all they that wait for Him.
		Isa. xxx. 18.
28	M	Be sober, be vigilant. 1 Pet. v. 8.
29	Tu	My soul waiteth for the Lord. Ps. cxxx. 6.
30	W	I will wait on Thy Name. Ps. lvi. 9. [40.
31	Th	Could ye not watch with Me one hour? Matt. xxvi.

GOD does not bid thee wait,
To disappoint at last;
A golden promise, fair and great,
In precept-mould is cast.

Soon shall the morning gild
The dark horizon rim,
Thy heart's desire shall be fulfilled:
Wait patiently for Him.—F. K. Havergal.

IT is a serious thing for a Christian to move; he should wait God's call; and when he has it, attend to it; but on no account whatever go out of the path of duty. Never leave a certain command for a precarious one. An ability and an opportunity to do good, ought to be considered as a call to it.—Cecil.

The best answer to the best prayer may be, "Wait."—An Old Writer.



THE YOUNG GARDENER'S SONG.

"I sing my Gardener's Song and see
God smiles in every flower on me."



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The Young Gardener's Song.

BY BENJAMIN GOUGH, AUTHOR OF "KENTISH LYRICS," ETC.



LOVE to be among my Flowers,
In Spring and Summer beauty.
Out in the sunshine and soft
showers,

Joy brightens all my passing hours,
And softens work and duty:
Flowers blossom beautiful and free,
And as they open smile on me.

The Garden is my heart's delight,
And well repays my tending.
From the first Snowdrop snowy-white,
And blue and yellow Crocus bright,
With the Lent Lily blending—
Till Autumn's Dahlias are in bloom,
I never know a day of gloom!

I'm really proud to see my "beds,"
As each its charm discloses.
My Tulips well may lift their heads,
While a sweet waft of fragrance spreads
From clumps of lovely Roses;
The queenly Moss, and Red, and White,
Are called the Gardener's delight.

A hundred sorts of flowers! their names,
It puzzles me to learn them!
To-day my biggest border flames,
And every flower my notice claims,
While Lilac and Laburnum
Are in full bloom—and shrub and tree
All seem to wave in love to me.

My Jasmine's coming into bloom,
And so is the Sweetbriar,
While Lilies breathe out their perfume,
And Gladiolas—like a plume
All crimson-hued—grow higher.
I love my garden-flower and tree,
Because they always smile on me.

In all I trace my Father's hand,
All-gracious and all-loving;
And as I see my flowers expand,
Simple or beautiful and grand,
And all His goodness proving,
I sing my Gardener's Song, and see
God smiles in every flower on me.

A Word to our Readers.

A new Serial Tale by Mrs. Marshall, the well-known Author of "The House on the Wold," "Roger Beckinsall's Story," etc., will commence in "HOME WORDS" next month. The title will be, "ONLY ONCE; or, *Rose Benson and Robin Lethbridge*."

"HOME WORDS" and "HAND AND HEART" are making many new friends. The Bishop of Ripon writes:—"It is superfluous for me to say anything in praise of either. Large as their circulation is, I wish that it was doubled." If each reader will try *this month* to gain another, the Bishop's kind wish will soon be realized.

The July number will be a good opportunity for beginning to localize "HOME WORDS" in new parishes. Specimens and information will be sent to any address, by Mr. Charles Murray, Blackheath, London, S.E.

The Witherbys;

OR, A HOME IN MARKET THORESBY.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "WILL FOSTER OF THE FERRY," "NOT FORSAKEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

HEAVY YET LIGHT.



MONTHS passed away, and summer was over, and winter was coming on, and still Jacob Witherby had found no regular work. Now and then an odd job in somebody's garden brought in a stray shilling or two. But almost all who knew anything about Jacob Witherby believed him to be a dishonest man; and the very neighbours held aloof from him and his family, as studiously as Dorothy had long kept aloof from them. The story had spread widely, thanks to Nancy Dix and her mother. Jacob went about with bowed head through those sad months, bending beneath the weight of unjust suspicion.

Of Miss Eveleigh and of Miss Penny he saw nothing more whatever. He never reproached either Dorothy or Ruth for the share they had had in this trouble, but they were punished heavily enough without reproaches on his part. For awhile Dorothy's manner was exceedingly cold and displeased towards her eldest child; but gradually the bitterness of their great trouble, and their loneliness in being thus cut off from outside sympathy, seemed to draw the little family circle very closely together. There was small fear that the poor child, growing daily more sallow and thin and silent under the pressure of insufficient food at home and unkind words abroad, would forget the evil worked by her thoughtless chatter. Dorothy soon ceased to reproach Ruth, as entirely as Jacob had from the first omitted to reproach Dorothy. But neither of the two could cease to reproach herself.

Strange to say, their great sorrow seemed to be rather softening than embittering to Dorothy. Perhaps this was Jacob's principal drop of comfort in his woe—side by side with his chief of all earthly comforts, his loving little Rachel. It had not been so in other

days with Dorothy. But she had at last been thoroughly humbled,—not by Jacob's accusation, but by her own failure; and she held her head less high, and seemed to lack somewhat of her old self-confidence. "Dolly" grew to be dearer to Jacob in these cloudy days of subdued quietness on her part, than she had ever been before.

But the days grew cloudier, and yet more cloudy. When would the darkness end? When and how could Jacob be cleared? Was such clearing even possible now? Jacob's heart oftentimes questioned and questioned, till his trust threatened to fail him altogether. Yet still he held to the promise,—held tightly, held firmly,—held on with a resolute though fainting clench,—

"Roll thy way upon the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass."

"Bring it to pass!" Yes, but how and when? How deep and dark might not the valley be which lay before him yet, needing to be trodden, before the path should lead upwards into sunshine! How deep! how dark! none could tell. Jacob himself knew not. But still he trusted and hoped.

Winter was coming on, and it came early that year. The cold biting winds were very unwelcome,—more so than usual to the Witherbys. They were less fitted than in former seasons to encounter those chilling blasts.

What a change since this very time the year before! Jacob sat one evening, early in November, gazing into an almost empty fire-place, in an almost empty room. Piece by piece their furniture had been parted with. So far they had paid their rent by this means, and procured enough of food "to keep soul and body together," as the saying is. But that was all. Odd jobs on the part of Jacob, and occasional small earnings on the part of Tom, had helped to eke out this house-emptying,—for such it really was. Still the work had gone on. Little now remained.

Jacob looked round him meditatively that evening, yet not without a certain peaceful-

ness in his haggard face. There was a table in the room,—the commonest in the house—and there were two or three chairs, which had once been bedroom chairs. The better furniture was gone. The nice dresser, Dorothy's pride, had vanished. The little book-case, Jacob's delight, was no longer to be seen. Every single thing not absolutely necessary for use in daily life had been swept away. Jacob knew it was the same upstairs. Mattresses on the bare boards replaced the cosy bedsteads of old; chairs had grown few; tables had taken their departure; chests of drawers were scarcely missed, for want of clothes to put in them.

What a pale thin woman was sitting by the table, trying to mend a ragged gown with a patch already darned half-over! What a sickly-looking girl worked silently near her, with a face that had once been round and merry, but was now overburdened with care! What a white-cheeked pair of little ones crouched on the rug, trying to gather some warmth from the low fire which flickered in the grate! And the child close to Jacob leaning her head upon his knee,—how frail and burning was the small wasted hand which she had placed in his! Jacob's heart at times sorely misgave him concerning his dearly loved Rachie.

"It's a cold night," said Dorothy at length, with a sigh.

"It'll be colder soon," said Ruth. "Mother, where's Tom?"

"He had a chance of an errand somewhere. There's no bread left,—and Hopkins won't trust us."

Dorothy breathed rather than spoke the words. This was an added weight in her sorrow. The very shop-people professed to be unable to trust Jacob,—her husband! Dorothy, however, had passed through the angry and indignant stage a good while ago. She was only quietly and submissively sad now.

"Mother, here's Tom," cried little Nell.

But Tom's step was heavy, and his face unpromising. "No job," he said briefly. "Another boy got it. I couldn't earn a penny, anywhere."

Nothing to eat to-night, then. It was not the first time. They had had some bread at dinner-time; but this was hungry weather.

"The sooner I get the little ones off to bed the better," said Dorothy in a sort of smothered voice. She dreaded their beginning a pitiful wail for food.

Ruth went on working, and Dorothy disappeared with the two smaller children. Perhaps they hardly realized the fact of supperless beds, until they began to be undressed, for sounds of childish sobbing soon came down the staircase.

"Rachie, I wish you could sing a bit," said poor Jacob. He did not know how to bear the cries which he was powerless to still. Just a crust of dry bread would have done more than all the comforting in the world,—but he had no crust to give!

"I'm tired, father," said Rachel gently.

"And she's hungry," said Ruth. "I'm sure I am."

"I'm not so very," said Rachel. "Only I'm tired. Father, don't you think we've got to be patient a very long time?"

"Seems long now," said Jacob. "Patience—needed all through life! But it won't seem so long to look back upon, Rachie, from the heavenly shore. It'll only seem a moment of light affliction then. We mustn't take it now for heavier than it really is."

"It *seems* very heavy," said Rachel. "Don't it, father?"

"Ay; but it won't seem so by-and-by," said Jacob. "It's hard parting with such a lot of things. I've loved 'em all,—I didn't know how much till they were gone. But nobody can touch the best things of all, Rachie. There's a home and a crown and a portion in heaven waiting for us. Folks can't touch them. Nothing nor nobody in heaven or earth can touch them. It don't make no difference that God gives us a bit of trouble. He's always loving—always."

"I know that, father," said Rachel, with quiet certainty. "And may be He likes us to be patient too."

"No doubt of that," said Jacob. "'If when ye do well and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.' That's often been my comfort of late. But I don't know as we're so patient as we might be."

"Maybe not, father." But Rachel was smiling a little to herself at some sweet

thought in her heart. And suddenly she began to sing,—clearly though faintly,—

“Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.”

Hardly a day passed that Rachel did not sing that hymn to her father. It seemed so made for them,—so comforting and helpful and refreshing. Jacob loved it, and Dorothy had learnt to love it, and even Ruth sometimes made a request for it. And Rachel loved it more dearly than any other hymn she had ever learnt.

But it happened to-night that there came an interruption in the middle of the hymn. More strangely, the interruption came just when Rachel had sung the words,—

“Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find.”

And before Rachel could utter one single word more, the door was pushed open and a tall cloaked figure glided quietly in.

“What,—little Rachel!” a voice said. “What! the same words still! Nothing but Him, even now. Can you still sing that as of old?”

Jacob rose, and so did Rachel. Ruth started to her feet; and Dorothy, following the unexpected visitor through the door, gazed with intense amazement.

But the lady walked across the room, took one of Rachel’s hands between her own, looked steadily at her for a moment, and said,—

“I too can sing those words now, little Rachel; and I could not bear to think of you all in trouble this bitter night. Miss Penny does not know I have come; but that does not matter.”

Saying which, the lady put back her heavy veil,—and it was Miss Eveleigh!

CHAPTER XII.

BREAKING UP OF THE CLOUDS.

“WILL you please to sit down, ma’am?” said Jacob calmly, handing the lady a chair.

Miss Eveleigh obeyed; but she held Rachel’s hand still, and looked sorrowfully round the room.

“You have all suffered. You are all changed. So many things are gone. And it

used to be such a nice homelike place. And this poor child—”

“We’ve gone down the hill fast of late,” said Jacob, in a low voice.

“Fast! Yes. Why did you not let me know, Witherby, that you were in such want and trouble?”

Jacob shook his head. “Ma’am, how *could* I? There’s the stain on my name not cleared off yet!”

“Ah!” and Miss Eveleigh sighed deeply. “If that had but never happened.”

She fixed her eyes suddenly on Jacob. “Tell me,” she said,—“Tell me, Witherby! Did you or did you not take that sovereign?”

Jacob met the gaze steadily, respectfully, unwaveringly. “I did *not*!” he said. “I’d sooner have cut off my right hand. But I’ve no means of proving my word.”

“I think I believe you,” said Miss Eveleigh dreamily. “I think I do, Witherby. You would not persist in such a denial all these months, and yet love to hear that hymn. I think you cannot have taken the money. Miss Penny is quite sure you did; but I will not believe it any more. I often lie at nights and wonder if it can be true. I shall not wonder now. I shall be sure. I do think you love God, Witherby.”

Poor Jacob could hardly speak. It was the very first word of kindly trust and sympathy which he had received during many dark and sad months. He tried to answer, and then he put his face into his hands and burst into tears like a little child. A sob from Dorothy set off Ruth likewise, and the lady’s own eyes were moist. Rachel alone kept her composure, standing quietly before Miss Eveleigh.

“Don’t,—please don’t, poor things,” said the latter anxiously. “I don’t wonder though. It has been a great trouble; hasn’t it? and I have seemed hard upon you all, perhaps. But I have nobody to give me wise advice, and I don’t always know the best thing to do. Only things have been different with me lately. I can say Rachel’s hymn now; and I do *think* you all love the Lord Jesus, and I want to help you all for His sake.”

“It’s right good of you,” said Jacob, in a choked voice. “But I don’t deny, ma’am, things do look black against me. I don’t wonder you believed it all for a bit.”

"I don't think I shall believe it any more," said Miss Eveleigh. "Tell me what I can do for you, Witherby. Is it work that you want?"

"If I could get work I could hold up my head again," said Jacob dejectedly. "But it seems as if none was to be had. I've got an odd job now and then, and that's all."

"And how have you managed to live?"

Jacob looked round the almost stripped and empty room, and Miss Eveleigh's glance followed his.

"I see," she said. "And this poor child; has she been ill?"

"It don't take long for scanty food to wear a child down," said Jacob. "She's as weak as if it had been downright illness. Rachie hasn't had a hearty meal for months past."

"If you *could* get us work, ma'am, somehow," said Dorothy imploringly, "it'll just save us from starving. We're coming on fast for that. Nigh everything in the house is gone, and we haven't grumbled; and the neighbours don't know; but it has been terrible work, ma'am."

"Was it you, Mrs. Witherby, who came to see Miss Penny?" asked Miss Eveleigh.

Dorothy hung her head, and her pale cheeks flushed.

"I did, ma'am; but I've been sorry ever since. It wasn't right to speak as I did."

"No," said Miss Eveleigh gently; "I was so sorry it happened, Mrs. Witherby. Miss Penny and I had *almost* decided to take Witherby again for the garden, and give him one more trial. You see we thought him guilty, but hoped he would take warning. And Miss Penny was hard to persuade, but she had just given way; and then you came, and that changed all. When you went away she came and told me what had passed, and I had to give up my plan."

Dorothy's tears streamed. "I didn't know," she said. "I'm 'most glad I haven't known all these months how it's been my fault we've gone through so much. O ma'am, if you wouldn't mind helping us."

"I wish I could have Witherby for my gardener again," said Miss Eveleigh; "but I have another man now, and I can't turn Pattison out. It would be as bad for him, you know, for he has seven children. But I will try what I can do. A cousin of mine in the

country is looking out for a gardener, and that made me think of you, Witherby, for somebody told me you were still out of work. It might be better for you to go away, on the whole. People suspect you here, and I think Miss Penny might not like to have you in the garden. Shall I write to my cousin?"

Thankfully Jacob and Dorothy agreed to the proposal, and Miss Eveleigh rose. But she stood a moment looking round her.

"Furniture, books, pictures, rosy cheeks,—so much gone," she said softly. "So many things lost. Rachel,—little Rachel,—do you *still* feel that Christ is *all* you want?"

Rachel's dark eyes looked up sadly and wistfully; "I want Him most," she said. "I want Him more than ever. But I *am* hungry, please, ma'am."

"She's hungry and faint too," said Jacob. "It's a bit hard for the heart to sing, ma'am, when the body's weak and ill. But Rachie's never missed a day yet of singing some time or other, and we haven't lost sight of His love in all the darkness; have we, Rachie? —have we, Dolly?"

"Seems to me I know a deal more about it than ever I knew or cared before," said Dorothy in a smothered tone.

"Poor little hungry girl," said Miss Eveleigh, gently slipping something into Rachel's hand. "Get a good meal, my dear, for yourself and the others, and to-morrow I will come again and see some rosier cheeks. No; the day after to-morrow—I cannot have an answer till then. Perhaps you will sing me your hymn then once more. But I have learnt to sing it now. I have things of my very own belonging to me now, Rachel, which nobody can ever take from me. It makes me feel so rich. And it makes me thank God I ever heard a little voice singing in a lane one day, some time ago. Perhaps I mightn't have learnt the hymn but for that."

Without another word Miss Eveleigh went away. But it would be hard to say whether the bright piece of gold in her hand, or the hope of work for "father," or the thought of how her singing had helped the poor sorrowful lady to joy and peace, made little Rachel the happiest that evening.

* * * * *

Two days later Miss Eveleigh came in

again. She had heard from her cousin, and he was quite willing to have Jacob for his gardener. She had thought it right to mention to him the suspicion under which Jacob lay, and her belief that it was an unjust suspicion. She had also explained how patiently Jacob had borne his trouble, and how much he suffered and needed help. And the answer was just what they all hoped.

It was only a quiet country village where they were going, but Jacob and Dorothy liked that. They both loved country life. The wages were not so good as those which Jacob had once had, but they would seem riches indeed after the privations of the past few months. There was no cottage for the gardener to live in set apart specially, but one could be procured at a low rent in the village. So all seemed right, so far.

"There are one or two cottages built on a waste piece of ground just outside the village, if you did not mind that," said Miss Eveleigh. "It has a strange name. They have remained empty so long that the bit of ground is called 'No Man's Land'; but my cousin thinks it might suit you for a home. The rent would be very little."

So all was settled, and things were speedily made ready. Miss Eveleigh herself undertook to pay the expenses of their journey, and people shook their heads and talked of "poor Miss Eveleigh," and said how weak she was, and wondered at Miss Eveleigh's cousin for venturing to employ such a dishonest man as Witherby.

But Witherby was not to leave the place with this sad blot upon him. It would have been a great trial to have done so: although he was looking forward patiently to the trial, believing that it must be so.

A strange thing happened the very day before their journey to the new little cottage-home on "No Man's Land"—a strange thing, and a very simple thing.

Mr. Sharp happened to have a little child, and to this little child he happened that day to give a certain old pocket-book, across which he stumbled in rummaging out a certain drawer; and the little child happened to be of a very inquisitive tendency, with a great love for pulling things to pieces.

So, while Mr. Sharp was writing, the little girl was tugging at the pocket-book; which was a very old-fashioned and elaborate one, with many divisions: and presently she gave a shriek of delight.

"O father! O pretty—look!"

And Mr. Sharp did look, just in time; for the pocket-book was inside out, and most of the lining lay scattered in shreds about the floor. But one bit of lining still remained fastened to the cover; and the child's small fat finger and thumb were pushed in between the cover and the lining, and were just pulling thence—what?

Why, a bright new sovereign!

That was how the truth came out, and how Jacob's innocence was established. It was an extremely simple matter—so simple that every one was angry with himself for never conjecturing so easy an explanation of the difficulty. But nobody *had* thought of it. Perhaps they were not a very business-like set in Market Thoresby. And besides, the sovereign had slipped in through so small a hole, and the very hole itself must have been so neatly hidden, that perhaps after all it was no wonder the discovery had not been made.

Jacob's time was pretty much taken up that last night with receiving apologies and explanations from those who had so long suspected him. Miss Eveleigh came, full of joy; and Miss Penny, full of regret for her slowness in trusting Jacob; and Mr. Sharp, finding fault with himself for not examining the pocket-book more thoroughly; and many of the neighbours, anxious to make amends. And Jacob received all this warmth and kindness just as meekly as he had received the long coldness preceding. He was only very thankful and very happy.

"After all, I'm not sure, Rachie, that I'd wish to undo it all if I could," he said thoughtfully that night. "Seems to me, I've learnt many a thing which *couldn't* be learnt when all's bright and straightforward."

"Yes," whispered little Rachel, with her arms round his neck. "And, father, I do think it's been true—my hymn. I do think we've found more than all in the Lord Jesus Christ; even at the worst. I do think we have, father."

A Song in the Night.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, AUTHOR OF "UNDER THE SURFACE," ETC.



TAKE this pain, Lord Jesus,
From Thine own hand,
The strength to bear it bravely
Thou wilt command.

I am too weak for effort,
So let me rest,
In hush of sweet submission,
On Thine own breast.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As proof indeed
That Thou art watching closely
My truest need;
That Thou, my Good Physician,
Art watching still;
That all Thine own good pleasure
Thou wilt fulfil.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus;
What Thou dost choose
The soul that really loves Thee
Will not refuse.
It is not for the first time
I trust to-day;
For Thee my heart has never
A trustless "Nay"!

I take this pain, Lord Jesus;
But what beside?
'Tis no unmingled portion
Thou dost provide:
In every hour of faintness
My cup runs o'er
With faithfulness and mercy
And love's sweet store.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As Thine own gift;
And true though tremulous praises
I now uplift.
I am too weak to sing them,
But Thou dost hear
The whisper from the pillow,
Thou art so near!

'Tis Thy dear hand, O Saviour,
That presseth sore,
The hand that bears the nail-prints
For evermore.
And now beneath its shadow
Hidden by Thee,
The pressure only tells me
Thou lovest me!

Natural History Anecdotes.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS," ETC.

XVIII. THE SPIDER'S SCHOLAR.

ROBERT BRUCE, King of Scotland, was once obliged to seek refuge and rest at night in a barn. Early in the morning he saw a spider climbing up the beam of the roof. The spider fell down to the ground, but it immediately tried again, when it a second time fell to the ground. He immediately got up from his lowly couch and said,—

"This little spider has taught me *perseverance*. I will follow its example. Twelve times have I been beaten by the enemy. I will try once more."

He did so, and won the next battle! The king was the spider's scholar.

XIX. "I KNOW MY FRIEND."

It is a fact evident to any one who has tried the experiment, or seen it tried, that kindness brings out intelligence and all the valuable traits of animals. Even swine feel the influence and show the effect of persistent kindness.

I have seen the mother of a promising family of little "porkers" almost frantic at the approach of a stranger, but endure with evident pleasure the handling of her little ones by the person who had her in his kindly charge.

Even that poor despised animal said, as plainly as acts could speak, "I know my friend."

Extremes Meet.

BY THE REV. S. B. JAMES, M.A., RECTOR OF NORTHMARSTON, BUCKS.



THE heart warms to both those amicable extremes, the venerable old lady and the sportive young ladling. They are both amicable and amiable, if their portraits tell the honest truth.

They agree to differ with all their heart. Speaking negatively, the old lady has no wish to be a child and play with kittens; and speaking very positively indeed, young Fred has no desire for white hairs, stockings to darn, and "grandma's big specs," as his elder brother "Alf" calls those helpful glasses.

Little pussie rejoices in the tacit, the really, if you come to think about it, solemn league and covenant between old age and very young childhood, as portrayed, that is to say pictured, over the sentiment, "Extremes meet." Pussie ratifies the treaty, rejoices in the treaty, makes good hay in the sunshine of the treaty. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," says the old saying; and here Greek does not meet Greek, so there is no war but most happy peace. If the old grandmother is Greek, then the young grandson is Turk; and if juvenile Master Curlyhead is Red Rose Lancastrian, by virtue of his bonny cheeks, then grandmother Holbeck is White Rose Yorkist, by virtue and venerableness of her dear old smooth white bands of hair, if it is not a wig, as it may be, *me judice*.

Me judice signifies, "to the best of my judgment and belief." If I wrong the old lady in supposing that she wears a "front,"—which after all there is no sin and shame in wearing,—I ask so placid a grandmother to pardon me, and go on with that kind work of stocking-darning for Fred's father.

She's thinking, poor old grandmother, of the stockings she used to darn for feet that now lie covered by a yard or two of mould—feet for which she will never darn stockings more. Little thinks affectionate Fred, who is full of light-heartedness, of the memories that hover round the old head as birds around their nests; or he would put his arms, I know, over the unfashionably covered shoulders, and kiss the tanned old cheeks, and say, "Never mind, Gran; I didn't mean to make a noise, and I won't do it again; I'll always run and fetch your tea and sugar; I won't be naughty; don't cry, please don't."

That is a terrible verse in the ancient book of Deuteronomy, which reads thus in the authorised version, and will read thus, I hope, in the revised and amended version:—"A nation of fierce countenance, which shall not regard the person of the old, nor show favour to the young." Fierce indeed must be the countenance that could look upon the picture of Dame Holbeck and Fred Fenton, the two extremes that meet so amicably together, without "regarding" the old face and "showing favour" to the young face. "From far," indeed, must have come the threatened nation against disobedient Israel. "A nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand"; yes, but how far more terrible a nation that shall not only not understand thy tongue, but the universal language of nature that makes the whole world kin!

The universal language is being spoken between these two extremes, and the two kittens speak it almost as fluently as the old age and childhood above them are speaking it. It is a picture of harmony as complete as if the most ingenious imagination and the most appreciative artistic



EXTREMES MEET.

skill had put their heads and pencils and graving tools together, and said, "Let us draw a picture of placid and peaceful happiness; a picture of the confluence of two divergent streams; a picture of young America and "the old country;" a fair delineation of "frosty age and vernal youth."

There is a fund of vast instruction in the homely picture. Such a dear old

grandmother as that we have all seen; such a child as that we have most of us petted; such a frequent meeting of extremes other than merely aged 80 and aged 8, we agree to be beneficial. "I have been young," said a Psalmist, "and now am old." David sympathised with the young after he had long passed the age and stage of youth. And so does calm Dame Holbeck; and so ought we all.

Little Foxes and the Tender Grapes.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "NOT YOUR OWN;"
"BENEATH THE CROSS,"* ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOVE OF MONEY.



"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes."—*Sol. Song ii. 15.*

HERE are two marked peculiarities about this Fox. You may tell it by its bright, golden hue. Its skin glitters in the sunshine. But another thing: it is insatiably greedy. It can never be satisfied. It can devour the most unlikely provisions, but is more hungry at the end than at the beginning. Bank-notes, securities, gold, silver, and copper, the property of the fatherless, the wages of the poor, the welfare of the working man, sobriety, truth, righteousness, equity, peace of conscience—all this it can make away with; and yet is it ever craving after more and more. In fact, if you could give it a mountain of gold and silver, and even all that the world contains, it would never say "enough," but would go about the world pining and bewailing that there was no more to be had.

The harm that this intruder brings with it into the vineyard is very graphically described by St. Paul. "The love of money is the root (or a root) of all evil; which, while some covet after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." He also speaks very hard words of this evil elsewhere. He classes the money-loving people to whom he refers in his Epistles with idolators and fornicators, and tells them that they shall alike be shut out of the kingdom of heaven. He warns ministers of Christ not to be "greedy of filthy lucre," and says that godliness is the true gain which Christians should seek after.

Depend upon it, the love of money is one of the most powerful enemies of true grace in the soul, and also one of the most destructive adversaries of peace and happiness in life. The habit of hoarding up money and setting the heart on the increase

* Our readers will be glad to have their attention called to a new work, by the Rev. George Everard. Its title is, "Beneath the Cross" (London: W. Hunt & Co.). We consider it one of the best of the many excellent works Mr. Everard has written. It is peculiarly suitable for the young communicant; but it is an admirable little book for all.—*Ed. Home Words*

of it not seldom destroys family affection. The bread-winner of the family is so engrossed with it early and late, that, whilst toiling for his children, he seldom sees much of them. There is no time to let the flowers of love unfold, and for heart to be knit to heart. Abundance of every kind is upon the table, but the true feast of home joys and loving hearts is never tasted. Ah! it is a great evil. A *golden wall* separates father from child; and with all the wealth that comes in, there is far less real comfort than might be enjoyed with half the means.

I remember a very extreme case of this evil, and how terrible were the crimes it led to, and no less terrible the retribution that followed. The incident was told me by a friend from India, who knew the man of whom it speaks. He was a slave-master in Travancore, and he had one only daughter. To obtain for her an advantageous marriage, he determined by any means to get a large sum of money for her dowry; and he did it by robbery, cruelty, and, in some cases, even by murder. His slaves attacked boats on the river known to contain valuable wares, taking the spoil, sometimes even slaying the owners, and then dividing these ill-gotten goods with their master. By-and-by his aim was accomplished. The dowry was obtained, and the daughter well married. But by some strange mistake, in the dark of the evening, many miles from the father's house, the slaves attacked the marriage party on their way home, and in the strife killed the daughter for whom all his wealth had been accumulated. Childless and broken-hearted, the father went down to his grave, the victim of his own avarice and wickedness.

But whilst in some rare cases the love of money may lead to crimes of this deadly character, it more frequently takes a very different shape. Hiding itself beneath an exterior of moral character, and even of

marked religious profession, it no less leads the soul astray, and often to a final departure from the faith in Christ. It becomes the one ruling passion, to which everything else must bend. It forms around the heart a veil and film of worldliness which enshrouds it in abiding death. It arrests the force of any good impression, and makes prayer and communion with God utterly unreal and profitless.

I will give an instance of this from the mission field of South India. A man had apparently received the truth and believed in Christ. He was an active, useful member of the Church, and seemed likely to prove one of its valuable helpers. But the great enemy put a stone in the way. He attacked him by this Fox of Money-getting. The man was persuaded in an evil moment to buy from a neighbour some bad debts. He gave a small sum, in the hope of recovering debts due to three or four times the amount he paid. But it became a deadly snare to the man. How to get the money became his thought night and day; and in trying to get in these sums of money he lost his own treasure. He gradually forsook the fear and love of God, he lost the comfort he had once found in religion, and not long after apostatized from Christ and relapsed into heathenism. No entreaties could prevail upon him to withstand the temptation, and at length he cast aside altogether his profession of Christ's Name. It was precisely the danger of which Paul wrote. Through the love of money he "erred from the faith." It was the peril of which Christ warned His disciples, when He spoke of the "deceitfulness of riches" as one of the thorns which would "choke the word."

It is the same now amongst ourselves. An inordinate craving after money fills the ground of the heart, and leaves room for little beside. It may be in a small way, where a working man by temperate habits is able to save fifty or a hundred pounds,

and henceforth, instead of being the slave of drink, he becomes the slave of money. Or it may be in the case of one who is turning over tens of thousands every year, and is rearing up a fortune of no small amount. The danger is alike in both cases.

Of course there is no harm in doing your best for the welfare of your family, if in accordance with God's will. There is no harm in *money*, but in the *love of money*. Every man ought to be diligent in business and do his best in whatever he takes in hand; but the evil is in *making it the one thing*. The care of the soul, the week-day service, work for others, deeds of kindness and benevolence, prayer, Bible reading, the family altar—all must be sacrificed and go to the wall rather than a few pounds be lost, or some advantage in business relinquished.

There is another widespread evil side by side with the spiritual apathy which so often accompanies an eagerness to be rich. The evil I mean has been well put in the words, "an India-rubber conscience"—a conscience that will stretch to almost any extent if the claims of business or money-getting require it.

Men try to cloke their sin in this respect by clever excuses: "Religion is religion, and business is business"; "Every one expects to have certain deductions from the stated quantity"; "Other tradesmen act in the same way, and it cannot be avoided"; "If I were so particular I should lose my custom, and soon come to the workhouse."

By self-deception of this kind persons try to hush conscience to sleep, and cry "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." God cannot be mocked by vain words. Sin is sin, theft is theft, lying is lying all the world over, wherever it is practised and how many soever there may be that practise it. You may dress a wolf in sheep's clothing, but it is a wolf still. You may clothe a sin in a fair dress of justice, but it is a sin still. And how great a sin the

love of money is we may see in the many ways in which it leads men to break the laws of God, and to be unfaithful in their duty one to another.

Trust monies are applied for purposes of speculation; the bankruptcy court is made use of to escape debts which were contracted in the knowledge that you could not pay them; huge commercial frauds and defalcations are perpetrated, which bring misery and distress to honest, hardworking men, and needy widows and orphans; innumerable efforts are made to beg or borrow money under false pretences; lies are acted as well as spoken; men speak with a double meaning, true in the letter but false in the spirit; weights and measures are tampered with; cotton and silk is not so long as named on the reel; a spoonful of sugar is taken out when the pound is weighed; false marks of quality deceive the buyer; all kinds of business lies and questionable practices are treated as a necessary part of the trade; such an article "is the best we have in stock," or is "the newest pattern," when it is neither the one nor the other; such a print "will wash well," when the first time it is washed it is utterly spoilt; such a pair of shoes or boots are home made, when they came two hundred miles from a slop shop; Sunday traffic is defended on the ground that customers will have the goods on that day or go elsewhere; wares are sent out of defective quality with the best at the top; money is made by betting, gambling, and by decoying the young and unwary to their certain ruin: all this and much more might be told of the power of this snare of the love of money, in all places and in all ranks of society. Under the plea of custom or necessity the conscience is gagged and the solemn warnings of Scripture, are cast to the winds.

But how can this evil Fox be overcome? How may men learn to be diligent without being covetous? How may they learn to

use the world without abusing it? How may they put money in its true position, using it for their own good and the glory of God, instead of its being a stumbling-block and a hindrance in their path?

I have no new remedies to offer, but I believe the old ones are sufficient if only they are used.

In the Word of God there is given us a power to overcome this and every other sin. Amongst the Corinthians were some who aforetime had been "covetous," as well as others who had been "drunkards and revilers," but alike they had been washed, sanctified, and justified in the Name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God.


Would you conquer the love of money? Then you must have the faith and love of Christ. The love of money is strong, but the love of Christ realized in the power of the Holy Ghost is stronger; and faith in Christ overcomes the world. If you trust in Christ, if you know the comfort of His presence, and the peace which He bestows, He will guard and keep your heart from this danger. He will quicken your soul, and help you to set your affections on things above. Believing in Christ, you will be one with Him, and the indwelling power of His grace and Spirit will be a new force in your moral being, lifting you up to higher and holier things, giving you a new sphere of thought and action, and thus moulding you in His own

likeness till you sit down with Him in His kingdom.

But if this power and principle is to work mightily within, you need daily to nourish and sustain it by meditation on the Scriptures. A single text of the Word, quietly pondered in the morning, may keep your heart in its right place all through the day. "He loved me and gave Himself for me." "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." A single passage such as any one of these may be hidden in the heart, and even amidst life's busiest duties may effectually shield you from the growth of this cankerworm of the love of money.

Then remember to learn by habitual exercise the happiness of freely dispensing what God has given you. The gold and the silver is not yours. It is only entrusted to you as a steward. Learn how to use it in His service. Learn the joy of relieving misery, and of adding to the comfort of those around. Learn the privilege of giving liberally for the extension of Christ's kingdom. Be ready to open your hand wide to aid in mission work at home and abroad. Look out how you may assist needy relatives. Whatever you give out of love to Christ is laid out at good interest, and there is no risk about the capital. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Mutual Help.

 "WO," said Solomon, "are better than one; for if one fall he can help the other: but woe unto him that is alone when he falleth." The cobbler could not paint the picture, but he could tell the painter that the shoe-latchet was not quite right; and the painter thought it well to take his hint.

Two neighbours, one blind and the other

lame, were called to a place at a great distance. What was to be done? The blind man could not see, and the lame man could not walk! Why, the blind man carried the lame one; the former assisted by his legs, the other by his eyes.

Say to no one, then, "I can do without you;" but be ready to help those who ask your aid, and then, when it is needed, you may ask theirs.

Joseph Baxendale: the Story of a Life.

BY SAMUEL SMILES, AUTHOR OF "THRIFT," ETC. *



HE late Joseph Baxendale was the constant friend of the working people who co-operated with him in the labours of his life. He was a man of strong common sense, and might have been styled "the Franklin of Business." He was full of proverbial wisdom, and also full of practical help. He was constantly urging his servants to lay by something for a rainy day, or for their support in old age. He also used to pension off his old servants after they had ceased to be able to work.

He posted up texts along his warehouses, so that those who ran might read. "Never despair;" "Nothing without labour;" "He who spends all he gets is on the way to beggary;" "Time lost cannot be regained;" Let industry, temperance, and economy be the habits of your lives." These texts were printed in large type, so that every passer-by might read them; while many were able to lay them to heart, and to practise the advices which they enjoined.

On other occasions Mr. Baxendale would distribute amongst his workpeople, or desire to be set up in his warehouses and places of business, longer and more general maxims. He would desire these printed documents to be put up in the offices of the clerks, or in places where men were disposed to linger, or to take their meals, or to assemble preparatory to work. They were always full of valuable advice. We copy one of them, on the "Importance of Punctuality."

"Method is the hinge of business; and there is no method without punctuality.

Punctuality is important, because it sub-serves the peace and good temper of a family. The want of it not only infringes on necessary duty, but sometimes excludes this duty. The calmness of mind which it produces is another advantage of punctuality. A disorderly man is always in a hurry: he has no time to speak to you, because he is going elsewhere; and when he gets there he is too late for his business, or he must hurry away to another before he can finish it. Punctuality gives weight to character. 'Such a man has made an appointment; then I know he will keep it.' And this generates punctuality in you; for, like other virtues, it propagates itself. Servants and children must be punctual when their leader is so. Appointments, indeed, become debts. I owe you punctuality, if I have made an appointment with you, and have no right to throw away your time, if I do my own.

Some may inquire, 'Who was Joseph Baxendale?' He was in fact Pickford & Co., the name of a firm known all over England, as well as throughout the Continent. Mr. Baxendale was the son of a physician at Lancaster. He received a good education, went into the cotton trade, and came up to London to represent the firm with which he was connected. A period of commercial pressure having occurred, he desired to leave the cotton trade and to enter upon some other business. Mr. Pickford had already begun the business of a carrier, but he was hampered by want of money. Mr. Baxendale helped him with capital, and for a time remained a sleeping partner; but finding that the business made no progress, principally for want of management, he

* From Mr. Smiles' new Volume, "Thrift" (London: John Murray). A capital book for all workers. There ought to be a cheap edition for the people.

eventually determined to take the active part in working and managing the concern.

He threw his whole energies into the firm of Pickford & Co. He re-organized the agencies, and extended them throughout the kingdom. He put flying vans upon the road, equal to our express trains; and slow vans, equal to our goods trains. He utilized the canals to a large extent, putting on flying boats between all the larger towns. Indeed the roads of the country were then so bad that in certain seasons it was almost impossible to convey merchandise from one part of the country to another.

The carrying on of such an important and extensive business required much capital, great energy, and first-rate business management. The horses necessary to carry on the traffic were increased from about fifty, which they were in the time of Pickford, to more than a thousand; for relays of horses were necessary at all the stopping-places on the line of traffic between London and Manchester, between London and Exeter, and between London and Edinburgh. A ship-building yard was established, where all the boats, flying and slow, required to carry on the business, were constructed at Mr. Baxendale's expense.

The carrying business required a great deal of personal supervision. Only a man of determined spirit and indomitable energy could have done it. He had a flying boat in which he rapidly passed along the canals, seeing that the men were at their posts, that the agents were at work, and the traffic duly provided for. He did this by night as well as by day. At other times, he would fly along the road in his special travelling carriage,—always paying the highest prices to the innkeepers, in order that he might secure the best horses, and avoid delay and loss of time. He would overtake his vans and see that his men were sober, and that they

were well forward at the stations along the road; that their blunderbusses were loaded (for highway robbery was then one of the risks of travelling by road), that the agents were doing their duty, and that everything was in proper order.

Besides overtaking the vans, he would sometimes travel by a by-road—for he knew nearly every road in the country—push on, and then double back upon his drivers, who never knew whether he was before or behind them: and thus general vigilance became the rule of all. By these and various other means the business of the concern was admirably done, and the carrying trade of the country was brought to as high a state of perfection as was compatible with the then state of the roads and canals.

When all this had been accomplished, the disturbing influence of railways began. "I see mischief in these iron roads," said the Duke of Bridgewater. But the time for railways had arrived, and they could not be postponed. The first railroads were used for the conveyance of coals from the pits to the seaside, where they were shipped for London. Then it was proposed that they should be laid for the conveyance of goods from town to town; and the largest traffic being in Lancashire, one of the first railways was constructed between Liverpool and Manchester, from which towns they were afterwards constructed in all directions throughout the country.

Had Mr. Baxendale resisted the new means of conveyance, he would, before long, have been driven off the road. But he clearly foresaw the ultimate triumph of the railway system; and he went with it instead of against it. He relieved the Liverpool and Manchester Company of a great deal of trouble by undertaking to manage their goods traffic, and by collecting and delivering it at both towns. Then, when the railways from Warrington

to Birmingham, and from Birmingham to London were projected, he gave evidence before the Committees of Parliament in proof of the estimated traffic. And when the lines were made, he transferred the goods from his carrying vans to the railway. He thus became a great railway carrier, collecting and delivering goods in all the cities and towns served by the railways which had by that time become established.

He also became a large shareholder in railways. His status in the South-Eastern line was so great, that he was invited to become chairman of the company. He was instrumental, in conjunction with the late Sir William Cubitt, in pushing on the line to Dover. But the Dover Harbour Board being found too stingy in giving accommodation to the traffic, and too grasping in their charge for harbour dues, Mr. Baxendale at once proceeded, on his own responsibility, to purchase Folkestone Harbour as the port of the South-Eastern Company. He next proceeded to get up the Boulogne and Amiens Railway, which was for the most part constructed with English capital; and the direct line from London to Paris was thus completed.

His arduous labours in connection with his own business, as well as with railway extension, having thrown him into ill-health, he went abroad for repose. While absent, a faction was got up in Liverpool for the purpose of appointing another chairman in his stead; and although he was unseated by a trick, he himself accepted his dismissal with pleasure. His sons were now able to help him in the conduct of his business, though he continued to the close of his life to take an interest in everything that was going on. He was never weary of well-doing; he never rested in giving his good advice, the results of his large experience, to the assistants, clerks, and working men employed in his various offices.

We conclude our brief notice of his life by giving another of his "Run-and-Read Sermons," which he distributed plentifully amongst his *employés*, and had affixed in various parts of his warehouses. It was entitled "Good Maxims and Advice."

"An old servant of the concern observed, a short time ago, that he began life in the employ of Pickford, upon low wages, and that by frugality and industry he had gained a competency. His maxim was, never to spend more than ninepence out of every shilling. Although this may appear a trifle, recollect that it is five shillings in twenty, ten pounds in forty.

"Suppose a young man to pursue this system: Let him obtain the first twenty pounds, add each year ten pounds, he will at the end of six years be possessed of upwards of one hundred pounds. If in early life the opportunity is suffered to pass, it rarely happens that one can save money when more advanced in years.

"The concern in which we are engaged has been defrauded by those who have for thirty years received salaries, the savings from which, had they followed the plan that is recommended, would have placed them in situations of comparative affluence; and we should now have seen them respectable members of society.

"Upon industry and frugality our well-doing depends. It is not great talents, but steady application, that is required. There are none of us that may not obtain stations of respectability. 'God helps those that help themselves.' 'He that follows pleasure instead of business, will shortly have no business to follow.'

"I frequently complain of what may be called trifles; but from these arising frequently, we are at length lost. Let each attend to his respective duties; keep the appointed hours; and never defer till to-morrow what may be done to-day.

"If business is more pressing than usual, give additional time, that your own

accounts may not fall into confusion, and that you may not be the means of causing delay and trouble to others. It often happens that the negligence of individuals throws additional labour upon those who are anxious for regularity.

"Hiding or screening the faults or errors of others is a system that has prevailed and caused much loss and injury,—frequently to the offending party, always to the employer.

"Late occurrences lead me to draw your attention to this subject: it is important in every sense, both as regards your public and private stations. There is nothing more worthy of a man than truth; nothing makes him feel himself so despicable as a lie. Recollect that men act lies without speaking them, and that all false appearances are lies.

"He, therefore, who seeing his employer injured, neglects to make it known, is equally guilty,—with this addition, that he is practising a lie. Want of punctuality is a lie.

"Speak and act openly on all occasions. Errors will be fewer, and labour will be decreased.

"It seldom happens that we can do any important services, but small services are always in use. Take, therefore, every opportunity of assisting each other,—you are then most effectually serving your employers, as well as keeping up a spirit of cordiality and good-will amongst yourselves.

"A good Christian must be a good servant. Whatever your lot in life may be, above all things remember that 'The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.'

England's Martyr-Bishops.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK.

III. HUGH LATIMER: BISHOP AND MARTYR.



IN the name and fame of HUGH LATIMER there lies enshrined one of the most prominent influences of the Reformation of religion in this country. A man of the people, a man of simple life, a man of earnest heart, a self-denying and self-sacrificing man, Hugh Latimer is in every respect entitled to a foremost place in the history of his time and in the annals of the Church. In the purity of his doctrine and his fearlessness of character, he would not unsuitably be compared to John the Baptist. Plain even to bluntness, genuine and straightforward even to personality, he bore his testimony even before kings, a testimony that must often have fallen unheeded on unwilling ears. At all events we must admire him for this,—that at last

he triumphantly sealed his testimony with his blood.

Latimer was born about the year of our Lord 1490. He would therefore be, of the Reformers, the nearest contemporary of Erasmus, Tyndale, and Luther. His father was a yeoman farmer, of Thurcaston, in Leicestershire. The following account is given by Latimer himself in one of his sermons preached before Edward VI:—

"My father was a yeoman, and had no land of his own; only he had a farm of three or four pounds by the year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for 100 sheep, and my mother milked 30 kine. He was able and did find the king harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to plead that he should receive the king's wages. He kept me to school, or

else I had not been able to preach before the King's Majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds or twenty nobles a piece, and he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor."

Latimer was sent up early to Cambridge, entered at Clare Hall, and was elected a fellow of his college while yet an undergraduate. He was then, to use his own words, "a zealous papist." Tyndale, Bilney, and Frith, were all then at Cambridge; Erasmus was co-operating with them at Oxford; and all working on the foundation laid by Wycliffe a century and a half before. This would be about 1519, two years before Luther burnt the Pope's bull at Wittemburg. It was about this time that Latimer, when about 30 years of age, distinguished himself as a preacher, declaiming against Melancthon and the Reformers in Germany; and for his zeal in defence of papal doctrine he was appointed *cross bearer* to the university. The philippics of Latimer drew crowds to the university church. Among his hearers was Bilney, who, admiring the zeal and earnestness of the young preacher, conceived the desire and design to compass his conversion. How he carried his intention into effect I have already stated in a preceding paper of this course.* Success crowned the effort, and Latimer was added to the little band of witnesses for God. He still continued to occupy the university pulpit. His sermons were characterized by wit, sarcasm, and sound doctrine, and ere long the king, hearing of his fame, sent for him to preach before the court. Latimer was not spoiled by patronage, he was still faithful in his preaching; he rebuked the vices of the court, and more especially of the king himself.

In 1535 Latimer was appointed Bishop of

Worcester by Henry VIII. In 1539, on the passing of the "Act of Six Articles," he resigned his bishopric, an act of conscience in which he was joined by Dr. Shaxton, Bishop of Sarum. Latimer thus proved his single-minded sincerity even before he added the greater testimony of his blood. It is said of him that when he had put off his episcopal robes he leaped for joy, being relieved of so great a burden. The resignation of his bishopric, however, did not save him from the action of the "Six Articles;" for he was arrested and imprisoned, and his imprisonment (in the Tower) lasted for nearly six years, until the death of Henry VIII.

On the accession of Edward VI. Latimer was offered his bishopric again, but he declined to accept it. Yet he resumed his Master's work, his "golden mouth" was once more opened, and he went everywhere preaching the Word; and so he continued all through King Edward's days.

On the accession of Queen Mary, Latimer was one of the first to feel the pressure of the revived persecutions. An order was issued for his arrest; and although he had ample time to effect his escape (private information having been conveyed to him six hours before the arrival of the Queen's messenger), yet he declined to avail himself of the opportunity; and on the arrival of the warrant, he addressed the officer thus:—"My friend, you be a welcome messenger to me. And be it known unto you, and to all the world, that I go willingly to London at this present, being called by my prince to render a reckoning of my doctrine, as ever I was at any place in the world. I doubt not but that God, as He hath made me worthy to preach His Word before two excellent princes, so will He enable me to witness the same unto the third, either to her comfort, or discomfort eternally."



"SUMMERTIDE IS COMING."

Arriving in London, and passing through Smithfield, he said that that place "had long groaned for him." He was lodged as a state-prisoner in the Tower, and continued there a long time. His usually cheerful spirit never failed him; and, amid many privations of his imprisonment, he once humorously bade the lieutenant to tell his master that if they did not look well to him he was likely to deceive him. The officer, not understanding his meaning, or perhaps suspecting an attempt at escape, Latimer explained himself, saying, "Yea,

master lieutenant, so I said; for you look, I think, that I should burn; but unless you let me have some fire, I am like to deceive your expectations: for I am like here to starve for cold!"

From the Tower the venerable Latimer was sent to Oxford, in company with Cranmer and Ridley, there to dispute on articles arraigned against them by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. These disputations were the highway to the subsequent martyrdom of all three, as I hope to show in my following papers.

The Young Folks' Page.

XVII. "SUMMERTIDE IS COMING."

BY THE LATE REV. W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A., EDITOR OF
"OLD CHURCH PSALMODY," ETC.

Summertime is coming,
With all its pleasant things:
Every bee is humming,
And every songster sings.
Mornings now are brightsome,
Inviting student thought;
Evenings, too, are lightsome,
With balmy quiet fraught!
Hearths no longer lure us,
The fields instead we roam;
Hearts albeit insure us
A happy, happy Home.

Summertime, I hail thee,
The Empress of the year!
But thou soon wouldst fail me
Were not thy Maker near.
He thy course disposes,
Thy light, thy scent, thy glow;

He tints all thy roses,
And paints thy brilliant bow.
Laud Him, all creation,
The sinner's mighty Friend;
Near Him be our station,
Where Summer ne'er shall end!

XVIII. THE PRICE OF A BIBLE.

THE historian Stowe informs us that in 1274 a Bible, in nine volumes, fairly written, sold for fifty marks, or £33 6s. 8d. About this time the price of wheat averaged 3s. 4d. a quarter, and a labourer's wages were 1½d. a day. So it would have taken the earnings for 5333 days to obtain one. What is our Bible worth to us? David reckoned the Word of God "more precious than much fine gold."

XIX. USEFUL PROVERBS.

"NEVER cross a bridge till you come to it." "No leaf moves but God wills it." "The way to Heaven is by Weeping Cross." "No cross, no crown." "More are drowned in wine and beer than in water." "He who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock."

THE BIBLE MINE SEARCHED.



I hope many Sunday-school Teachers will arrange to receive answers to these Bible Questions from their scholars during each current month. Probably a Prize would stimulate interest. Answers are not to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. W. S. LEWIS, M.A., VICAR OF ST. GEORGE'S,
WORTHING.

A PARABLE ABOUT PRAYER.

Some letters never reach their destination because they are *improperly directed*;
Some, because they are *insufficiently directed*, or even *not directed at all*;

Others, because, however carefully written and directed, they are *never actually consigned to the post*.

Further, there are not a few letters, every year, which are *carefully posted and duly delivered*, but never taken in because *not properly stamped*.

There are others, yet again, duly taken in and perused, but never answered, for the simple reason that they have never been *properly signed*.

While others, finally, never receive an answer because there is something *altogether improper* in their purport and tone.

How do these various cases illustrate the great subject of Prayer?

ANSWERS (See May No.).

SOLOMON'S PICTURE GALLERY.

The pictures referred to will be found as below, viz.:—

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Eccles. x. 18. | 9. Prov. xiii. 4. |
| 2. Prov. xxiv. 30, 31. | 10. Prov. xxvi. 16. |
| 3. Prov. xv. 19. | 11. Prov. xxii. 13. |
| 4. Prov. xxvi. 14. | 12. Prov. xxvi. 15. |
| 5. Prov. xii. 27. | 13. Prov. xviii. 9. |
| 6. Prov. xii. 24. | 14. Prov. vi. 6-11. |
| 7. Prov. xx. 4. | 15. Matt. xxv. 26-30. |
| 8. Prov. xix. 15. | |

(See also Prov. xxiv. 33, 34.)



SUN.—1st day. Rise 3.51. Set 6.5. JUNE. Moon.—New, 11th, A. 2.32. Full, 29th, A. 4.53.

DOING AND SUFFERING.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do,
ECCLES. ix. 10.

- | | |
|------|--|
| 1 F | Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? Acts ix. 6. |
| 2 S | To every man his work. Mark xiii. 34. |
| 3 S | 1st S. af. Trin. Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers |
| 4 M | Faith without works is dead. Jas. ii. 26. [only. Jas. i. 22. |
| 5 Tu | When I would do good, evil is present with me. Rom. |
| 6 W | Let every man prove his own work. Gal. vi. 4. [vii. 21. |
| 7 Th | I know thy works and where thou dwellest. Rev. ii. 13. |
| 8 F | Do all things without murmuring. Phil. ii. 14. |

Do it with thy might.
ECCLES. ix. 10.

- | | |
|-------|--|
| 9 S | In all labour there is profit. Prov. xiv. 23. |
| 10 S | 2nd S. aft. Trin. I know thy service, and faith. |
| 11 M | St. BARNABAS. He that doeth good is of God. 3 John 11. |
| 12 Tu | He that doeth evil hath not seen God. 3 John 11. |
| 13 W | If any man will do His will, } John vii. 17. |
| 14 Th | He shall know of the doctrine. } |
| 15 F | Let us not be weary in well-doing. Gal. vi. 9. |
| 16 S | Let nothing be done through strife or vain-glory. |

THE GOD OF ALL GRACE, AFTER THAT YE HAVE SUFFERED AWHILE, MAKE YOU PERFECT.

1 Pet. v. 10.

Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.
HEB. xii. 6.

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 17 S | 3rd S. af. Trin. With good will doing service as to the Lord. Eph. vi. 7. |
| 18 M | By love serve one another. Gal. v. 13. |
| 19 Tu | Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer. |
| 20 W | QUEEN'S ACCESSION. Honour the king. 1 Pet. ii. 17. |
| 21 Th | I know thy works and tribulation and poverty. |
| 22 F | It is God which worketh in you both to will and to do. Phil. ii. 13. [eneth me. Phil. iv. 13. |
| 23 S | I can do all things through Christ which strength- |

Lift up the hands which hang down.
HEB. xii. 12.

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 24 S | 4th S. after Trin. St. JOHN BAPTIST. MIDS. DAY. They came out of great tribulation. Rev. vii. 14. |
| 25 M | Giving no offence in anything. 2 Cor. vi. 3. |
| 26 Tu | With well-doing ye may put to silence. 1 Pet. ii. 15. |
| 27 W | Being fruitful in every good work. Col. i. 10. |
| 28 Th | Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord. Col. iii. 23. [v. 4. |
| 29 F | St. PETER. Let them learn to show piety at home. 1 Tim. |
| 30 S | If we suffer we shall also reign with Him. 2 Tim. ii. 12. |

SOON for ever the work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished, the victory won;
Soon and for ever the soldier lay down
The sword for a harp, the cross for a crown.

Then drop not in sorrow, despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow is brightening and near,
When—blessed reward for each faithful endeavour,
Christians with Christ shall be soon and for ever.
—J. B. Monsell.

THE mission of suffering is often to fit us for God's purposes by unfitting us for our own.
We want to be doing what we fancy mighty things; but the great point is, to do small things, when called to them, in a right spirit.—Cecil.
The vessel must be held still that is to be filled. Man's extremity is God's opportunity.
"Pray and stay" are two blessed monosyllables.—Donne. God's time is the right time.



From a Photograph by MYLAND.]

HAYWARD AND CARPENTER.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

England at Play.

BY THE EDITOR.



THAT "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is one of the many old proverbs of which modern science is daily showing the why and the wherefore. The busy nineteenth century was in danger of forgetting it. "It is only recently," said Lord Palmerston on one occasion, "that the world has become aware that a vitiated atmosphere has anything to do with the bills of mortality." It is only recently that those who "minister to the mind diseased" have learnt that, as Robert Southey warned his son, "a broken limb is not half so bad a thing as a shattered nervous system."

A good old English sight, and one happily now more frequently seen in modern days, is the cricket field, with its eager competitors and, if possible, more eager spectators. To many the noble game is nature's own counter-irritant, by which a new electric current recharges the exhausted battery of the hard-used brain; to others who toil in confined handicraft or factory labours, it brings the relaxation and stimulus of out-door exercise and fresh air.

Carpenter and Hayward are two of those representative cricketers whom lookers-on

always feel delighted to find just about to go to the wicket. They both stand up like men; they play high; not grubbing about the block-hole, but with full use of all their limbs. They seem to remember that "battles are won with legs as well as arms."

If one may moralize in the cricket-field, they may teach us all a lesson for the battle of life: namely, that in order to succeed, the "whole man" must throw himself into the effort of the hour. "I am a whole man to one thing at a time," was the memorable reply of a Lord Chancellor of England, on being asked the secret of his advancement in life. There is a good old English word which one likes to hear applied to workers as well as players; we mean the word "thorough." "He is 'thorough,'" is expressive of a character worth having, whatever the position of life we may be called to fill. The American legislator, who on one occasion was reminded of his early occupation as a shoe-black boy, gave a wise and characteristic reply, when he asked his interrogator: "Did I not black them *well*?" A "thorough" shoe-black, serving the best Master, is "diligent in his business," and he may fitly "stand before kings."

In work and in play, let us aim to be "thorough."

"Only Once": or Rose Benson and Robin Lethbridge.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE ON THE WOLD," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"OVER THE COMMON."



OW beautiful was that Spring morning when Rose Benson stepped across Hatherly Common, with a step so light that the daisies and buttercups scarcely bent their heads under it! Spring had come upon the world with a sudden burst of loveliness. After weeks of cold black east winds and nipping frosts and sharp blighting rain, the vane on Hatherly church tower had twisted and turned with some hesitation, and at last settled its mind to point south,—south with just the faintest breath of east in it to give a fresh crispness to the breeze. Then, like the blossoming of Aaron's rod, the face of nature changed; the south wind had come, and the pear blossoms unrolled their white leaves, and the hawthorn bushes became an emerald green, and the primroses that had been shy and few in sheltered corners now looked out in clusters of innumerable stars, and the many buds by the pond on the common unfolded their golden petals, and the little brook which came rippling down from the upland meadows was fringed with tiny white flowers, and the ferns began to push up their brown heads and uncurl themselves one by one.

If the south wind called forth all these sights of beauty, what shall we say of the sounds? How the thrushes and blackbirds sang and rejoiced, how the rooks cawed above the heads of the geese as they cackled over their newly-fledged goslings; how even the old donkey, past much active work, that rambled about the common with a log tied to his foot, sent forth a discordant bray as his contribution to the general concert; and if he did his best, who could do more? The old grey church at one end of the common, and the red roof of the parsonage, and the houses of the village stood clustered round, shadowed by a row of stately elms; while

beyond was seen the distant line of hills celebrated for their mountainous curves; and above all the beautiful purely blue arch of heaven, where the white clouds rested in the ether like companies of angels, and seemed to brood over this lovely earth with the smile and watchful care of God's great love.

Hatherly was Rose's home; her father was the village blacksmith, an honourable post, held by his father and grandfather before him, and the name of Benson was much respected in the place. His forge showed a red clear light across the common in winter evenings, a beacon to guide the traveller; and in summer it was a picturesque object, with its trails of clematis and honeysuckle, which covered the low roof and hung in festoons over the open entrance. The blacksmith's dwelling-house was just behind the forge, and had its own pretty garden and bee-hives and lavender bushes and little hen-house, where Rose nurtured a race of silver Hamburgs, whose eggs were in much request in the neighbourhood.

Let us look at Rose as she comes across the common this morning. It is hardly yet eight o'clock, but Rose is up with the lark, and has got through a great deal of business already. She has taken some eggs to the white house a mile off for the sick lady's breakfast, and she has called at Mrs. Randal's at the farm with a silk jacket she had been trimming and re-modelling after a new fashion for the good farmer's wife.

Rose was in harmony with the spring; her figure was lithe and straight like a young sapling, and her head was carried with youthful grace. Her short cotton dress displayed a pretty neat pair of feet, and when you saw them you did not wonder that the daisies scarcely felt their pressure. She wore a straw hat with a band of blue ribbon, and the face that looked from under it was rosy and glowing with health. The people of Hatherly would as soon have thought of questioning the superiority of Jack Benson's horse-shoes as his daughter's appearance.

"She is a fine girl, and a pretty girl too, is Jack Benson's Rose," was an opinion uni-

versally admitted; and if there were some who had a touch of jealousy in them and were apt to think that "Rose gave herself airs, and held her head high," the majority silenced them at once. Rose was the pride of Hatherly. She was good-tempered and bright too as well as pretty, and many stories were told of her kindness to old Sally Price when she was burned so badly, and to little Jem Stone when he lost his eye; and she often did a kind turn for the girls of the village, by trimming a bonnet or turning an old gown when they could not afford a new one, making it look as good as new, for a mere trifle. "Rose's heart is in the right place," the good people of Hatherly said, and they were really proud of the blacksmith's daughter.

The village clock struck eight as she neared her home, singing softly to herself in a voice which was like a refrain from the brook. The striking of the clock stopped her song, and she said, "I am late; father will be waiting." She passed the open forge, and as she did so looked in and smiled and nodded at her father, who stopped in the heavy blows he was giving the tire of a cart-wheel to smile and nod in return.

"Breakfast will be ready in a minute," Rose said, passing round the corner to the garden gate.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE GARDEN GATE.

At the gate she came to a dead halt. A young man dressed like a farmer was leaning against it; and when Rose saw him, the roses in her cheek grew brighter, and she said,—

"Let me pass, please, Robin; I am late; father will be coming in to breakfast directly."

Robin obeyed her: he always did; and the colour came to his brown face, and his eyes were soft and tender as he followed her, saying,—

"I brought you a message from mother; she says that she would be glad if you could walk over to tea this afternoon. Her sister, my Aunt Caroline, is with us, and her daughter Sophy; she thought maybe you would like to come."

Rose, who had now thrown aside her hat, and was busy with the kettle at the fire, said,—

"I am not sure if I have not got more work to get through than I can do before Sunday; but I'll see; I might bring a bit of it with me, if that is all."

"Ah! do," said Robin fervently. He was thinking, poor fellow! of a walk home across the dewy common with Rose, under the stars, and he was wondering if, by the help of the darkness, he should there be able to tell his tale. He had loved her for years; he never could remember the day when he did not love her; but while other suitors boldly confessed their love, Robin was silent. I think perhaps he preferred uncertainty to "No." He dreaded to hear that word from her lips, and something told him that Rose would not say "Yes."

His mother was the widow of a tenant farmer, living in the parish of Hatherly, though in the outlying district. Robin worked for her, and was her joy and pride, and the staff on which she leaned. He was a fine stalwart fellow, awkward in his manners and slow of speech. Even now, as he stood watching Rose's preparations for the meal with admiring eyes, he leaned against the window-ledge and knooked over a fine geranium which Rose had taken great care of all the winter, breaking it short off at the root.

"Oh! my dear geranium!" Rose exclaimed, hastily filling the tea-pot with boiling water, and leaving her father's rasher of bacon to frizzle unheeded. "Oh! I am so sorry! I had taken such care of that poor flower."

"You are not as sorry as I am," said poor Robin, who was turning over in his mind the possibility of getting a plant from his friend the gardener at Mr. Sackville's. "You can't be as sorry as I am," he said, looking really dejected, as he watched Rose pick up the branch of the poor geranium, just putting out its first blossom, and place it in a jug of water.

"Ah, Robin! how are you, lad?" said the blacksmith, now appearing with his sleeves tucked up and a paper cap upon his thick iron-grey curls. "What's the matter, Rosebud? broke the flower? Oh! well; there's heaps of flowers to be had; come, I want my breakfast. You sit down too, Robin; if you can eat a slice of bacon, you're kindly welcome."

Rose did not endorse her father's invitation,

but Robin could not resist it, and seated himself at the round table, scarcely knowing whether to account himself the happiest or most unfavoured of men.

He was nervous and awkward, and the cups and saucers seemed bewitched to him. He upset his tea, and dropped his knife, and was so miserable and yet so happy—a strange contradiction of feeling common to many in Robin's circumstances. The worthy blacksmith was not a man of many words. Thus it came to pass that the meal was a silent one, and Rose did not attempt to make it otherwise.

It was nearly over when a sharp tap at the open door made Rose rise hastily to open it, and she saw a young man standing there with a riding-whip in his hand and dressed in the ordinary dress of a young squire.

"Does the blacksmith live here?" he asked shortly; "my horse has cast a shoe by the shameful carelessness of those who ought to have looked after him before he left the stables." Then with a somewhat prolonged glance at Rose, he said, "I beg your pardon for disturbing you in this way."

"Not at all, sir, not at all," said the blacksmith rising hurriedly from the table, and tossing off the last remains of his tea. "I will be with you directly; the forge is round the corner, sir."

"So I saw as I passed. I must look after my horse, a little boy is holding him for me."

"Rose," the blacksmith called as he followed the stranger down the garden, "I wish you could come and find the small bellows; I can't lay my hand on them."

Rose obeyed, and it was not lost on poor Robin that the stranger waited with the garden gate in his hand to let her pass, taking his hat off as he did so with easy grace. Rose smiled her brightest smile in return, and then after finding the bellows, which were not far to seek, she stood by admiring the beautiful horse, which stood patiently while the shoeing operation went on.

A perfect picture for the eye of an artist! The dark background of the forge throwing out the stalwart form of the blacksmith as he stooped over the horse's foot, supporting it on his outstretched leg, and hammering it

with firm and even strokes: by his side his fair daughter, with her head a little thrown back as she watched the process: and just beyond the figure of the young stranger, who entered into conversation with Rose, and asked questions about Hatherly and the vicarage and the neighbours generally. In the midst of this conversation a rough and hoarse voice broke in with,—

"I must be going, Rose; what am I to say to mother?"

"Oh! say that I will come if I can; and if not, some other day. I dare say to-morrow will do as well."

Robin turned away with a pain at his heart, her tone was so indifferent, and he felt somehow that the presence of that free and easy gentleman set a wider gulf than ever between him and Rose. He retreated with heavy slow steps, and might almost have heard the question,—

"Who is your friend? and where does he want you to go?"

Rose coloured, she scarcely knew why; and there was a little touch of native dignity in her manner as she said,—

"Robin Lethbridge is a farmer."

"And wants you to go and drink new milk with him, or curds and whey perhaps? If you go, I shall envy him."

"Good morning, sir," Rose said stiffly; and she was gone before the young man could recover from his surprise.

But he managed to leave a very favourable impression behind him on Jack Benson, who was astonished alike by the liberal fee for the horseshoe and the genial manner of his customer that light April morning.

CHAPTER III.

UP AT THE FARM.

IN spite of her assertions to the contrary, Rose finished up her work in time to set off to the Brookside Farm by three o'clock.

Perhaps her heart smote her a little for her unkindness to Robin, and perhaps there was a little lurking curiosity to see the aunt Caroline and cousin Sophy, of whom Robin had spoken. They were rather of a different type to the people

about her in everyday life,—the wife and daughter of a well-to-do tradesman in the large city of Cranchester, and full of talk, which was pleasant for once. Rose would not have cared for it always or often, but now and then a change was not so bad; and singing as she went, she wended her way across the common, where we saw her in the morning. Her road lay along the side of the little tinkling brook, and it led her through a narrow lane, with high hedges, sloping gradually up to the small low farm buildings on the hill side, where the Lethbridges lived.

Mrs. Lethbridge was still busy with her household work when Rose arrived, but the two guests were seated in state in the parlour on the right side of the door. Mrs. Smith was lying back in a leather armchair, with an open newspaper before her; her daughter Sophy was working at a flounce, on which she was embroidering a gaudy pattern of green leaves in wools.

"Sit down, Rose child," Mrs. Lethbridge called from the kitchen, which was across the passage. "I am glad to see you; make yourself at home. Robin gave me small hopes that you would get here. Now you can have a chat with my sister and Sophy while I finish up here. The butter has been bewitched to-day; words can't tell what I've gone through with it; it has been enough to try the temper of a saint, and I wanting to get tea ready in good time on this day of all others."

"Let me come and help you, Mrs. Lethbridge, please," Rose said, taking off her shady hat and going over to the kitchen. "I can make these cakes quick enough," she said, turning up her sleeves and displaying her pretty arms. "See, lend me that apron, and I will soon have the cakes ready for the oven, and then when you come downstairs again you'll see it all as neat as wax."

"No, no, Rose, my dear. You didn't come out for a holiday to work for me. A pretty thing, surely!"

Rose infinitely preferred making the cakes to idleness in the parlour, and she was moreover conscious that her appearance was sharply criticized by the guests from the town, who certainly did not show very good manners in their reception of her. Rose gained her point with Mrs. Lethbridge, and

the tea was never set out to greater advantage than by her clever hands; such light tea cakes, too, were surely never made at Brookside Farm before.

Five o'clock came and passed, and as no Robin appeared, Mrs. Lethbridge decreed they must sit down to tea without him, though she knew he would be in directly. The good tea seemed to make the guests communicative, and Sophy grew more friendly to Rose.

Could there be a greater contrast than between these two girls; both about the same age, in the early freshness of womanhood, both with health, and strength, and vigour? But here the likeness ceased. Sophy was dressed in what she thought the height of fashion; her hair, padded with monstrous plaids, rose on her small head in a confused mass, and deformed it, so that its outline was lost. Long earrings dangled from her ears; round her neck was a long streamer of not very fresh blue ribbon; and from a gilt chain hung a number of worthless little trinkets, that rattled as she moved. She was telling Rose of the pleasures of the town, of a band which played in the park, of the theatre where she went sometimes with her brother, of a circus which had established itself in a large empty hall originally built for some purpose which had failed, and where grand pageants were enacted night after night. By degrees, too, Sophy grew confidential, and talked a great deal of nonsense about her admirers in an undertone, which astonished her listener.

"Of course you have admirers by the score," Sophy said; "for you are very pretty, if you were dressed better, and did your hair in a coronet. Tell me who they are."

"I don't care to talk about these things," Rose replied with dignity; "but I like to hear about Cranchester."

"You shall come and see us, I declare," said Sophy with a sudden burst of affection; "that you shall. I will ask father about it: he always does what I like, and is much kinder than *she* is," nodding in a disrespectful way towards her mother, who was giving Mrs. Lethbridge a long account of domestic grievances. "And then Joe will take you to the circus, and show you everything. Per-

haps, however, you are as religious as they are in this house, and would think any fun wrong! That stupid Robin, who goes about like a mute at a funeral, and reads the Bible here every evening, in a slow dreadful voice. I can't abide him, such a great awkward creature, and setting up to be so good."

"I don't think he does that," said Rose; "he has a very humble opinion of himself; and I do believe he is thoroughly good."

"Oh, I see you are a great friend of his. I hope you will never think of taking up with him; you are a deal too good-looking."

A diversion was here made by a visit to the fowls and the little dairy, and the Alderney cows. Sophy's thin boots suffered much in treading the paths about the farm, and she was very glad to escape to a rude wooden bench, on a grassy slope, where she sat with Rose till the shadows of the spring evening lengthened, and it was time for her to retrace her steps homewards.

"It is the oddest thing possible," Mrs.

Lethbridge said, "that Robin has not come home; he would have been sure to be here to walk home with you, Rose, if something had not happened. Deary me, I am getting very fidgety; I am indeed! The farm boy says his master was about the farm at four o'clock. There must be something wrong."

But nothing was apparently wrong, for Robin was seen ascending the slope to the farm as his mother was speaking; and in answer to her inquiries he said he had been to Watcolme, a neighbouring farm, about some stray sheep.

"Have you had tea, Robin?" his mother asked; "there are some cakes of Rose Benson's making indoors, and I have kept the pot on the hob. You'll think the cakes all the sweeter I know for the hands that touched them."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Lethbridge," Rose said hastily, "good-bye;" and before any one could stop her she was tripping down the hill towards Hatherly.

(To be continued.)

England's Martyr-Bishops.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK.

IV. HUGH LATIMER: BISHOP AND MARTYR (*continued*).



IN our paper of last month we traced Latimer in company with Cranmer and Ridley on their transfer as State prisoners from the Tower to Oxford, where the celebrated disputations were held which paved the way for their subsequent martyrdom. They disputed separately. The first day (11th of April, 1554) Cranmer was brought before his examiners, fourteen in number; on the 17th Ridley disputed; and last of all Latimer (18th of April).

When Latimer was called on, he pleaded "age, sickness, disuse, and lack of books," saying that he was "almost as meet to dispute as to be Captain of Calais, but he would stand to all they could lay upon his back." He complained, also, that "he was permitted to have neither pen, nor ink, nor

yet any book but only the New Testament there in his hand, which, he said, he had read over seven times deliberately, and yet could not find the Mass in it," etc.

The propositions or theses of the disputation were the same on all three days, and were as follows:—

"1. Whether the natural body of Christ our Saviour, conceived of the Virgin Mary, and offered for man's redemption upon the cross, is verily and really in the Sacrament by virtue of God's word spoken by the priests, etc.

"2. Whether in the Sacrament, after the words of consecration, be any other substance, etc.

"3. Whether in the Mass be a sacrifice propitiatory," etc.

Of Cranmer's and Ridley's disputations on these three articles I will speak in their

proper place. Latimer, on his disputation, turned faint and sick before the Commissioners. He had prepared his answers in the form of a "protestation," but was not allowed to read it. It was, however, exhibited and received, and is contained in Foxe (vol. vi. 501). The examiners preferred to bully and bait their aged victim, but he steadfastly referred them to his written document.

Let it be duly noted that these disputations occurred in the month of April, and in the year 1554. We shall have to return to the matter of these discussions by-and-by; for the remembrance of the steadfastness of these men was treasured up against them, as we shall see ere long. Meanwhile, they were all three remitted to prison to await the further stages of the matter.

Of these three distinguished confessors of the faith, Latimer, for his greater age and infirmity, wrote least of all during their imprisonment. He seems to have given himself much to prayer, and was thus no doubt greatly upholding the hands of his two valiant brethren. Three principal matters Latimer prayed for:—

"1. That as a preacher of God's Word he might have grace to stand in the doctrine until death, etc. 2. That God, of His mercy, would restore His Gospel to England once again; and these words, 'Once again,' 'Once again,' he did so inculcate and beat into the ears of God, as though he had seen Him and spoken face to face. 3. That God would bless the Queen's Majesty that now is, and make her a comfort to this now comfortless realm of England."

Thus was Latimer not the less a loyal subject of his earthly sovereign while he proved himself a true and valiant soldier of his God.

For a full year and a half must these three worthy men have been left in prison after their disputation with the examiners at Oxford. For in September, 1555, we find them called before a Commission to answer

for the part they played in that disputation. Cranmer was examined on the 12th of September, and Ridley and Latimer on the 30th, before the Queen's Commissioners,—the Bishop of Lincoln, the Bishop of Gloucester, and the Bishop of Bristol. On this occasion *five* articles of charge were alleged against them, all based on the fact of their disputation the year before, and all on the topic of the Lord's Supper. (See Foxe, vol. vii. 526.) Ridley was first called, and then Latimer. Latimer's appearance on this occasion is graphically described by Foxe:—"Wearing a kerchief on his head and a cap with flaps buttoned under the chin, a threadbare frieze gown with a penny leather girdle, from which depended by a leather string his Testament, and round his neck a string with his spectacles, without case, attached" (Foxe, vii. 529).

The Bishop of Lincoln commenced by informing Latimer of the authority under which the Commission were appointed by Cardinal Pole, as the legate from the Pope; and thereupon proceeded to urge the venerable bishop to recant, and that they would no longer regard him as "a strayed sheep." He further proceeded to say that he would thus return to the Church which was "founded on Peter;" whereupon Latimer began to remove the kerchief and cap from his ears, that he might hear the better. And in his reply he referred to a book by the Bishop of Gloucester, and added, "whom I never knew, neither did at any time see him, to my knowledge." A loud laugh rang through the court, for this very Bishop of Gloucester was at that moment sitting as one of Latimer's judges, and at once claimed the authorship of the book, which caused Latimer to relish the scene, and he replied, "Was it yours, my lord? Indeed I knew not your lordship, neither ever did I see you before, neither yet see you now, through the brightness of the sun shining betwixt you and me!" A remark which caused further merriment to the people.

The point in debate between Latimer and the Bishop of Gloucester was waxing warm, and the Bishop decidedly getting the worst of it, when the Bishop of Lincoln interposed to the rescue and turned the question; and after Latimer had steadfastly borne his testimony on the five articles of charge, the examination was adjourned till the following day, when a second time the venerable Latimer was asked to answer to the same five articles. After this, the Bishop of Lincoln read out his condemnation, as he had read that of Ridley already; whereupon both Ridley and Latimer were handed

over to the Mayor of Oxford, as his prisoners, in whose charge they continued till the 16th of October, the day of their glorious martyrdom.

The death-scene, and its horrors, and its triumphs, and the memorable words of exhortation and encouragement addressed by Latimer to Ridley—these I reserve for a subsequent paper, when, after we have reviewed the life of Ridley, we see both of these brave men and martyrs bound to the same stake, with the same iron chain, while their fiery chariot is made ready to carry them both to heaven.

Summer Roses.



IS wise to steal a brief recess
Sometimes, in genial weather;
To quit the town for moor or
down,

And trample through the heather;
To ramble where great boulders lie,
All mossed and lichened over;
To track a rill, or climb a hill,
Or take a field of clover.

The country is a foe to care,
An enemy to sadness;
But touch her sward, she'll wake a chord
Of soul-refreshing gladness.
So, Nelly, call the youngsters here,
Let's make a short excursion,
And try again if wood and lane
Will yield the old diversion.

We'll through the vale, and past the copse
Of firs and silver birches;
By field and mead; that softly lead
To where the ancient church is:
The church that gave me, years ago—
A prize beyond all measure—
A loving wife; and crowned my life
With purest earthly pleasure.

Then will we seek that grassy nook
On which you showered such praises,
When little Ted once more was led
Among those silver daisies—

Our hearts had feared he ne'er again
Would see, as on your bosom,
By night and day, a week he lay,
Like some poor fading blossom.

There springs the graceful lady-fern,
There trails the white-rosed bramble;
The briony there, with festoon fair,
Delights the hedge to ramble.
And many a fragile little plant,
By the Creator's power,
Is thither led, to lift its head
In joyfulness and flower.

And from adjacent boughs, the birds
In song find fit employment,
And to the grove tell all their love
And innocent enjoyment;
While many an insect warmed to life,
The timely hour availing,
To find the sweet for it most meet,
On painted wing comes sailing.

The children there may shout and laugh
Their loudest and their gladdest,
And romp and run, and make their fun
The merriest and maddest.
The little limb that tires in sport
More easily reposes;
And those who win, not late begin
To court health's summer roses.

JOHN G. WATTS.



Drawn by HARRIET PATTERSON.]

SUMMER ROSES.

"The little limb that tires in sport
More easily reposes;

And those who win, not late begin
To court health's summer roses."

Little Foxes and the Tender Grapes.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "NOT YOUR OWN;"
"BENEATH THE CROSS," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LOVE OF DRESS.



"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes."—*Sol. Song ii. 15.*

HERE is one part of the Marriage Service which I have often read with special pleasure. Imagine yourself in a church where a grand wedding is being celebrated. A crowd have assembled, and there is great interest on the part of many of the young folks in the church to get a good view of the bridal attire and of that of the bridesmaids. By-and-by the carriages drive up; there is a fluttering and a rustling; and the procession makes its way through the church. All that art and skill can effect is done to add beauty to those who take part in it. The exquisite bouquet, the lace veil, the tastily-made dress, the scarlet, and the blue, and the lavender mingled one with the other, all blending together and making a perfect whole. Then comes the Service, with its earnest notes of solemn promise and fervent prayer. The ring is placed on the finger, the threefold blessing is pronounced, the Psalm is read or sung, the additional petitions are offered, and then comes the Scripture exhortation, which ought not to be left out except under very special circumstances, or unless there be a short sermon, as the rubric permits.

It is the Scripture exhortation which always seems to me so very suitable.

We see the company in all the variety and display of costly dress, and the thoughts of many in the church, it may be, are far more occupied with this than with the Service itself. And then sounds out the good old counsel of the Apostle, who was himself a married man: "Ye wives, be in subjection

to your own husbands; that, if any obey not the Word, they also may without the Word be won by the conversation of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation, coupled with fear. *Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.* For after this manner in the old time the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection to their own husbands," etc.

I always read this passage with pleasure, because it puts the matter in the true light; it sheds a bright ray from the lamp of Inspiration on the whole subject; it puts that which is first in importance in the first place; it puts side by side the shadow and the substance, the sham and the real, the false and the true, that which attracts for the moment and that which has an abiding worth and beauty.

I am not going to condemn all care and attention to dress. I am not going to say that we ought to pay no regard to elegance and suitableness in that which is worn. I confess I like to see everything beautiful in its place. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." This is true in its measure in all departments of life. At a wedding, for instance, what can be more suitable than fragrant and beautiful flowers, and the white or light-coloured dress, or such attire as makes the scene in harmony with such a festive occasion?

Nor do I question the perfect right and

propriety of persons with sufficient means dressing suitably to their position in life. There is no virtue in being slovenly in dress, or in anything else. There is no necessity to wear clothing that makes you look strange and peculiar. I would have no one wear a bonnet such as would have suited the days of Queen Elizabeth. There is no call for a lady to wear a dress that might have done very well fifty years ago, or for a man of fair means to wear an old hat or a threadbare coat, or carry an umbrella that is full of holes.

But to avoid such peculiarities as these is another thing altogether from dressing in the height of fashion, or thinking it right to copy everything new, whether becoming or otherwise. It is not the part of a sensible woman, still less of a godly one, to endeavour to dazzle every one around by a vain show of dress or jewellery. It is not requisite even for those in the highest position to have as many dresses as there are days or weeks in the year, or to spend a fortune in silks and satins, or to cast aside articles of clothing as good as new for the fancy of the moment, or to have the pleasure of buying a fresh one. We have promised in our baptism "to renounce the pomps and vanity of this wicked world;" and if we act in this way are we not plainly breaking our vow?

Be sure, this love of dress is a terrible little Fox! He is a dangerous, destructive little fellow; he sometimes creeps into the breast of one far beyond threescore, and the votary of the world, still "a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God," endeavours to conceal the marks of advancing years by a style of dress more suitable for seventeen than seventy. And this Fox creeps into the heart of the young girl scarcely in her teens, and occupies her thoughts far more than it should. This Fox not seldom spoils the tender grapes of modesty, simplicity, filial affection, secret prayer, early piety, cheerful liberality, and I know not

what beside. It not seldom inflicts a deadly wound on the soul, from which it never recovers.

Ah! perhaps you think it looks so harmless and so small a matter, you will scarcely believe the mischief it has wrought in many a life and in many a home.

The love of dress is often an index of a heart given to the world. It is the outward flag that tells the King's palace is in the hands of the enemy. The love of Christ is not yet felt in its power. The world and the prince of this world occupy the citadel of the heart; and this anxiety for display is one mark amongst many that this is the case.

The love of dress is also closely linked to the love of pleasure. A young lady is repeatedly advised by her medical adviser never to go out in the night air; but she has a dress she wants to wear and an invitation to a ball she wishes to accept, so she ventures. Against all advice and entreaty of parents, she gains her own way. And the result is, that within a few months she wears a shroud; and instead of the giddy throng of the ball-room, she has her place in the lonely grave.

The love of dress not seldom leads to a terrible pitfall. Many a young woman in consequence has thrown herself into temptation and lost her way, and fallen as low as woman can. Who shall tell how often the love of dress has paved the way for utter ruin and destruction, both in this life and in the next?

The love of dress is often the greatest enemy to calls of Christian benevolence. Many pounds will often be wasted on a needless dress, on a new sealskin jacket, on rings or brooches, and but a shilling will be found for the collection, or a refusal be given to subscribe something to the cause of Christ amongst the heathen at home or abroad. In many a congregation hundreds might be raised for Christ's cause if the money were given which is actually thrown

away in extravagant expenditure of this kind.

At a Mission Service where many were led to give themselves to God, a lady was heard to say on leaving the church, "No more expensive dresses for me." She determined henceforth to give to the Lord's treasury whatsoever she could spare from her own expenditure in dress.

Frequently, also, the love of dress goes hand-in-hand with practical dishonesty as to debts. Debts are not paid, or not paid till long after they are due. Some years ago a clergyman was preaching to a very fashionable, well-dressed congregation, in which there were many ladies. He happened to know the secrets of some of their homes; so he stopped in a sermon bearing on this matter, and put a question,—“How many of these bonnets are paid for? How many of these mantles and dresses are paid for?” I fancy that sermon was not forgotten, and that not a few would eat their Sunday dinner with less appetite for such uncomfortable plainness of speech!

Before I close this paper I wish to recall your attention to the words of St. Peter with which I set out. There is a true beauty in dress; there is an adorning which we ought by all means to cultivate. There is an apparel and sort of jewellery that has a glorious hue which will never fade, and that has a worth and value which cannot be overrated.

It is remarkable that St. Paul, as well as St. Peter, presents in a very forcible manner the contrast between the apparel that is transitory and of the earth, and that which is heavenly and endureth. But yet the two Apostles present the contrast differently. Peter looks at the inner spring, and tells of the heart; he bids the wife put on “the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit,” like “the holy women of old who trusted in God.” Here is a rare and precious jewel; here is a garment above all price. Put on the spirit of meekness,

humility, quietness. Be clothed with gentleness and love, putting on the best garment—the perfect righteousness of Christ, by faith in Him. Add to this the covering of His spirit, the mind that was in Him. Wear in your home and in society this raiment of a lowly, loving spirit. It will give you a beauty which can never fade away; it will make you a blessing in the family, and wheresoever you go. “Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised” (Prov. xxxi. 30).

Paul, on the other hand, looks at the outward life, and the deeds of mercy and kindness which a Christian woman may perform. Like his brother Apostle, he utters a warning against excess in outward apparel, and contrasts with it the good works which may give a true beauty and adorning to the life. “In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but, which becometh women professing godliness, with good works.”

Let each reader who wishes to act conscientiously consider this matter as in the sight of God. Be not led by companions or the custom of those around. Be careful, above all things, to have the best adorning, that in which you can stand before your Father in Heaven. Ever be putting on, through the power of the Holy Spirit, more humility, love, holiness, thankfulness. Be zealous to adorn your life with all good works. Let it be your frequent prayer, “O Father, clothe me with the robe of Righteousness, and ever behold me through Thy dear Son. Take from me all pride, vanity, worldliness, and endue me with the graces of Thy Spirit and the likeness of Thy dear Son. Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon me, and prosper Thou the work of my hands upon me, yea, prosper Thou my handiwork!”

My Refuge.

BY ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH (A BRAHMINI OF THE HIGHEST CASTE), ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF
THE REV. W. T. STORRS, GREAT HORTON VICARAGE, BRADFORD.

"In the Secret of Thy Presence."—*Ps.* xxxi. 20.



N the secret of His Presence, how my soul delights to hide.
Oh how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesu's side!
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low;
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the Secret Place I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring;
And my Saviour rests beside me, as we hold communion sweet;
If I tried I could not utter what He says when thus we meet.

Only *this* I know, I tell Him all my doubts, and griefs, and fears;
Oh how patiently He listens, and my drooping soul He cheers!
Do you think He ne'er reproves me? What a false Friend He would be,
If He never, never told me of the sins which He must see.

Do you think that I could love Him half so well, or as I ought,
If He did not tell me plainly of each sinful deed and thought?
No! He is very faithful, and that makes me trust Him more!
For I know that He *does* love me, though He wounds me very sore.

Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath His shadow; this shall then be your reward.
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting-place,
You must mind and bear the image of your Master in your face.

You will surely lose the blessing, and the fulness of your joy,
If you let dark clouds distress you, and your inward peace destroy;
You may always be abiding, if you will, at Jesu's side;
In the secret of His Presence you may every moment hide.

[We insert these striking and beautiful lines from the pen of an Indian lady, because we hope they may prove a stimulus to missionary effort amongst our fellow-subjects in India.

Especially we hope they may interest our readers in the efforts now made to secure the elevation of the Hindoo female. Few have an adequate sense of the moral degradation of women under Hindooism. Dr. Kay and other writers have adduced sad evidence on this topic. A few years ago one of the most respectable pundits in Calcutta, in a pamphlet on woman's wrongs, ended his indictment thus: "Where men are void of pity and compassion, of a perception of right and wrong, of good and evil, in such a country would that women were never born! Woman! in India thy lot is cast in misery."

The one effectual remedy is the power of true religion. That power will alone enable India to rise and claim her place among the nations of the redeemed.—*Editor of 'Home Words.'*]





William Caxton, and the Art of Printing.

BY THE EDITOR.

WILLIAM Caxton, the first English printer, of whom we have heard so much during the past month, was a Kentish man. He was born about 1412, and it is memorable that, at a time when education was almost wholly neglected, his parents reared their son carefully and sent him to school.

In the preface to the "Life of Charles the Great," printed in 1485, he writes of himself:—"I humbly and with all my heart thank God that in my youth my father and mother set me to school, by which, by the sufferance of God, I get my living, I hope truly. And that I may so do and continue, I beseech Him to grant me of His grace; and so to labour and occupy myself virtuously, that I may come out of debt and deadly sin, that after this life I may come to His bliss in heaven."

He was apprenticed to a citizen of London, a *mercier*, that name being then given to denote a general merchant dealing in various goods. The city apprentice, in the days of Caxton, although of good station in life (as the regulations for the admittance of freemen required him to be), was meanly clothed, and subjected to the performance of even household drudgery. We learn from a tract called the "City's Advocate," printed in 1628, that the ancient habit of the apprentices was a flat round cap, hair close cut, narrow falling bands, coarse side-coats (long coats), close hose, close stockings, and other such severe apparel. They walked before their masters and mistresses at night, bearing a lantern, and wearing a long club on their necks. But the mercer's apprentice had some exceptions which set him above his fellows.

That Caxton was a diligent and faithful apprentice, may be inferred from the fact that his master, Robert Large, in 1441, left him in his will a legacy of £13 6s. 8d., a handsome sum in those days. After he received this legacy he went abroad, being probably engaged in mercantile pursuits. He continued for the most part in the countries of Brabant, Flanders, Holland, and Zealand. While his countrymen were contesting in the battle-field the claim of the rival Houses of York and Lancaster, he was exercising his acute and observant mind, acquiring the French and Dutch languages, and preparing himself, by a peaceful and thoughtful life, for his great work as a benefactor to his country and the world.

In 1450 Guttenberg, generally considered to be the first printer, entered into partnership with Fust, a rich merchant of Mentz, who supplied the sums necessary to carry the invention into effect. Caxton became deeply interested in the new and wondrous art; and, encouraged and assisted by the Duchess Margaret, sister to our Edward IV., who had married the son and successor of the Duke of Burgundy, he began to print books at Cologne.

He returned to England about 1472, when he would be sixty years old, having lived thirty years on the Continent. He was allowed to set up his printing-press in the Almonry or one of the chapels attached to the Abbey of Westminster;* and at a time of life when most men seek rest and quietude, he entered on an enterprise the difficulties of which in these days we can scarcely understand.

Hitherto all books had been transcribed with the hand, and were exceedingly costly. Stow says, that in 1433 £66 13s. 4d. was paid for transcribing a copy of the works of

* See Illustration, p. 163.

Nicholas Lyra, in two volumes, to be chained in the library of the Grey Friars. We may estimate how large a sum that was when we find that the usual price of wheat was then 5s. 4d. the quarter; the wages of a ploughman, 1d. a day; of a mechanic, as a sawyer or stonecutter, 4d. In 1429 the price of one of Wickliffe's English New Testaments was four marks and forty pence, or £2 16s. 8d. The price of a cow at this time was 8s., and of a good horse about 20s.; so that a New Testament would cost about as much as seven cows, or three good horses!

Warton, in his "History of English Poetry," says, "When a book was bought, the affair was of so much importance that it was customary to assemble persons of consequence and character, and to make a formal record that they were present on the occasion." Bonds were given, and extensive deposits of plate or money, when manuscripts were borrowed.

When all these facts are considered, it is not surprising that many monasteries had only one psalter, and that in the year 1400 the library at Rome had little else than missals and legends. For the most part, even when transcribers became more numerous, after the invention of paper, the manuscript books were regarded as essentially for the use of the clergy only. Richard de Bury, in a Latin treatise on "the love of books," says, with the most supreme contempt for all others, whatever be their rank:—"Laymen, to whom it matters not whether they look at a book turned wrong side upwards or spread before them in its natural order, are altogether unworthy of any communion with books." And even to the privileged classes he is not sparing of his reproach as to the misuse of books. He rebukes the unwashed hands, the dirty nails, the greasy elbows leaning upon the volume, the munching of fruit and cheese over the open leaves, which were the marks of careless and idle readers.

With a solemn reverence for a book at which we may smile, but with a smile of respect, he says:—"Let there be a mature decorum in opening and closing of volumes, that they may neither be unclasped with precipitous haste, nor thrown aside after inspection without being duly closed."

Of course the common people, who could have no access to books, were necessarily dependent on oral teaching; and Wickliffe's preaching, rather than his writings, spread his opinions among the populace.

Caxton, with all the energy of a man absorbed by a noble purpose, spared no labour. Wonderfully did the old man work! The productions of his press reached the number of sixty-four; and it is computed that he translated no less than 5000 closely printed folio pages. His books mainly treated of secular subjects, but there is constant evidence of the sincere and unpretending piety of the skilful and laborious, author and artisan. One of his biographers, the Rev. Richard Lewis, says of him that "He expressed a great sense of religion, and wrote like one who lived in the fear of God, and was very desirous of promoting His honour and glory."

That he did not venture to print a Bible, although the people would have greedily bought Wickliffe's translation, is accounted for by Sir Thomas More. It seems that Wickliffe's translation was in some degree made up from previous existing imperfect translations, but its sale had been interdicted—it was a prohibited book. And thus More says:—"On account of the penalties ordered by Archbishop Arundel's constitution, though the old translations that were before Wickliffe's days remained lawful and were in some folks' hands had and read, yet he thought no printer would lightly be so hot to put any Bible in print at his own charge—and then hang upon a doubtful trial whether the first copy of his translation was made before Wickliffe's days or since. For if it were made since, it

must be approved before the printing." This was a dilemma that Caxton was unwilling to encounter, and hence he printed no translation of the Scriptures. But how earnestly he desired to spread the highest knowledge may be gathered from his prologue to the "Mirror of the World," in which he says:—"Let us pray the Maker and Creator of all creatures, God Almighty, that, at the beginning of this book, it list Him, of His most bounteous grace, to depart with us of the same that we may learn; and that learned, to retain; and that retained, to teach; that we may have so perfect science and knowledge of God, that we may get thereby the health of our souls, and to be partners of His glory, permanent, and without end, in heaven. Amen."

According to Wynkynde Worde, Caxton's ally and successor, he continued his labours "to the last day of his life," seventeen or eighteen years after his return to England. He was then approaching the great age of fourscore; and it is noteworthy that on the 15th of June, 1490, shortly before his death, he finished translating out of French into English, "The Art and Craft to know well to die;" in which he dwells on the prospect of departure "out of this world, full of tribulations, to go to Heaven unto God and His saints, unto joy perdurable."

From this time "thoughts were perpetuated, knowledge became free, and persecution and injustice received a powerful check." The Printing Press made the people ripe for, and instrumentally did much to bring about, the Reformation.

The most celebrated man after Caxton was his before-named assistant, Wynkyn de Worde. He succeeded him in his printing office in the Almonry in Westminster Abbey, and continued there till about 1502, when he removed to the sign of "The Sun," in the parish of St. Bride, where he died in 1534. Booksellers had "signs" in those days; and certainly "all nature could not furnish a symbol more appropriate of that art, which was to disperse the darkness and mists of ignorance, and spread a general flood of light over the world."

In Charles Knight's valuable volume, entitled "The Old Printer and the Modern Press," a sketch is given, with all the interest of a tale "stranger than fiction," of a conversation supposed to have taken place in the Almonry after Caxton's companions had realized their loss in his death. As throwing much light upon the history and prospects of the Art of Printing in those days, we hope to give the sketch next month.

The Poor Man's Day.



ABBATH Holy! To the lowly
Still thou art a welcome Day.
When thou comest, earth and
ocean,

Shade and brightness, rest and motion,
Help the poor man's heart to pray.

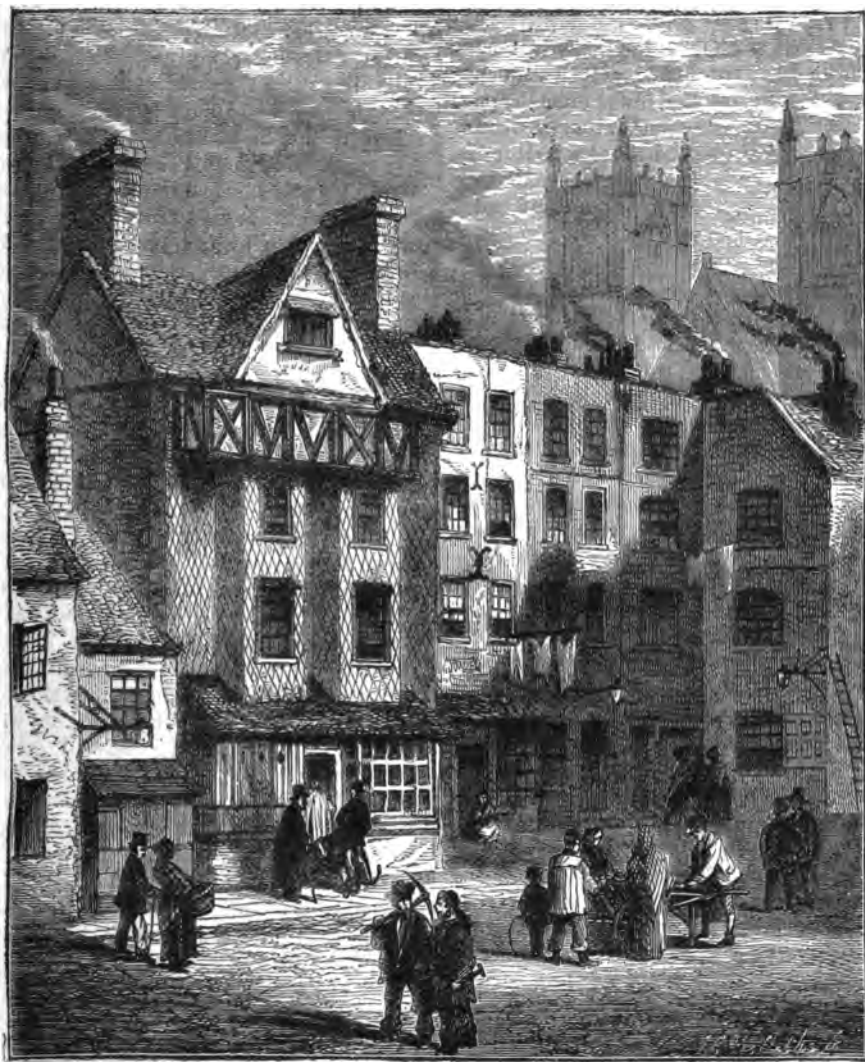
Sun-waked forest, bird, that soarest
O'er the mute empurpled moor,
Throstle's song, that stream-like flowest,
Wind, that over dew-drop goest,
Welcome now the toil-worn poor.

Little river, young for ever!
Cloud, gold-bright with thankful glee,
Happy woodbine, gladly weeping,
Gnat, within the wild rose keeping:
O that all were blest as ye!

Sabbath Holy! for the lowly
Paint with flowers thy glittering sod;
Sabbath Blessed! bringing gladness
Unto hearts of weary sadness,
Still art thou "The Poor Man's Day."

EBENEZER ELLIOT.





Carlton's House in ye Almonry at Westminster.

Natural History Anecdotes.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS," ETC.



XX. AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.

AMONG the many instances of the parental attachments of the lower animals, partaking rather of reason than a mere instinctive principle, the following is remarkable and noteworthy.

Living in the city portion of the great metropolis of London, I observed one afternoon, in the opening generally left for the cellar or kitchen window when underground, an unfledged house-sparrow, unable to fly to any distance. By some accident it had been thrown down this same dungeon, across which was laid an iron bar, extending within a foot of the surface. The mother was at the top, looking down with pity and alarm at the awkward situation of this, perhaps her only child. Many and ingenious were the attempts on the part of both parent and offspring for the regaining of the lost position of the latter, but each and all proved unavailing.

I looked on with a degree of pleasurable excitement, mixed with fear and anxiety, lest the drama should be incomplete by the flying away of the mother and the desertion of the child. But no, Nature's ways on these points are perfect and all-sufficient, as most beautifully this case proved; for, although each new plan seemed to be defeated in the carrying out, the intelligent creature, after considering for a moment, at length flew away, returned with a stout straw in its beak, and rested for a few seconds on the edge. Then, conceive my delight, when the little nestling, after a chirp or two with its mother, learning no doubt the project, climbed to the farthest end of the bar, next the ground, received the proffered straw in its beak, and was raised, to my breathless and unspeakable astonishment, to the earth, on which its now delighted mother stood.—*Communicated by a Correspondent.*

XXI. "WHAT'S WRANG WI' YE, JENNY?"

THE following touching anecdote of a donkey came lately under my notice, and I think it fully illustrates the strong affection of which this much-abused animal is capable.

The donkey in question was the property of a gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. She had been in his possession for some eighteen or twenty years, and was under the care of his gatekeeper, named John. But "Jenny's" long service at last came to an end. Her master left his home to go abroad, and she was sold to a lady. But what was the matter with "Jenny"? She had a comfortable stable and plenty of food to eat, but that was left untasted, and she was cross and irritable to a great degree; indeed so much so that her new mistress's servants could not manage her, and were kicked if they dared approach her.

What was to be done? It was better to get rid of such an animal; so a message was sent to John, to come to take away his old favourite. John obeyed the summons, and was conducted to the stable, the servants gathering round to see what sort of reception "Jenny" would give him. As he approached the stable-door, he cried out, "What's wrang wi' ye, 'Jenny?'" At once the faithful creature, recognising the voice of her old friend, rushed out, and thrusting her head under John's arm, stood very firmly, declaring plainly by her attitude, "I have found you. Now I will not leave you."

The old man was much affected, and could not keep from tears; and as he looked at "Jenny's" face he saw that the skin of it was injured by the tears she had shed during her separation from him. The mystery of her crossness and obstinacy in refusing food was thus explained—it had just been grief that was "wrang" with poor "Jenny." I am happy to say she was given as a present to John, who led her back to his home, supplying her with a meal on the way, for she was weak from her long fasting.



"Anxious Times."

(See Illustration, p. 166.)

BY THE EDITOR.



ES; "Anxious Times" truly, when the fierce hounds of war are let loose, and bloodshed and tears and broken hearts are desolating the land. War is a dreadful scourge; and well and wisely are we taught in our national liturgy to pray always, week by week, "Give peace in our time, O Lord!"

But war must be *seen* in order to estimate aright its horrors. The Iron Duke, we are told, wept on the field of Waterloo, and exclaimed, "There is nothing more terrible than a victory gained, except a battle lost." The *Times* correspondent thus described the night after a battle, during the Franco-Prussian war.

"The Prussians were chasing the French and the retiring villagers from the town, in the direction away from Metz. When out of reach of shot and shell, the poor people seemed suddenly to realise the entire ruin which had fallen upon them. They began to think of their families and friends, who were all scattered, flying in desperation through the deep woods, where the darkness was deepening with the falling night. Such scenes of anguish and misery I never saw before, and hope never to see again. Mothers who had lost their children, seeking for them with frantic cries and gesticulations; old tottering men and women stumbling feebly along, laden with some of their poor household goods, silent with the silent grief of age; little children, only half conscious of what all these things meant, tripping along, often leading some cherished household pet, and seeking for some friendly hand to guide them; husbands supporting their wives, carrying their little ones (sometimes two or three) on their shoulders, and encouraging the little family group with brave and tender words. The woods rang with shrieks and lamentations. It is impossible to describe in

language the sadness and the pathos of that most mournful exodus. *If all the world could only catch a glimpse of such a scene, I will venture to say that war would become impossible; that fierce national pride, and quixotic notions of honour, and the hot ambition of kings and emperors and statesmen, would be for ever curbed by the remembrance of all the pity and the desolation of the spectacle.*"

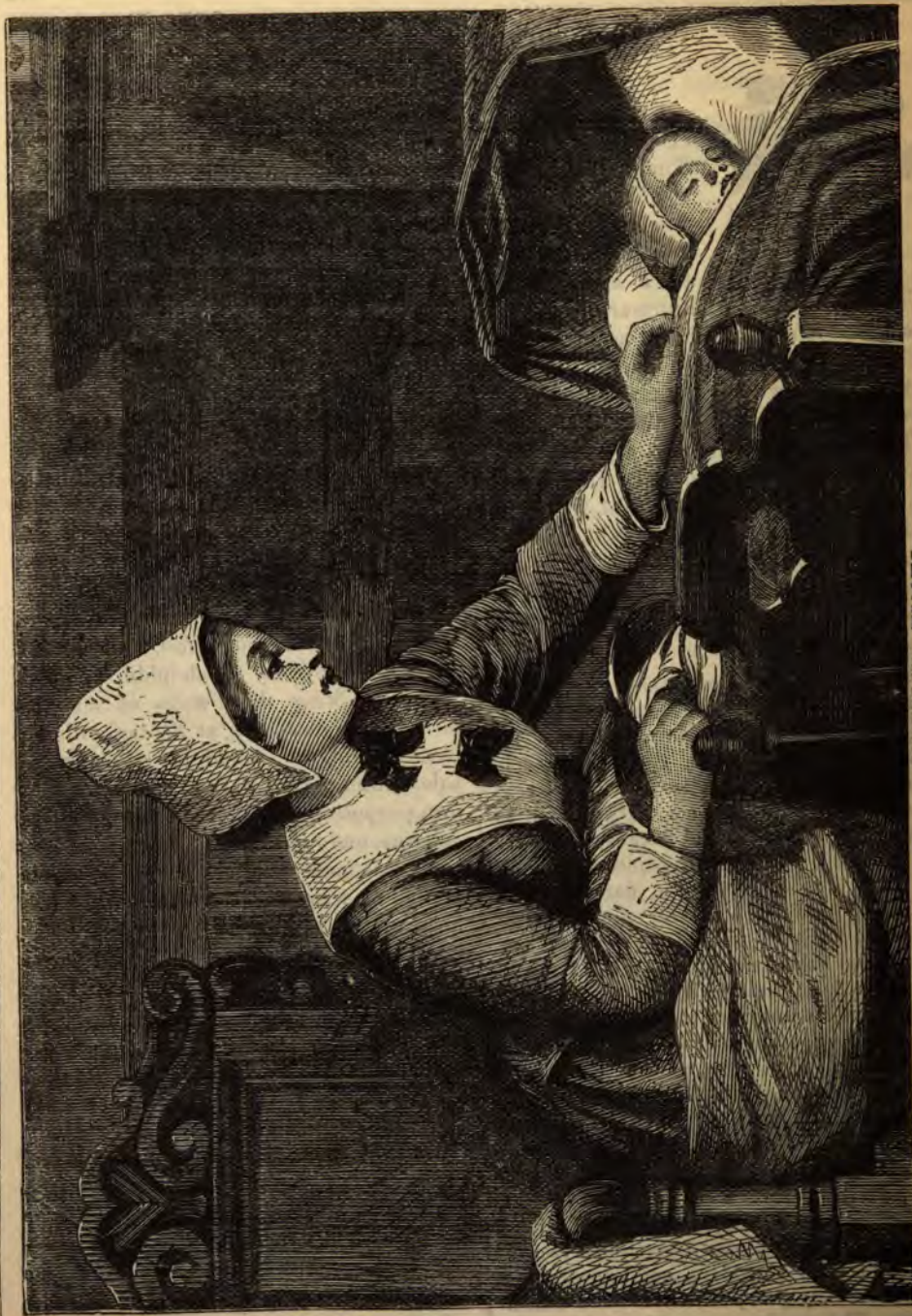
But there is the Hospital as well as the battle-field. Thousands may be sent with bullet haste or sabre cut into eternity; but thousands more remain in all the torment of the wounded, many to die before means of moving them can be found, and many only to be moved to the hospitals with aggravation of their present fever and agony. "Often did I feel," writes the Rev. Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne, "when walking those miles of mangled men in the hospitals at Scutari, what a blessed thing it would be if mankind's rulers, who get up wars so coolly for their own purposes, were *forced to see with their own eyes, and feel with their every sense, what work was made behind the field of battle, as well as what was the work of the field itself as seen in its dead.*"

And then, beside the hospital, there is the Home. Our illustration reads its own sad story:—

"In vain a world ablaze with conquest's bliss!
O men, O men! ye have the better part;
We sit at home and think our hopes away,
And are a hundred times bereaved—in heart."

And this bereavement is before the *real* bereavement: before the *Gazette* brings the sad list of the slain to close finally even the door of affection's fond hope that *he*—the brother, husband,—may have been spared.

"Glory," writes Mr. G. A. Sala, in the *Illustrated London News*—"glory is, I



From the Picture by A. J. H. LUCAS.

"In vain a world to-day with Conquest's bliss;
O men, O men! ye have the better part."

ANXIOUS TIMES.

We sit at home, and think our hopes away,
And live a hundred times bereaved—in heart."—ESTHER SPICER JAY.

suppose, a very fine thing; but I never met glory yet, and I don't know what he or she is like; but I have met war face to face half a dozen times in as many countries. I have looked into the whites, or rather the crimsons, of his eyes; and I have gazed upon the sisters, who follow him wheresoever he goes. They are three sisters, and their names are 'Rapine' and 'Disease' and 'Death.' This is of course a miserably craven and spiritless way of looking at war. I cannot help it. I have seen only war's madness and wickedness, its foulness and squalor. To me it has represented nothing but robbery and profligacy, but famine and slaughter; and I can but think that if the warlike politicians were to witness just half an hour of actual warfare, as I have witnessed it in America, in Italy, in Mexico, in France, in Spain, their martial ardour would cool

down a little, and they would not be quite so prompt to blow the bellicose trumpets."

We know not how far the influence of statesmen, and especially of English statesmen, may tend to promote an early termination of the present terrible war between Russia and Turkey, and to avert its extension to other countries. We can only hope that the sense of responsibility will weigh heavily on all who guide the helms of national policy throughout Europe in these "anxious times," and that, without sacrifice of truth and justice, counsels of peace may prevail.

May the God of Peace "scatter the people who delight in war"; and "give unity, peace, and concord to all nations."

The Young Folks' Page.

XX. A MANUSCRIPT BIBLE.

"The word of the Lord was precious in those days."—1 Sam. iii. 1.



MANUSCRIPT Bible, written under interesting circumstances, was referred to at a recent Bible Meeting at Colchester. It was written by an apprentice boy, named Newman, in the time of James II., and was in the Library of Dr. Williams.

The boy, having a presentiment that all Bibles were to be collected and destroyed, sat up many nights, and made a copy in manuscript of the entire Scriptures, hoping that when called upon to give up his Bible, he might secretly retain his written copy.

XXI.

"TELLING JESUS EVERY NIGHT."

"They told Him all things."—St. Mark vi. 30.

Tell Him all the failures,
Tell Him all the sins;
He is kindly listening
Till His child begins.

Tell Him all the pleasures
Of your merry day,
Tell Him all the treasures
Crowning all your way.

F. R. HAYES.

THE BIBLE MINE SEARCHED.



We hope many Sunday-School Teachers will arrange to receive answers to these Bible Questions from their scholars during each current month. Probably a Prize would stimulate interest. Answers are not to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. W. S. LEWIS, M.A., VICAR OF ST. GEORGE'S, WORKING.

A CELEBRATED CITY.

A certain traveller once inspected a very choice mountain territory already famous in the history of his race. About forty-five years afterwards this same traveller obtained a grant of this land and city from one of his former fellow-travellers, a man as like himself as he was unlike the rest of the party.

After overturning and driving out three giants who lived there at that time, the territory of this city at last became his; but the city itself became a place of residence for some of God's special servants in future generations, and a place of safety for a certain special class of persons in danger of death.

In this same city also a celebrated king was afterwards anointed, a celebrated rebel born, and a celebrated commander buried.

What was the name of this city? And where do we read of the various persons and particulars connected with it as mentioned above?

ANSWERS (See June Number).

A PARABLE ABOUT PRAYER.

Letters "improperly directed" represent prayers or other acts of worship offered to angels or saints or other beings whom we are forbidden to worship. Rev. xxii. 8; Luke iv. 8.

Letters "inadequately directed" represent prayers offered with inadequate or unworthy thoughts of God's character and nature. Heb. xi. 6; Luke xix. 31; Psalm l. 21.

Letters "not directed at all" are like prayers offered to idols. 1 Cor. viii. 4; 1 Kings xviii. 26-29.

Letters "never posted" are like those idle desires for pardon and peace and other blessings which are never really presented to God as actual requests and petitions. See Prov. xiii. 4; Rom. xv. 20; Col. iv. 12 (margin).

Letters not properly "signed" are like prayers which only come from the lips. See Matt. xv. 8; and, on the other side, Ps. cxix. 2, 10, 58, 145.

Letters of an "improper purport" are described in Jas. iv. 3; and the meaning and great importance of a proper "stamp" on the letter may be seen by reference to John xiv. 23, 24.



Sun.—1st day.
Rises 3.49. Sets 8.18.

JULY.

Moon.—New, 10th, A. 10.6.
Full, 25th, M. 7.19.



PRIDE AND HUMILITY.



Pride
goeth before destruction,
Prov. xvi. 18.

And a
haughty spirit before a fall.
Prov. xvi. 18.

- | | | |
|---|----|---|
| 1 | S | 5th S. af. Trin. Man's pride shall bring him low. God resisteth the proud. Jas. iv. 6. [Prov. xxix. 23. |
| 2 | M | Those that walk in pride God is able to abase. Dan. |
| 3 | Tu | By pride cometh contention. Prov. xiii. 10. [iv. 37. |
| 4 | W | The pride of life... is of the world. 1 John ii. 16. |
| 5 | Th | An high look and a proud heart is sin. Prov. xvi. 4. |
| 6 | F | When pride cometh, then cometh shame. Prov. xi. 2. |
| 7 | S | |
| 8 | S | 6th S. after Trin. He giveth grace unto the humble. |

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 9 | M | Before honour is humility. Prov. xviii. 12. |
| 10 | Tu | With the lowly is wisdom. Prov. xi. 2. [Matt. xxiii. 12. |
| 11 | W | Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; } |
| 12 | Th | He that shall humble himself shall be exalted. } |
| 13 | F | By humility and the fear of the Lord } |
| 14 | S | Are riches and honour and life. } Prov. xxii. 4. |
| 15 | S | 7th S. af. Trin. Worship at His footstool. Ps. xcix. 5. |
| 16 | M | He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord. 2 Cor. x. 17. |

IN LOWLINESS OF MIND, LET EACH ESTEEM OTHERS BETTER THAN THEMSELVES.

Let this
mind be in you
which was in Christ Jesus.
Phil. ii. 5.

He
humbled Himself,
and became obedient.
Phil. ii. 8.

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 17 | Tu | Charity vaunteth not itself. 1 Cor. xiii. 4. |
| 18 | W | Is not puffed up. 1 Cor. xiii. 4. |
| 19 | Th | Doth not behave itself unseemly. 1 Cor. xiii. 5. |
| 20 | F | Let nothing be done through strife or vain-glory. |
| 21 | S | Seeketh not her own. 1 Cor. xiii. 5. [Phil. ii. 3. |
| 22 | S | 8th S. af. Trin. Ye younger submit yourselves unto the |
| 23 | M | Be clothed with humility. 1 Pet. v. 5. [elder. |
| 24 | Tu | All of you be subject one to another. 1 Pet. v. 5. |

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 25 | W | St. JAMES. Submit yourselves to God. Jas. iv. 7. |
| 26 | Th | Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord. Jas. iv. |
| 27 | F | He shall lift you up. Jas. iv. 10. [10. |
| 28 | S | Walk humbly with thy God. Mic. vi. 8. |
| 29 | S | 9th S. after Trin. God hath respect to the lowly. |
| 30 | M | The proud He knoweth afar off. Ps. cxxxviii. 6. |
| 31 | Tu | Jesus said, Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly. |

LORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
Like our Master we shall be,
Clothed with humility.

Simple, teachable, and mild;
Humble as a little child;
Pleased with what the Lord provides;
Weaned from all the world besides.

It is the peculiarity of the Christian religion, that humility and holiness increase in equal proportions.—William Wilberforce.
There is no humbling like that of consenting to be nothing, desiring to be nothing, that Christ may be all in all.—Anon.
Humility is knowing that we are not humble, and praying to be made humble.—Anon.





IN THE FIELDS.

How grand is the sight—how pure the delight
Which glows in the breast,
When we look on the fields God has graciously blest!

For the food of the king abundance they bring,
And the cottager's bread
Is gleaned in the field from which princes are fed.
B. Goven.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

In the Fields: Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter.

BY BENJAMIN GOUGH, AUTHOR OF "KENTISH LYRICS," ETC.



SING of the fields—the beautiful fields

In the Spring of the year,
When primroses smile and cowslips appear,
And hedgerows in bloom are rich in perfume,
Over pasture and glade,
In vestments of gold and silver arrayed.

I sing of the fields—the beautiful fields

In the Spring of the year,
When nightingales sing and cuckoos are here;
'Midst the odorous hay in the bright month of May,
And the concert of birds,
And the gambolling lambs, and the lowing of herds.

And when Midsummer smiles on the husbandman's toils

In hundred-fold crops,
Of corn in full ear, and the vineyards of hops;
Through the valleys of Kent, and the bean-blossoms' scent
Impregnates the breeze,—
O how lovely the fields, and how verdant the trees!

So when Autumn embrowns the glebes and the downs,

And her victory wins,
And the full ears are ripe, and harvest begins,
How grand is the sight—how pure the delight
Which glows in the breast,
When we look on the fields God has graciously blest!

For the food of the king abundance they bring,

And the cottager's bread
Is gleaned in the field from which princes are fed;

And the kine and the sheep, and the wild birds which sweep
Through the air in their flight,
Find pasture by day, and shelter by night.

And in Winter's dark reign, when we cast in the grain
To the bountiful field,
Till by ploughshare and harrow the sowing is sealed,
To quicken and grow, through tempest and snow,
In the frost-bitten sod,
First the blade, then the ear—protected by God.

I sing of the fields—the beautiful fields,
Be they blooming or sere,
How pleasant to view, whether distant or near,
Yet live in the dreams of sunshine and streams,
When our memory yields,
New thoughts of old joys—O ye beautiful fields!

“Only Once”; or, Rose Benson and Robin Lethbridge.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF “THE HOUSE ON THE WOLD,” ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

NEAR DEATH.



ROBIN watched her, and for a moment he seemed undecided. Then turning into the house, he washed his hands and changed his working dress. Presently he emerged again, taking

no notice of his mother's entreaties to sit down to tea, and strode off along a side-path which led him to the path on the other side of which he knew Rose would be pursuing her way homeward. He was right; he saw her skimming along over the fields towards the common; and clearing the stream with one bound, he was soon at her side.

“Is anything the matter?” Rose asked indifferently.

“No; only I could not let you walk home alone. I only waited to put myself a bit tidy before I followed you.”

“You had better have stayed with your aunt and cousin; they are much more amusing than I am.”

Robin gave an impatient shrug of his broad shoulders.

“Look here, Rose,” he said; “I think you know what I would say, if only I had a tongue that could run smooth like that young fellow's this morning. There never was a day, Rose, that I did not love you; and there never will be a day when I shall stop loving you.”

Robin had said his say now. Rose only quickened her pace a little, and replied,—

“I hope we shall always be good friends, Robin, but——”

“But what?” he asked.

“I don't want to think of anything more, please; I am very happy as I am; besides——”

“Well,” said Robin, doggedly, “I will wait. The time may come when you will think differently. If God wills it I shall get your love at last. I know it is all in His hands.”

“Ah, you see, Robin, I should not suit you; I should not be religious enough; I am not half as good as you would wish me to be. Don't let us say any more about it.”

Robin plodded on by her side silently after this. In his heart was a sore and aching sense of disappointment; but plain and unpretending as Robin was, he had the jewel which the pretty, light-hearted girl at his

side did not possess. In his simple, everyday life, Robin Lethbridge was not without the deep sense of God's presence and help. He had grasped the great reality of his Lord's life and death for *him*. And in the field behind the plough, in the market, and in his dealings with his neighbours, he did try to render back living heart service. Ah, on what a vantage ground does a man like this stand! He is never left to struggle against temptation and sorrow and sin alone. God is his refuge and strength.

Robin was making up his mind to have a last word with Rose, for the blacksmith's forge was in sight, and there was only the length of the common to cross now before he must part from her, when the rapid gallop of a horse's feet on the turf made both Robin and Rose start and look behind. Swiftly, as if on the wings of the wind, a horse was seen coming over the turf. Just as it came up to the two walkers the horse gave a sudden shy, and in one moment its rider was lying at their feet, while the animal rushed away in the opposite direction, and was almost immediately out of sight. Rose sprang forward to the motionless form lying prone on the turf, and exclaimed,—

"It is the gentleman who came to the forge this morning. Oh! Robin, I believe he is dead! Get some water from the pond! Oh, pray do!"

She knelt down by the young man's side, and was trying to loosen his collar while Robin did her bidding and brought some water from the pond in his hat. But all their efforts were vain to restore consciousness, and Robin went across the common to fetch the parish doctor, whose horse he thought he could see standing by the gate of a cottage about a quarter of a mile off. Then Rose was left alone with the insensible form; in the morning so gay and laughing, so frank and courteous, now stretched out at her feet a helpless log, his pale, handsome face upturned to the dark blue sky, where the stars were coming out one by one, shining serene and clear above that world which God hath made so fair, and which the sin of man has darkened and defiled.

For some minutes there was almost unbroken silence. The sleepy caw of the rooks

in the elms by the vicarage was borne on the still air, and now and then there was the twitter of a little bird in the willows by the brook, before it settled for the night. From afar, too, came the murmur of the happy brook, hushing the little white flowers to sleep on its brink, and running on in its appointed course to give health and sweetness to those by whose homes it passed. Presently a weary labourer plodding homewards came up.

"What is it?" he asked.

"A dreadful accident; he has been thrown from his horse."

"He was drunk, I suppose," said the man roughly.

"No, no; I don't think so. Oh, I wish Robin would make haste! he is so slow; he is gone for Dr. Snow."

The labourer was not unfeeling, but he evidently knew not what to do, and therefore did not attempt to render any assistance, though he still stood gazing on the kneeling figure of the girl and the prostrate form before her.

"Why, it's Jack Benson's daughter, is it not?" he said at last.

"Yes; and would you mind going over to the forge, and telling my father to come; he is sure to know what to do."

The man walked off, and then again there was five minutes' stillness. So long it seemed to Rose; but at last Robin and two or three people were seen advancing from the cottages on the right of the common.

Just then the young man opened his eyes. He looked bewildered and confused, and tried to put his hand to his head. Then he groaned,—

"I have lost the bet," he said, "by that rascally——"

"Don't try to talk," Rose said, for the effort seemed too much.

It was a relief to hear her father's hearty voice. "Hallo! what's up with the young gent? Bring him into our place, doctor. Any bones broke, I wonder." And then, as the doctor bent over the patient, he said, "No bones, no; it's the head I am afraid of."

CHAPTER V.

LIFE OR DEATH.

A GROUP of neighbours soon collected by the blacksmith's house, and the news spread rapidly in the village that a young gentleman had been carried in there, who had been thrown from his horse, and was not likely to live.

After the few words which he had said when lying on the common, the injured man had not spoken. He was indeed entirely unconscious of all that was passing as he lay upon the neat white bed which was prepared for him in the room that Benson usually occupied. The doctor, after applying such remedies as lay in his power, said,—

"We must find out who he is; turn the letters out of his pocket, Rose," he continued, addressing the blacksmith's daughter.

Rose obeyed almost reluctantly, and laid the contents of the pockets on the table, where a candle was now lighted. There were several betting cards and letters with no name or address; but at last an envelope with a cypher on it fell out of a pocket book.

"Bertram Hylton, Esq.," the doctor read. "Hylton—Hylton. Oh! I see; he is the young squire out by Lyehampton. The place is not two miles from Cranchester. Well, we must telegraph from Bromley station as soon as possible. There will be time; only who is to go with the telegram? I can't leave the patient; it is impossible. I must stay here all night; there may be a change any moment."

But as the light flickered on the sick man's face, it seemed that any change was far off. He lay just as they had placed him, breathing heavily, but with no other sign of life.

"Well, how about the telegram?" said the doctor. "It ought to be sent; but by whom?"

"I will take the telegram to the office," Robin said, who had now entered the cottage. "I have tied up the horse in the shed; it was caught by a man at the Brook Inn, and brought along this way."

The doctor now asked for pen and ink, and sat down to compose the words of the telegram.

"I don't think he has a mother or sister; his father died, I know, last year. I must

put it thus:—'Mr. Bertram Hylton has met with a serious accident; you are requested to come at once.' There, that will do. I have sent it 'From Dr. Snow, Hatherley, near Bromley, to Mrs. Hylton, Lyehampton Court, near Cranchester.' They will bring a doctor with them, I daresay," Mr. Snow continued, "whoever they may be. Are you going to have any supper?" he added, "for I have had a hard day's work, and I am as hungry as a hunter."

"Yes, sir; and you will be kindly welcome to share our meal. Come, neighbours," said the blacksmith to the group yet lingering near the door, "there is no more to be done; for Robin Lethbridge, you see, is gone off with the message; so it's best we were quiet here; and we'll say good-night. Now, Rose, my girl, bustle about, and get the supper. What have you got? You look as white as a sheet, my Rose. Come, cheer up."

Poor Rose tried to do as her father requested, but her hands were cold, and her teeth chattered. That half-hour alone on the common with the senseless form had told on her. Her accustomed energy and brightness seemed to have died out of her. Presently she sprang eagerly forward as she heard a gentle voice at the garden gate, saying,

"Where is Rose Benson? what has happened?"

The little crowd gave way before the vicar's wife, who now advanced into the cottage, and taking Rose's hand said,—

"Can I be of any use to you, my dear? We have only just returned home, and were met with the news of the accident. Sit down," Mrs. Tyndall added kindly; "you are tired, I am sure."

Now Rose had hitherto held herself rather aloof from the vicar's wife; she had not accepted her offer to go to the vicarage to read once a week, or to the Bible-class on Sunday, and indeed had resented the idea of being put on the same level with some of the other girls in the village. Mrs. Tyndall had however always watched Rose with great interest, and during her year's residence at Hatherley had regretted that she could not win her to any confidence. "She only wants one thing," Mrs. Tyndall would say to her-

self. "With so many natural gifts, so much power of performing all the duties of life, that girl only wants one thing!"

Ah! that "one thing," what power it has! The little leaven, the tiny seed, the hidden pearl of great price,—of what untold value are they! How truly those who lay up treasure in the heavens, which faileth not, have a sure refuge in time of trouble, of which those who live only for what earth can give know nothing!

Mrs. Tyndall was one of those people who know how to say and do the right thing at the right moment; and she could listen with ready sympathy to the story of grief and trouble while trying to soften and alleviate it. With her quiet help the supper was laid out, the country doctor looking on in surprise as every needful arrangement was made. Clearly Mr. Hylton was as well off here as he would have been in Lyehampton Court, and as he watched Rose's movements he thought she was born to be a nurse.

The night wore on, the beautiful May night, and the dark blue sky was studded with innumerable stars. The hush and stillness were unbroken except by the distant murmur of the brook and the whispering of the soft breeze in the young leaves of the elm trees. In the blacksmith's cottage all was quiet, and the heavy breathing of the sufferer was the only sound, except when the doctor answered an inquiry from Rose or her father. The latter, overcome with sleep, rested in the big arm-chair by the kitchen-fire and dozed in spite of himself.

About 3 o'clock the sound of wheels was heard, and then steps coming up the little garden. Rose went to the door, and opened it to two men. One advancing said,—

"I am Mrs. Hylton's servant; is this the cottage where Mr. Hylton is lying? My lady is too ill to come herself, and has sent me and Dr. Sandford. Can we come in?"

"We have the carriage at the gate," said Dr. Sandford, "and we will remove Mr. Hylton to Lyehampton at once. His mother desires it."

"Remove him!" exclaimed Mr. Snow. "Come and look at him, and see if there is any chance of it."

CHAPTER VI.

DOCTORS AND NURSE.

FOR many days and nights Mr. Hylton lay between life and death. The neighbours came and sent and offered kindly help. Dr. Sandford and Mr. Snow did their utmost, and the opinion of a great London surgeon was sought, who came down by express train, looked and examined, and finally shook his head, and departed, and gave no hope. All the simple homely regular life in Jack Benson's cottage was disturbed. Servants from Lyehampton arrived from time to time with countless delicacies, which the sick man could not touch, and orders from their mistress which could not be obeyed. "Lady Frances Hylton is paralysed; she can't move hand or foot; and it is a wonder the shock did not kill her outright," was the reply given to Rose's inquiry, as to why the mother did not come and see for herself how things really were going on.

"Jack Benson ought to make a good thing of this," one of the less friendly amongst the neighbours declared; "he ought to ask something handsome for all his trouble."

"Oh! he will do that fast enough, and Rose will hold her head higher than ever," said another.

Both these surmises were incorrect. The thought of recompense never entered the blacksmith's head. Had Robin Lethbridge been brought into his house, and had he been obliged to give up his room to him, it would have been done quite as willingly and ungrudgingly. And as to Rose, her head was not held higher; on the contrary, there was a subdued softness, even sadness about her, which was not usual with her.

Little by little the invalid struggled back to life. He was restless and impatient and desponding and gloomy, and there were times when he would have wearied the patience of most nurses, but not of Rose. She was unfailing in her attention and her care, and her excellent nursing won the praise of doctors and servants alike. Mrs. Tyndall and the vicar were kind and helpful, and continually in and out of the cottage, and every morning and every evening Robin Lethbridge's anxious earnest face was to be seen at the garden

gate. Robin never failed to come and inquire for the invalid and for Rose.

"It is wearing you out," he said once as he looked earnestly into the face he loved so well; "but it is settled he is to be taken away next week, isn't it?"

Rose flushed crimson.

"Mr. Hylton will not be moved till the doctors think it quite safe," she said, with the little stiff cold manner which always pained poor Robin so much; "and there is no hurry."

"Oh; well, I should think the sooner he was gone the better, turning everything topsy turvy and bringing heaps of strangers about the place, besides making you ill."

"Goodbye," was all the response Rose made; and before he could say another word Robin saw her vanish into the cottage.

It was a sultry summer evening, and Mr. Hylton had been oppressed and irritable.

"I thought you were never coming back," he said fretfully. "Who has been talking to you?"

"I have been a turn on the common," Rose said evasively.

"A turn! Well, if you will give me your arm, I'll take a turn myself."

Rose helped him to rise, and he leaned upon her shoulder. He was very weak still, and the strength of his manhood seemed gone out of him.

"I say," he began, "I wish you would tell your parson not to come to me with any more preachments. He has been at me while

you were away and telling me I was a sinner for swearing at old Barnes. He is used to it, and never minds it; it's like water on a duck's back."

"Bad words don't hurt those who have them said to them," Rose said bravely.

"No, I should think they did not; they mean nothing."

"They hurt those who say them though," the girl said; for these oaths of the man, otherwise so refined and courteous, often made her shudder.

"Well, I will leave off swearing to please you, Rose; will it please you? I can't leave off, however, till I am well; for I do get so dead tired of being a helpless wretch, and when I get near my mother it will be worse. I am to go on Monday, they say. Will you be glad to get rid of me, eh, Rose?"

Poor Rose! all unconsciously to herself she was dreading the time when all this ministry on the sick man should cease. She had the feeling, sweet to every woman, of knowing she was necessary to him, and she never stopped to think to what it would all lead.

I want to make it clear that Rose had never been accustomed to take her trouble or difficulties to God. He was to her a God very far off, not the loving tender Friend, not the ever present Saviour from self and sin. Of how many amongst us may not this be also true! Verily God is *not* in all their thoughts. To such He is as a vision, or a dream, not a blessed reality.

(To be continued.)

Household Duties.



EACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything
To do it as for Thee.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture, "for Thy sake,"
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

GEORGE HERBERT.



The Two Gardeners;

OR, OPPORTUNITY TURNED TO ACCOUNT.



CERTAIN nobleman, very proud of the extent and beauty of his pleasure grounds, happening one day to call on a small squire, whose garden might cover half an acre, was greatly struck with the brilliant colours of his neighbour's flowers.

"Ay, my lord, the flowers are well enough," said the squire, "but permit me to show you my grapes."

Conducted into an old-fashioned little greenhouse, which served as a vinery, my lord gazed with mortification and envy on grapes twice as fine as his own.

"My dear friend," said my lord, "you have a jewel of a gardener; let me see him!"

The gardener was called—the single gardener—a simple-looking young man under thirty.

"Accept my compliments on your flower-beds and grapes," said my lord, "and tell me if you can why your flowers are so much brighter than mine, and your grapes so much finer. You must have studied horticulture profoundly."

"Please your lordship," said the man, "I have not had the advantage of much education; I beain't no scholar; but as to the flowers and vines, the secret as to treating them just came to me in this way,—Three years ago master sent me to London on business of his, and it came on to rain, and I took shelter in a mews, you see."

"Yes, you took shelter in a mews; and what then?"

"And there were two gentlemen took shelter too; and they were talking to each other about charcoal."

"About charcoal? Go on."

"And one said that it had done a great deal o' good in many kind of sickness, and

especially in the first stage of cholera; and I took a note on my mind of that, because we'd had the cholera in our village the year before; and I guessed the two gentlemen were doctors and knew what they were talking about."

"I dare say they did; but flowers and vines don't have the cholera, do they?"

"No, my lord; but they have complaints of their own; and one of the gentlemen went on to say that charcoal had a special good effect upon all vegetable life, and told a story of a vinedresser, in Germany, I think, who had made a very sickly, poor vineyard one of the best in all those parts, simply by charcoal dressings. So I naturally pricked up my ears at that, for our vines were in so bad a way that master thought of doing away with them altogether. 'Ay,' said the other gentleman, 'and see how a little sprinkling of charcoal will brighten up a flower-bed.' The rain was now over, and the gentlemen left the mews; and I thought, 'Well, but before I try the charcoal upon my plants I'd best make some inquiry of those who aren't doctors, but gardeners; so I went to our nurseryman, who has a deal of book-learning, and I asked him if he'd ever heard of charcoal dressing being good for vines; and he said he had read in a book that it was so, but had never tried it. He kindly lent me the book, which was translated from some foreign one. And after I had picked out of it all I could, I tried the charcoal in the way the book told me to try it; and that's how the grapes and the flower-beds came to please you, my lord. It's a good thing that ever I heard those gentlemen talking in the mews, please your lordship."

"Opportunity happens to all," answered the peer sententiously; "but to turn opportunities to account is the gift of few."

His lordship, returning home, gazed gloomily on the hues of his vast parterres; he visited his vineries, and frowned at the clusters; he summoned his head-gardener, —a gentleman of the highest repute for science, and who never spoke of a cowslip except by its name in Latin. To this learned personage my lord communicated what he had heard and seen of the benignant effects of charcoal, and produced in proof a magnificent bunch of grapes which he had brought from the squire's.

"My lord," said the gardener, scarcely glancing at the grapes, "Squire ——'s gardener must be a poor ignorant creature to fancy he had discovered a secret in what is so very well known to every professed horticulturist. Professor Liebig, my lord, has treated of the good effect of charcoal dressing to vines especially; and it is to be explained on these chemical principles—" therewith the wise man entered into a profound dissertation, of which his lordship did not understand a word.

"Well then," said the peer, cutting short the harangue, "since you know so well that charcoal dressing is good for vines and flowers, have you ever tried it on mine?"

"I can't say I have, my lord; it did not happen to come into my head."

"Nay," replied the peer, "opportunity put it into your head, but thought never took it out of your head."

My lord, who, if he did not know much about horticulture, was a good judge of mankind, dismissed the man of learning; and with many apologies for seeking to rob his neighbour of such a treasure, asked the squire to transfer to his service the man of genius. The squire, who thought that now the charcoal had been once discovered, any new gardener could apply it as well as the old one, was too happy to oblige my lord and advance the position of an honest fellow born in his village. His lordship knew very well that a man who makes good use of the ideas received through practical observations will make a still better use of the ideas received through study. He took some kind, but not altogether unselfish pains with the training and education of the man of genius whom he had gained to his service. The man is now my lord's head forester and bailiff. The woods thrive under him, the farm pays largely, and he and my lord are both the richer for the connection between them.

Q. Q.



The Holiday Excursion.

BY THE EDITOR.

ON a recent occasion, the friend who communicates the following, happening to be in one of our great centres of industry, met with an intelligent journeyman gunlock maker. After a few remarks about tools and workmanship, the conversation took a turn, with the enquiry, "Which should you think is the poorest and worst paid trade?"

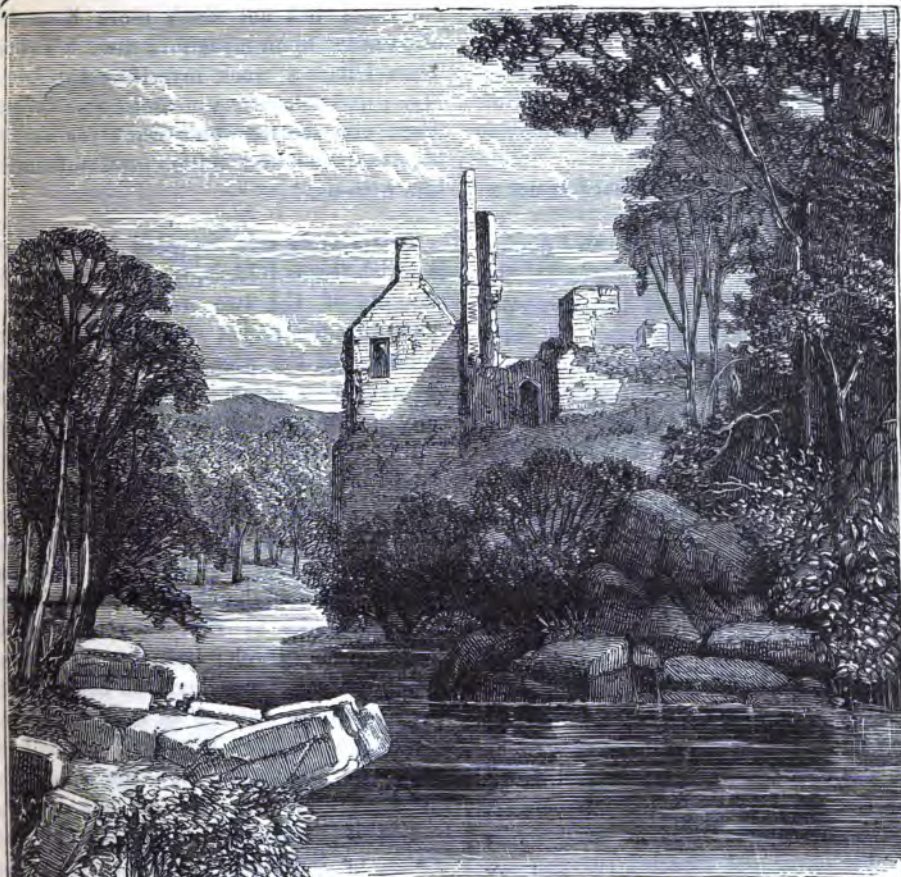
"Well, I don't know that any trade in particular is very bad: most trades make good money just now."

"But how is it so many poor-looking people are seen about the streets, and so many houses look dirty and poverty-stricken?"

"Yes: but 'tisn't because people are bad off, so much as because they don't know how to spend what they get properly. Many a one gets more than I do, but haven't got a penny by Wednesdays or Thursdays."

"What do they do with their money?"

"Do? 'Tis easy to say what they do with it—treating everybody at the public-house on Saturday nights, a little bit o' gambling, and more pleasuring on Sundays



Roslin Castle.

'ER AIRY STEEP, THRO' COPSEWOOD DEEP,
 IMPERVIOUS TO THE SUN,
 SWEET ARE THE PATHS, & PASSING
 SWEET,
 BY FISK'S FAIR STREAMS THAT RUN.

WHO KNOWS NOT MELVILLE'S BEECHY GROVE,
 AND ROSLIN'S ROCKY GLEN,
 DALKEITH, WHICH ALL THE VIRTUES LOVE,
 AND CLASSIC HAWTHORNDEN?

and Mondays. Then there's lots that don't work above half a week, and so don't get so much by half as they might. Often those that earn the most seem the worst off. Every pint of ale some of them drink costs sixpence, because of the time that is lost."

"Then in your opinion there is not so much real poverty?"

"I believe a very little collected among the working classes would relieve all the real poor, such as labourers sometimes out of work, widows and orphans, and such-like, without that great place at the corner (the workhouse); and there needn't be no poor-rates if everybody was sober and industrious. From what I know of what men'll do for one another, I'm sure they could do all that is necessary for one another, if they'd only choose to try. I've tried both ways of living, and I know all about it."

"What do you mean by both ways of living?"

"Well, you see, I left home soon after I was fourteen, and got lodgings, and went on bad enough for years. I lost time every week, and didn't care for nothing till I was about twenty, when I kept company with the young woman that is my wife. She says, 'I'll never get married till you are steadier, and begin to save a bit.' She could read and write. I could hardly read: so says she, 'Why don't you learn to read? A man isn't anything that can't read, let alone writing.' So I went to school, and that was the means of my being steadier; and now I don't want for anything. I put by five shillings a week, and don't miss it. Some of my old acquaintance call me a dull, slow sort of customer; but I know how to enjoy myself. I've got a garden; that's always a pleasure; and last summer me and my wife and the children went to Warwick and Leamington; we saw all over Warwick Castle, and never enjoyed anything more in our lives. It costs a smart

bit of money to go out with three or four children; but not much more than I've often spent upon myself in a week's spree. Then I had a week myself at the Isle of Man; and this year I mean to go to Wales. Then you see we don't want for nothing here at home, and things go comfortable-like with us."

This simple tale, repeated in the words in which it was told, is, we think, a striking example of the two ways of living. It illustrates, too, one of the now habitual recreations of the people, who are learning thoroughly to appreciate the pleasure of railway trips and holidays in picturesque places; and this is our chief reason for giving it just now.

We hope all the readers of *Home Words* will have their holiday excursion this year. Some cannot get so far from home as others; and happily, old England has some pleasant nooks in every county—nooks which all may reach; but the farther we can extend our wanderings the better. The mind seems to enlarge as we enlarge our knowledge of the wonderful world in which we live; and now—the marvel of the age—with the aid of our railway friends it costs little more to get into Wales, or Scotland, or Ireland, or across the Channel to France, than it did forty years ago, when Queen Victoria came to the throne, to travel fifty miles from home.

If any of our readers can get as far as Edinburgh, "the modern Athens,"—

"Stately Edinburgh, throned on crags"

we will promise them a rich treat. The grand old city is infinitely more worth seeing than gay and frivolous Paris. Paris is exhausting, Edinburgh is exhilarating. The scenery is magnificent. The Calton Hill, Salisbury Crags, Arthur's Seat, the Castle, Holyrood, the view of the Firth of Forth,—all are worth a journey. Haydon's exclamation when he first saw Edinburgh, was, "'Tis a giant's dream!" And such

is the feeling of many, although they may not use the same words.

But Edinburgh is not all: the surrounding country is enchanting. A few days spent in the vale of the Esk, enjoying Roslin, Hawthornden, and Lasswade, would leave on the memory impressions of nature's romantic loveliness which would not easily be erased.

"Sweet are the paths, oh passing sweet,
By Esk's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun."

We must not attempt any description; but our illustration will at least give some idea of the beauty of Roslin; the "rocky glen" through which the Esk flows, presenting a mass of luxuriant foliage, so that, from the heights on either side, one gazes upon a world of moving tree-tops in the ravine below. The ruins of the Castle stand on a rocky promontory, formed by

a bend in the river, and are only accessible by a stone bridge of great height, which spans the ravine. Roslin or *Roslinhe* means the promontory of the waterfall. The chapel of Roslin is a marvel of workmanship: a medley of decoration and design, which would greatly interest our stonemasons and bricklayers, if only we could get them there.

Well, we would advise them to make the calculation of the cost. Excursion trains to main scenes of interest are very cheap; and then walking is very good exercise. We wish one of our friends who has been there would give us the figures for a week's outing. We question whether all expenses would not come within the margin of the daily pint of ale for a year—to say nothing of each pint "costing sixpence because of the time that is lost." Self-denial is the high-road to enjoyment; and deserves for its reward a Holiday Excursion.

Little Foxes and the Tender Grapes.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "NOT YOUR OWN;"
"BENEATH THE CROSS," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

MURMURING AND DISCONTENT.



"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes."—*Sol. Song* ii. 15.

ACH of "the little Foxes" of which these papers speak has its own peculiarity. There is something that distinguishes it from the rest. If

Selfishness is distinguished by the depth of the holes to which it retreats, Murmuring is recognized by the peculiarly painful whine which it is constantly uttering. You hear it almost a mile off. It falls upon the ear with a very grating, distressing sound. I have heard it from a passer-by in the street, and I have heard it the moment I have entered a house. Perhaps there may

be some special trial, or things may be much as usual, but you still hear the old sound.

"No one had ever so much to bear as I have." "It is a cold, bitter world, and it gets worse and worse." "I'm a slave to work, and there is no help for it."

In some shape like this, we often hear it, and it casts a gloom wherever it comes.

Whilst now and then we meet with a joyful happy spirit, that never meets trouble half way, but is always hoping "things will mend," and sees "how much worse it might have been," and can find out a speck of blue sky in the darkest day,

there are too many, alas! who cover up their sweetest mercies beneath the bushel of fears and evil anticipations, and go on their way a misery to themselves and all about them.

I have in my mind two types of this evil. They were in very different positions in life, and their trials were also very diverse.

In one case the trial which called forth this sin was doubtless very heavy. A widow lady was left with an only son. He went to sea and the vessel was lost, and she never saw him again. It was a terrible blow; but she nursed her sorrow and would take no comfort. She said God had dealt hardly with her, and she never could believe that He was a God of love. Whatever was said to her as to God's gift of His own Son for our salvation, of His promise never to leave comfortless those who trusted in Him, it was all in vain. She still continued repining and murmuring against God; and instead of her affliction being sanctified to her soul's profit, I fear it only led her to harden her heart against God.

The other case was a more ordinary one. It was a very old story. A woman had a large family, but a sickly constitution, and her means were only just sufficient. But her troubles were made a thousand fold greater by the way she took them. You never saw a smile on her countenance, and you never heard her speak without complaining. She would complain of her landlord, of her boys, her husband, her garden, and I know not what. I knew her for years, and I think I never spoke to her but there was something of this kind. She buried herself in her troubles, and never looked at anything else. So no wonder this fox of discontent was always heard near her door.

This sin of murmuring and discontent has its root in the fallen nature of man. It tells of a wrong state of heart. It springs from the will not being subdued

to the will of God. Men forget their own sinfulness, and that they receive far less of evil than their iniquities deserve. They forget that, "God doeth according to His will in heaven and in earth, and that He giveth not account of any of His matters." They forget that this world is not to be our Paradise, but a training school for one above. They forget the constant mercies that a merciful Father is ever bestowing, whilst they fix their eye on the sorrow or disappointment that has come upon them.

Often too, discontent arises from some special cause. A man has set his heart on getting rich. All his aim and desire is to amass a fortune. But he cannot succeed. Trade is bad and orders do not come in. Few customers are seen at his counter, and he can only just pay his way. Or if his capital is invested in farming, perhaps, the seasons are not good and the crops fall short. Then he murmurs. He complains of trade or weather or whatever stands between him and success. If the love of money were not supreme, he would find it far easier to be content with his position.

Or take another cause. A young person is very fond of change. She has a good situation and a comfortable home. She has opportunities of self-improvement and a mistress who really cares for her welfare. But she is unsettled and unhappy. Her life is too quiet. She wants more excitement. So she leaves her place and loses a good situation, and perhaps in a new one has temptations which lead her further and further from true peace.

Be sure contentment can never be obtained by any change of place or circumstances. I have heard of a rich man in olden time who had many country houses and used often to go from one to another. When asked why he so often moved, he said it was to find *contentment*; but as he never found it, he missed his aim.

I remember one morning I was just starting on a journey to see a village where

I felt probably my lot might be cast for some years. As the place was far from all old friends and in many ways a very lonely one, I was not very happy in the prospect. But a Christian friend gave me a word that helped me, and I have never forgotten it. It was a verse of Madame Guyon's:—

"While place we seek or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none :
But with our God to guide our way
'Tis equal joy, to go or stay."

There is a great truth in these lines. True peace and contentment is not to be found in one spot or another. Neither is it to be found in the removal of a particular grievance or in some additional means of comfort or happiness.

I am quite aware that many things may aggravate the burden of our discontent, and something now and then may be found to lighten it ; but the true remedy lies deeper than in anything external.

St. Paul gives us two or three precious lessons as to the cure of discontent.

He reminds us that "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." It is all in vain to disturb our hearts with eagerness to grow rich. Such desire will pierce a man through with many sorrows. Nay, rather be satisfied with what is needful. Godliness is our true wealth. It is a portion we can carry with us. As to the rest, let us leave it. "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content" (See 1 Tim. vi. 6-10).

Then, in another place he gives us his own example, and the secret of it. Few had more to endure than he. Few had more privations. He had often been "in cold and hunger and nakedness." He had often been homeless and friendless. He had been exposed to the violence of bitter enemies, and to the fierce raging of the tempest. He had been reviled and beaten and stoned, and oftentimes at the very gate of death. But he had learnt to take it patiently, yea, joyfully. He could truly

say that he had learnt "in whatsoever state he was, therewith to be content." And how was this ? It was by leaning upon Christ. It was by looking to Him for grace and help. It was by the inward might of His Spirit. It was by depending upon Him for strength continually. "I can do all things," he adds, "through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. iv. 13).

Then there is one other view which he gives of this subject. The great motive for contentment is the unfailing presence of Christ. He is near, He loves me, He will care for me and provide for me, and therefore why should I murmur ? . . .

If a child of the world asks me how he can be contented under the losses and trials that come to him, I confess that I find it difficult to answer him. If you have not Christ and His love, I wonder how you can be contented. You have no true peace in your soul, you have no blessed home waiting for you above ; and all the happiness you ever get will be from the poor, fading pleasures of this world, and then—darkness and gloom and death. Your only path is to humble yourself as a sinner, and seek pardon and salvation at once through Christ. But if you are Christ's, if you have His love in your heart, you may well be content. You have His loving, unchangeable Presence. You have His sure and faithful promise : "Be content with such things as ye have : for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee" (Heb. xiii. 5).

Brother, sister in Christ, open your eyes and see the unsearchable riches stored up for you in this promise, and in all the promises assured to you in Him. You have the everlasting love of the great King. You have all your need supplied out of God's full bounty. You have a clear title to an inheritance above. You have an horizon of bliss, that stretches out far beyond the limit of all human thought. Think of all this, and see if you have not reason to be content.

If a man lose a shilling, and gain a thousand pounds, ought he to grieve over the shilling he has lost? If you find a poor man and give him what is needful for his present wants, and can assure him of a great property that belongs to him, and of which he will shortly come into possession, ought he to complain and murmur if for the present moment he has much to put up with?

And is not this but a faint parallel between the Christian's present trials and future prospects? What are all present losses, troubles, sufferings, disappointments, compared with the everlasting love of God and the blessed portion it brings?

I would give the Christian one parting word in conclusion. If you want to be a happy, contented, praising Christian, keep near to Christ and receive much from Him. If you want a bird in a cage to sing, you must give it plenty of fresh air, suitable food, and put it in the sunshine. If you

want the soul to sing with joyfulness and praise and thanksgiving, you must act in the same way.

Let there be the balmy air of heartfelt prayer and communion with God. Let there be the wholesome food of the promises of God and the teachings of His Word. Let there be the sunshine of Christ's presence and love. Abide in His love; keep in the sunshine. Watch against all unbelief, covetousness, and earthly care. So shall you ever be contented and at rest. If cross winds blow, if earthly gourds wither, if pleasant streams dry up, if bright flowers fade, if all joys below prove as a passing dream, you will still find peace. Looking up to Jesus, you will be able to leave all with Him.

"If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
Thy will be done!"

The Cottage Garden.



H, yes, the Cotter's Garden!
It is great joy to me,
This little, precious piece of
ground
Before his door to see.

All day upon some weary task
He toileth with good will;

And back he comes, at set of sun,
His garden-plot to till.

He knows where grow his wallflowers,
And when they will be out;
His moss-rose, and convolvulus
That twines his pales about.

He knows his red sweet-williams,
And the stocks that cost him dear,—
That well-set row of crimson stocks,—
For he bought the seed last year.

And there, before the little bench,
O'ershadow'd by the bower,

Grow southernwood and lemon-thyme,
Sweet-pea and gillyflower;

And pinks and clove carnations,
Rich scented, side by side;
And at each end a hollyhock,
With an edge of London-pride.

And here comes good old grandmother,
When her day's work is done;
And here they bring the sickly babe,
To cheer it in the sun.

And here, on Sabbath mornings,
The good man comes to get
His Sunday nosegay—moss-rose bud,
White pink, and mignonette.

And here on Sabbath evenings,
Until the stars are out,
With a little one in either hand,
He walketh all about.

For though his garden-plot is small,
Him doth it satisfy;
And every inch within its bound
Comes underneath his eye.

Yes! in the cottage garden grow
Far more than herbs and flowers,—
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of
And joy for weary hours. [mind,
MARY HOWITT.

England's Martyr-Bishops.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK.

V. NICHOLAS RIDLEY, BISHOP AND MARTYR.



MID the ranks of "the noble army of martyrs" there stands none more prominently forth than the celebrated Nicholas Ridley, sometime Bishop of London. His deep learning, his eminent position in society, his noble and manly bearing in the face of the most trying dangers,—all alike tend to establish his fair fame, and to perpetuate his memorial to remotest posterity.

Ridley was born in the early part of the sixteenth century, in the county of North-umberland. Several places in that county claim the honour of having been his birth-place. His friend and college companion, Dr. Turner, gives the disputed palm to the village of Wilmontswick.* Ridley received his early education in the town of Newcastle-on-Tyne, entered Cambridge University in 1518, was elected Fellow of Pembroke Hall in 1524, and subsequently became Master of Pembroke. Having ministered successively in various benefices, he was, in 1547, appointed Bishop of Rochester by Henry VIII., and in three years after was by Edward VI. translated to the diocese of London, and at last by Queen Mary's hands received his highest promotion, translated by her means to heaven.

The cause (humanly speaking) of Ridley's conversion from Popery was the

study of Bertram's celebrated "Book of the Sacrament." His intercourse with Cranmer and Peter Martyr also tended much to his instruction in the truth. Accordingly, we find the doctrines of transubstantiation and the mass to have been the points on which he most constantly discussed; and by reason of his protest against these dogmas of the Church of Rome, he was ultimately condemned to death. By natural temperament he was gentle, amiable, and charitable, abounding in all good works. His preaching was much blessed to the people, who, as Foxe says, "swarmed like bees" to the churches in which he preached. He faithfully and diligently fulfilled the duties of his episcopal office, until the accession of Queen Mary re-introduced the fatal code of Romish persecution into the realm of England. Together with many other faithful and devoted servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, Ridley was arrested and conducted to the Tower. Thence he was sent to Oxford as a prisoner on the 10th of March, 1554, in company with Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Latimer, Bishop of Worcester.

On the 17th of April (1554) Bishop Ridley was led forth into the Divinity School in Oxford to dispute with certain learned Romish theologians. The propositions (three in number) were the same as those on which Cranmer disputed on the day before, and Latimer on the day

* Works of Bishop Ridley (Parker Society), App. iii.

following, as given in our account of Latimer's life in our last number.

Ridley's positions in the discussion of these several topics were purely Protestant; and these positions he maintained with much firmness and erudition in the face of all his opponents. One question proposed by him is worthy of note, as being equally important in the present day. Speaking of the sacrificial claims of the Romish "priesthood," he inquired,—“After what order is the sacrificing priest—whether after the order of Aaron, or else after the order of Melchizedek? For, as far as I know, said he, the Holy Scripture doth allow no more.”

A puzzling question this! The order of Aaron has passed away, “for the weakness and unprofitableness thereof”; and the order of Melchizedek includes but *one* Priest, and no more—even Jesus, the great High Priest. Well did Ridley ask, and well may we, too, repeat his inquiry,—To what order of *sacrificing* priests does the Roman priest belong? Ridley's learned antagonists evaded the question.*

These disputations of Ridley were duly registered against him; as were also the disputations of Cranmer and Latimer reserved in store for them. A commission was accordingly formed by Cardinal Pole, in order to try all three for their free speech in the Oxford discussions. The commissioners appointed to try this cause were the Bishops of Lincoln, Bristol, and Gloucester. They opened the Commission for the trial of Ridley and Latimer on the 30th of September, 1555.

The characteristic bearing of Ridley in the presence of this Papal commission is worthy of special notice; indicating, as it did, the manly courage and unflinching consistency of the venerable martyr. Ridley

stood before a Papal tribunal. To this he as an Englishman owed no allegiance. He would have gladly stood at Cæsar's judgment-seat. But in this case he stood before an ecclesiastical commission, appointed by the Pope, and as such contrary to the laws of the realm, and therefore an illegally constituted court. Accordingly, when Ridley was brought before them, the moment the commissioners quoted the authority by which they were constituted to judge this cause, the venerable bishop replaced his cap on his head. At this the commissioners took offence, and desired him to uncover his head in their presence, and out of deference to their delegated authority.

Ridley replied with vigour, and evidently with some warmth, after the following truly constitutional form:—

“As touching that you said, my lord, that you of your own persons, desire neither cap nor knee, but only require the same in consideration that you represent the Cardinal Grace's person, I do you to wit, and thereupon make my protestation, that I did put on my cap at the naming of the Cardinal's Grace, neither for any contumacy that I bear towards your own person, neither for any derogation of honour to the Lord Cardinal's Grace: for I know him to be a man worthy of all humility, reverence, and honour, in that he came of the most regal blood, and in that he is a man endued with manifold graces of learning and virtue. And as touching these virtues and points, I, with all humility [therewith he put off his cap, and bowed his knee] and obeisance that I may, will reverence and honour his Grace. But in that he is legate to the Bishop of Rome [and therewith he put on his cap], whose usurped supremacy and abused authority I utterly refuse and renounce, I may in nowise give any obeisance or honour unto him, lest that my so doing and behaviour might be prejudicial to mine oath, and a derogation to the verity of God's Word. And therefore I have put on my cap.”†

This noble protest against the influence

* The word “priest” in itself means only a presbyter, or elder (*πρεσβύτερος*), and in this way the word is used in the Common Prayer Book. The Church of Rome, however, calls her priests a *sacrificing* priesthood (*tepeis*). We therefore ask, To what order do these priests belong?

† Foxe, vol. vii., p. 519. (Seeley, 1847.)

and executive of a "foreign potentate," ought to convey a lesson of deep instruction to this our own generation. Thrice was Ridley admonished, and thrice did he decline to pay any mark of respect to a Papal tribunal. The court official was then commanded to pluck his cap from his head, and "Master Ridley, bowing his head to the officer, gently permitted him to take away his cap."

They then proceeded to business. Ridley was admonished to recant his "heresy," and to return to the communion of the Church of Rome. To which exhortation of the Bishop of Lincoln, he rejoined:—

"My lord, I perfectly know and am thoroughly persuaded that my doctrine and religion are grounded not upon man's imagination and decrees, but upon the infallible truth of Christ's Gospel; and I cannot look back, and return to the Romish See, contrary to mine oath, contrary to the prerogative and crown of this realm, and especially

(which moveth me most) contrary to the expressed Word of God."

This manly protest was maintained throughout; and accordingly, on the following day (1st Oct.), his final sentence was pronounced by the commission, as follows:—

"We, therefore (the said John of Lincoln, James of Gloucester, John of Bristol), do judge and condemn the said Nicholas Ridley as a heretic, and so adjudge him presently, both by word and also in deed, to be degraded from the degree of a bishop, from priesthood, and all ecclesiastical order; declaring, moreover, the said Nicholas Ridley to be no member of the Church, and therefore commit him to the *secular powers*; of them to receive the punishment according to the tenor of the *temporal laws*; and further excommunicating him by the great excommunication."

Be it remembered, this was Rome's proof of transubstantiation and the mass! This was Rome's reply to Ridley's arguments!

Ridley returned to his imprisonment under sentence of death.

(To be continued.)

Workmen's Flower Show and Home Encouragement Society.

BY THE EDITOR.



AND-in-hand with the movement for improving the dwellings of the working-classes, is that of fostering among the dwellers themselves the love of the simple comforts and pleasures of Home. As a means to this end there should be in every populous locality a "Workmen's Flower Show and Home Encouragement Society."

A very successful exhibition of this kind was not long since held at Notting Hill. It would be difficult to enter into a detailed account of the many articles exhibited. The men furnished principally flowers, fruits, and models; the housewives dis-

played rugs, stockings, quilts, and shirts; and the children flowers and dolls. A tea-caddy consisting of no less than 1,947 pieces, was a most creditable specimen of workmanship. The children exhibited some hundreds of dolls, of all sizes, complexions, and costumes.

The Earl of Shaftesbury, who is ready to engage in every good work, distributed the prizes. Before doing so he uttered a number of golden sayings which were worth ten times more than the prizes themselves. Since we cannot distribute the prizes to our readers, we will do what we hope will be of still greater service to them, and place in their hands the admirable address of England's "noble" philanthropist. After expressing the pleasure it gave

him to be present at what he considered the revival of a system which at one time prevailed extensively over the metropolis, Lord Shaftesbury continued thus:—

"I think no better plan for the education of children and the improvement of the working-classes could be instituted. Its temporary falling-off I attribute to the difficulty which arises from the want of that continued supervision of the home life of the working-classes which is required. I would suggest that the prizes given to women for clean and tidy homes should be in the form of money; because, in addition to the labour, there is a certain amount of expense requisite to keep a house up to the required standard. My inspection of the Exhibition convinces me that it evidences a large amount of occupation and home labour, the employment and assistance of wives and children, and abstinence from the ginshop and beer-house. It also involves the self-improvement consequent upon a change of subject from that which occupies the chief business of a man's daily life. I confess I am a little puzzled to account for the exhibition of new-laid eggs, as I conceive there would be a difficulty in judging as to their soundness unless by eating them. However, there are doubtless persons present of sufficient cunning to decide this matter.

"All children should be trained in the cultivation of flowers, for I hold there is nothing more humanizing or more spiritual in effect; and I know instances of children in the most degraded parts of the country brought into the highest state of refinement by the culture of flowers. A child watching the daily growth of a flower, sees the operation of an unseen power ever at work; and, from learning the necessity of water and light to its existence, receives an idea of those sanitary principles about which there is now so much contention. Window-gardening casts light and life into the most dismal domiciles, and many of the wretched habitations in the East of London are made comparatively cheerful by this means. I believe the love of flowers is inherent in human nature. Bacon said: 'God Almighty first planted a garden, and it is the purest of human pleasures.' It was this inherent love that prompted the children of the poorest to stick a cabbage-stalk between the

flags, and, having surrounded it with a piece of parsley, call it a garden.

"By the neglect of our forefathers, London has been constructed upon such principles that many of the streets are so narrow that I could not stretch both arms in them without touching the houses. It is only by improving the inner life of the dwellers in these places that we can hope to better their moral or physical condition, and I do not think this can be achieved in a better way, on a small scale, than by offering these prizes for clean and tidy homes. In this matter they should remember not to be over scrupulous as to what should be required, because that which was most necessary to substantially improve a home was often wanting; so that, if a person went as far as labour could go, much more could not be expected. Some time ago, in an examination I made of twenty-three houses in a street in Whitechapel, in none of them could I find either a pail or scrubbing-brush. Many people in the district did not know the use of these articles. A number of brushes and pails, with a portion of whitewash, were supplied, and although some used them others said they would be content to proceed in the manner in which their fathers had done, and, for their parts, would be willing to go to their graves without using them. I want these Societies by their prizes to lift these people out of this state. The condition of a man's home is one of the great secrets of his purity of conduct and rectitude of thought. With the degree of knowledge of a large portion of people in the East of London, I do not believe it possible that either the teaching of religion or the efforts of the City Mission can produce any permanent effect. Therefore, this work is a grand preliminary to the reception of the Gospel; it lies at the root of their strength as a nation, and, unless the evil were remedied, all the efforts of the School Board, or of private individuals, will be like so much beating of the wind."

Our working friends, and those who wish to help them in the best way, namely, to help themselves, will do well to ponder these words of wisdom; and we hope many will act upon them when they have pondered them.

Natural History Anecdotes.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS," ETC.

XXII. THE GRATEFUL PIKE.



At a meeting of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Institution, the following curious facts were narrated by Dr. Warwick, one of the members, with respect to instinct in animals.

He stated that when he resided at Dunham, the seat of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, he was walking one evening in the park, and came to a pond in which fish, intended for the table, were kept. He took notice of a fine pike about six pounds' weight, which, when it observed him, darted hastily away. On so doing, it struck its head against a tenter-hook in a post (of which there were several in the pond, placed to prevent poaching), and, as it afterwards appeared, fractured its skull, and turned the optic nerve on one side. The agony of the animal was most horrible, as evinced by its rushing to the bottom, and, burying its head in the mud, whirling itself round with such velocity that it was almost lost to the sight for a short interval. It then plunged about the pond, and at length threw itself completely out of the water on to the bank.

He (the doctor) went and examined it, and found that a very small portion of the brain was protruding from the fracture of the skull. He carefully replaced this, and with a small silver toothpick raised the indented portion of the skull. The fish remained still for a short time, and he then put it again into the pond. It appeared at first a good deal relieved, but

in a few minutes it again darted and plunged about, until it threw itself out of the pond a second time. A second time Dr. Warwick did what he could to relieve it, and again put it into the water. It continued for several times to throw itself out of the water, and, with the assistance of the keeper, the doctor made a kind of pillow for the fish, which was then left in the pond.

Upon making his appearance at the pond the following morning, the pike came towards him to the edge of the water, and actually laid its head on his foot. The doctor thought this most extraordinary; but he examined the fish's skull and found it was going on all right. He then walked backwards and forwards along the edge of the pond for some time, and the fish continued to swim up and down, turning whenever he turned; but being blind on the wounded side of its skull, it always appeared agitated when it had that side towards the bank, as it could not then see its benefactor. On the next day he took some young friends down to see the fish, which came to him as usual, and, at length, he actually taught the pike to come to him at his whistle and feed out of his hands. With other persons it continued as shy as fish usually are.

He (Dr. Warwick) thought this a most remarkable instance of gratitude in a fish for a benefit received; and as it always came at his whistle, it proved, what he had previously with other naturalists always disbelieved, that fishes are sensible to sound.

The Young Folks' Page.

XXII. MY CHICKENS; OR, TAKING CARE.



WAS a proud and happy little girl one bright morning a good many years ago, for my mother had told me that morning that I was to have the care—"the whole care"—of the brood of chickens my father had just made a home for in the yard, with their patient, yet fussy, old mother. I was to feed them three times a day, see that their water-dish was kept well supplied, and, above all, to shut them up at night. "And now remember," said my mother, as she turned to go into the house, "that you must have care and not forget them."

Now I was a very careless little girl, and maybe my mother thought that if I felt that anything was really depending on me I should grow more careful. At any rate, as I stood watching those tiny, downy little things, I thought, "Surely I shall always remember them." Their house was a very primitive one—an old flour-barrel turned down on its side—two stakes driven each side to keep it steady, while another stake in front held securely the board, which each night I was to slide down in front, and so shut them in safe. I stood and watched my father as he went into the barn. He first got some nice, soft hay and put in the barrel; and then, going up to the "meal-tub," he showed me just how much meal and how much water I must mix for them, in a little wooden dish



MY CHICKENS; OR, TAKING CARE.

he provided for me. I gave my chicks their first breakfast, and then went into the house for my own.

How many hours for the first few weeks of those chickens' lives I spent with them! Something better than meal and water they often got from me, for many a piece of bread and butter and slice of gingerbread did they share with me. The dear, little, soft things! I think now, as I used to think then, *little chicks* are the cunningest pets one can find.

But at first I came very near killing them with kindness, for I fancied they would like to get out of the dark barrel early in the morning; and my mother was obliged to tell me that while they were so young it would not do to let them run about in the wet, dewy grass. But the warm summer days came on; and the chicks grew apace, and grew to be "an old story" too. My old, careless habits began to get the upper hand of me.

My mother often had to ask, "Bessie, have you let those chickens out?" I used to forget, once in a while, to feed them too. Mother was very patient with me, and never scolded very hard about it.

But one night I came rushing home from school, followed close by my little sister, both of us begging to go with some of our companions to the meadow for wild strawberries. "We cannot wait for any supper, mother. Just give us some cake in our baskets, and let us go."

Mother cut generous slices of cake, and gave us our baskets, and, getting a promise from us to be back at sunset, let us go with the other little girls.

We had a merry time, and filled our baskets, besides staining our faces, fingers, and aprons with the berries; and my sister and I were two tired little girls as we bade our companions good-night at our own door. We were so tired that, after eating a bowl of bread and milk, I proposed going immediately to bed. We were half way up the stairs that led to our little room when mother called, "Have you shut up your chickens, Bessie?"

I stood still. Poor chicks! they had not had any supper even. With a sigh I turned back, and, running to the barn, hastily mixed some meal for them. It was almost dark. The little things, now about half grown, were already snug in the barrel with their mother. I threw a few spoonfuls of meal down near the front of the barrel, and called, "Chick! Chick!" But only one or two came out. The old hen was wise enough to keep still. Probably she thought late suppers injurious, for she only gave a sleepy "Chuck! Chuck!" as if to say,

"Keep quiet, children." I waited a moment or two for the ones who came out to eat; but, being tired and sleepy, I was impatient, and presently drove them into the barrel, and, hastily dropping the board down between it and the stake, ran into the house.

The next morning my mother had to call me more than once; and her warning, "It is too bad to keep your chicks so long shut up this hot morning," at last roused me. I dressed and ran out to the barrel, but I stood in amaze when I got in sight of my poor chicks' house. The board was down, to be sure. Down, alas! very secure; for underneath it, pinned close to the ground, were the heads of two of my prettiest chicks. I saw how it was in an instant. In my eager haste the night before I had jammed the hard board down on their pretty necks, thrust out for one more bit of meal; and there they were,—dead, killed by my own hand. With the tears running down my cheeks I pulled up the board, and drew out their little stiff bodies, all soiled now by the trampling of their brothers and sisters, who had been "peeping" for an hour to get out.

Sobbing and crying, I carried them to my mother. When she had heard the story she said, "How could you be so careless?"

"That is it," I kept repeating to myself; "I am so careless." Even the old hen, I used to imagine, looked at me reproachfully, and seemed to say, "You killed two of my children."

About a week after I was taken suddenly and seriously ill. For two or three days I was so ill I did not take much notice of anything; but on the fourth day I felt better, and began to look about me. My mother was sitting by me, fanning me, when I started up, exclaiming, "Has anybody fed my chickens?"

"Dear child!" said a voice from the other side of the bed; "how much care she always has!"

It was a neighbour who had come in to see me. "Ah!" I thought, "she wouldn't say so if she knew how I killed two of them;" and I wondered mother didn't tell her. But mother only said, "The chickens had been looked after."

I soon got well again, but my chickens had taught me a lesson I was not likely to forget. For many summers after that I had the care of successive broods of chicks, but I never murdered any more.

Perhaps some of the "young folks" who read *Home Words* will learn the lesson too, and remember the duty of "taking care."

THE BIBLE MINE SEARCHED.



We hope many Sunday-School Teachers will arrange to receive answers to these Bible Questions from their scholars during each current month. Probably a Prize would stimulate interest. Answers are not to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. W. S. LEWIS, M.A., VICAR OF ST. GEORGE'S, WORTHING.

THE BEASTS OF THE FOREST.

It pleased God, on a certain occasion, to send a very exalted messenger to certain beasts of the forest which were gathered together at that time in a place by themselves. We are not told that this glorious messenger addressed himself to the beasts; but they acted as though he had, and as though they had understood what he said.

We are also told of several other messengers of the same exalted kind long afterwards sent to another place full of wild beasts; and we are sure, also, that these wild beasts behaved like those before named.

Who was present on the first of these occasions? And who on the second? And what kind of testimony did the two persons referred to bear to one another, though living, as they did, at such widely different times?

ANSWERS (See July Number).

A CELEBRATED CITY.

The city was Hebron; and the traveller, Caleb, the son of Jephunneh. We read of his visit when one of the spies, in Numbers xiii. 6, 22; and of the grant of the territory to him forty-five years afterwards by his fellow traveller Joshua, in Josh. xiv. 10, 13, 14. That Joshua was like him and unlike all the rest we learn from Num. xiv. 6-9, 30, 36-38.

The name of the three giants are given in Josh. xv. 14. How and for whom the city became a residence and a refuge is told us in Josh. 9-12; xx. 1-7.

The names of the king, the rebel, and the commander are recorded in 2 Sam. ii. 4; 1 Chron. iii. 1, 2; 2 Sam. iii. 22.

Finally, the stories told in Gen. xxiii. 19, xlix. 29-31, show that at the time of Caleb's visit this city of Hebron was "already famous in the history of this race."





If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God,
JAS. I. 5.

- | | | |
|---|----|--|
| 1 | W | A wise son maketh a glad father. Prov. xv. 20. |
| 2 | Th | He that getteth wisdom loveth his own soul. Ps. |
| 3 | F | Wisdom excelleth folly. Eccles. ii. 13. [xix. 8. |
| 4 | S | Wisdom is a defence. Eccles. vii. 12. |
| 5 | S | 10th S. aft. Trin. Get wisdom, get understanding. |
| 6 | M | Keep sound wisdom and discretion. Prov. iii. 21. |
| 7 | Tu | He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous. Prov. |
| 8 | W | He that keepeth understanding shall find good. |

Who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.
JAS. I. 5.

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 9 | Th | A wise man will hear. Prov. i. 5. (Prov. ix. 10. |
| 10 | F | The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. |
| 11 | S | The wise shall inherit glory. Prov. iii. 35. |
| 12 | S | 11th S. aft. Trin. A man of understanding shall attain |
| 13 | M | Wisdom is better than rubies. Prov. viii. 11. [wisdom. |
| 14 | Tu | I wisdom dwell with prudence. Prov. viii. 12. |
| 15 | W | Wise men lay up knowledge. Prov. x. 14. |
| 16 | Th | With the lowly is wisdom. Prov. xi. 2. |

WHEN WISDOM ENTERETH INTO THINE HEART . . DISCRETION SHALL PRESERVE THEE.
PROV. II. 10, 11.

Christ . . . the wisdom of God.
1 Cor. I. 24.

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 17 | F | The words of a wise man are gracious. Eccles. x. 12. |
| 18 | S | How much better is it to get wisdom than gold. |
| 19 | S | 12th S. aft. Trin. O ye simple, understand wisdom. |
| 20 | M | In the mouth of the foolish is a rod of pride. Prov. |
| 21 | Tu | He that refraineth his lips is wise. Prov. x. 19. [xiv. 3. |
| 22 | W | A wise son heareth his father's instruction. |
| 23 | Th | Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom. Jer. ix. 23. |
| 24 | F | St. BARTHOLOMEW. Preach the Word. 2 Tim. iv. 2. |

Who, of God, is made unto us wisdom.
1 Cor. I. 30.

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 25 | S | Wisdom is better than strength. Eccles. ix. 16. |
| 26 | S | 13th S. after Trinity. The Lord giveth wisdom. Prov. ii. 6. |
| 27 | M | A foolish son is a grief to his father. Prov. xvii. 25. |
| 28 | Tu | A foolish man despiseth his mother. Prov. xv. 20. |
| 29 | W | The folly of fools is deceit. Prov. xiv. 8. |
| 30 | Th | Shame shall be the promotion of fools. Prov. iii. 35. |
| 31 | F | They that be wise shall shine. Dan. xii. 3. |

I HAVE no wisdom, save in Him who is My Wisdom and my Teacher, both in One; No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise, No teaching do I crave, save Thine alone.

Not mine, not mine the choice, In things or great or small; Be Thou my Guide, my Strength, My Wisdom, and my all.—Bonar.

THE true philosopher will often say, "I only know that I do not know."
What folly can equal his who prepares in the course of his life for everything except death?—Anon.
The harvest of spiritual seed, sown in faith and love, will astonish the reaper.—C. B.



Drawn by E. STEVENS.

THE HARVEST WAIN.

"The mowers and the reapers
Gather round the final load,

| And the Harvest flag is waving
As it moves along the road."



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

Harvest Home.

BY BENJAMIN GOUGH, AUTHOR OF "KENTISH LYRICS," ETC.

"They joy before Thee according to the joy in Harvest."—*Isa. ix. 3.*

BEAUTIFUL in quiet change,
Seasons in harmonious range
Sweetly come and gently go,
Silently as flakes of snow.

Winter thaws his ice-bound wing
On the fervid breast of Spring;
Ruddy Spring—when Summer comes,
Crowns her with her choice perfumes;
Until Summer lays her down
In her robe of russet-brown—
Smiling Autumn's sober dress,
Autumn in her loveliness.

Resting on this hillock mound,
Cast a grateful look around,
Upward to yon glorious hills,
Where the mighty ploughshare tills,
On the sloping upland side,
O'er the valleys far and wide,
Where the silvery river flows
In its Sabbath-like repose.
See the waving crops of corn!
Peace is come, of plenty born;
Autumn bends beneath her load,
Reverently worships God.

Hark the rustling of the scythe!
Stalwart labourers, strong and lithe,
Sweep the swathes of yielding grain,
Bind the sheaves or load the wain.
Here are ranks of stacks arrayed,
There the thatcher plies his trade.
Yonder see a busy throng,
Listen! 'tis the gleaners' song.
Sunshine glows and nature smiles
To reward the peasant's toils;
Autumn's joys again are come,
Autumn's glory, Harvest Home.

Harvest Home—let man and beast
Share in God's autumnal feast,
Take the boon—so freely given,
Daily bread sent down from Heaven;
Praise the Giver, heart and voice;
Children, shout ye—men, rejoice;
Clap your hands, ye verdant woods!
Cheer creation's solitudes.
Reapers, sing in festive mirth,
Sing beside the cottage hearth,
Under heaven's cathedral dome
Sing in chorus, Harvest Home.

Harvest Wealth.

"ALL the other riches in the world—its
coal, iron, gold, and jewels—failing the
riches of our golden harvest-fields, were

worthless as the dust beneath our feet.
'Give us this day our daily bread.'—
Hugh Macmillan.

“Only Once”; or, Rose Benson and Robin Lethbridge.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF “THE HOUSE ON THE WOLD,” ETC.

CHAPTER VII

DEPARTURE.



THE last evening had come, and just as the clock chimed six from the church tower the luxurious carriage sent for Mr. Hylton from Lyehampton drove away from the blacksmith's cottage.

The young squire, who was accompanied by Dr. Sandford and his faithful servant Barnes, raised himself several times to wave his hand to the group at the garden gate; and there were some who saw that Rose's face was pale, and, as they expressed it, she looked somehow “different.”

She felt different; the calm, even current of her life had been disturbed. She had been brought in contact with a new element. She had read many books to Mr. Hylton, and these books had been mostly stories of a world of which she had hitherto known nothing, written in the sensational and unwholesome tone of so many of these productions in the present day. The reading had amused the invalid, and he liked to watch the keen interest of the reader as she went through the details of tragic scenes which had long ago lost all freshness for him. Rose had naturally a musical voice, while her soft provincial accent was by no means displeasing to the ear; and many were the compliments which Mr. Hylton paid to her reading. All this was by no means good for Rose, and it was with a sense of thankfulness that Mrs. Tyndall saw the carriage vanish in the distance in the blue haze of the summer evening, and the servants who had been sent to pack up all their young master's possessions depart soon after in the luggage cart.

“Lyehampton is not the other end of the world, Rose,” Mr. Hylton had said; “we shall meet again. I daresay you come into Cranchester sometimes.”

Rose had said, “No, I never go anywhere”; but now, as she stood leaning against the gate, the remembrance of Sophy Smith's

invitation returned to her mind. Perhaps she might go to Cranchester and see him again.

The colour rose to her face at the very thought, and she looked almost guilty when Mrs. Tyndall spoke to her. She was quite near her before she even knew of her presence.

“Rose,” she said kindly, for by the ready instinct which seldom failed her she guessed what was passing in the girl's mind,—“Rose, I have to walk to the other end of the village to see poor Mary Guest, who is much worse. I want to take her an air cushion and several little things; will you come too, and help me to carry them?”

Rose turned rather slowly from the gate, and glancing at her dress said,—

“I am not ready, ma'am. I must change my dress to walk with you.”

“No, no, Rose; what could be prettier than that lilac cotton? Get your hat, and come; the day has been so hot that the cool evening air will be refreshing, and to-morrow you will have to be busy putting the house in order. Your father will be glad to come back to his own room again, and you must have found the little attic in the roof very hot.”

“Oh, no, I didn't,” Rose said quickly; “and I was very glad father should have my room.”

Rose went into the cottage to prepare for her walk; and the blacksmith, who had gone into the forge when the carriage had driven off, now came out. Touching his cap respectfully to the vicar's lady, he remarked on the heat of the weather.

“They were afraid to move the young squire in the broiling heat; he will be home by eight o'clock taking it gently.”

“You have been most kind in giving up your own comfort for all these weeks,” Mrs. Tyndall said. “I am sure it must be a relief to be able to return to your usual habits again.”

“Oh! well,” said Jack Benson, “I don't deny I'm not sorry he is well gone, and it has

been trying to my Rose. She looks different somehow, and I fancy she is rather worn out waiting on the young gent. Read, read, read all day, and always at his beck and call; and scarce a stitch of work has she got through, and—not that I wish to complain—that's a loss to her."

"I hope you will be well remunerated, and I cannot doubt it," Mrs. Tyndall said.

"That's as it may be, of course. I am not the one to refuse payment for the board and so on, but I am not grasping. I earn my bread as my father did before me, and never wanted great things. My Rose is my only one, and I hope won't be leaving me yet, though there be those who want to take her."

Rose had not yet appeared, and Mrs. Tyndall, bidding the blacksmith good evening, asked him to tell her that she had gone over to the vicarage to fetch a basket, and would meet her. When at last Rose came down, her father had seated himself in the porch with his paper before him.

"I am in my old seat, my girl," he said. "It's not so bad, after all, to be master of one's house again. Why, Rose, what bit of finery is that?"

Rose hastily said, "Nothing, father," but not before he had caught the gleam of something glittering on her neck. At this moment Robin Lethbridge came slowly up to the gate.

"Aye, Robin, my lad; I am glad to see you; and how goes the world with you? Sit down and have a chat; it will be like old times, for since the gentry have been here I have seen less of you than I liked. Come, make yourself at home."

But Robin stood awkwardly with the gate in his hand, and had eyes and ears for no one but Rose.

"Will you take a turn with me, Rose?" he said, seeing her with her hat on and evidently prepared for a walk.

"No, thank you," was the answer; "I am going to the vicarage; good bye."

And before he could detain her she had slipped past him with something of her old swift alacrity, towards the vicarage grounds.

"She is going to help the vicar's lady to carry somewhat to a sick girl; but, come, sit

down, Robin, and tell us what news there is from the war. I should like to hear what the Prussians are after, and I have not had a word with the young squire's men to-day; they have been so busy packing up their goods and chattels. They have been here close on six weeks."

Robin made an inarticulate murmur, which if it had been put into words would have been, "Six weeks too long."

CHAPTER VIII

MARY.

Rose found Mrs. Tyndall ready, with a basket and air-cushion, and they set out together, walking slowly, for the evening was sultry and hot. They turned off the common into bowery lanes, where the honeysuckle breathed a sweet perfume, and the dog roses were opening their fair pink and white flowers, and the wild briony hung in graceful wreaths.

"Did you ever see Mary Guest, Rose?" Mrs. Tyndall asked.

"Yes, ma'am; I have seen her," Rose answered, in an indifferent tone. "She is very ill, isn't she?"

"She is dying," Mrs. Tyndall said. "She has had a sad and troubled life of late; but it will soon be over now, and she is very happy. I want you to see her."

Rose made no reply, and they walked on silently till they reached the Guests' cottage, which stood, with two others, in a little enclosure, divided into lots for the tenants.

Mary Guest's father was a farm-labourer, and was very poor. His wife was a thrifty, hard-working woman, struggling to bring up a large family, of which Mary was the eldest. She had a loud, sharp voice and a rough manner, but a tender heart was hidden beneath a somewhat unattractive exterior. Mrs. Guest was hanging out some clothes on the big lavender bushes when Mrs. Tyndall and Rose came up the cottage garden. She came forward at once, and three or four little curly headed children at the gate ran off down the lane, their mother screaming after them not "to make such a racket, with their poor sister lying ill."

"She is very bad to-day, ma'am," Mrs. Guest said, in answer to Mrs. Tyndall's

inquiry. "So fainty and weak. Why," she added, "this is Rose Benson, isn't it? I heard you have had grand doings in your place. When Matthew took one of the cart-horses to be shod, he said there was a lot of fine folks at Mr. Benson's. Is the young gent better? I heard he had hurt his head, so that he was never likely to be himself again. Yes, ma'am, please to come in," Mrs. Guest continued, opening the door without waiting for an answer to her question. "Here's the vicar's lady, Mary, come to see you."

Poor Mary was lying back in a chair by the window, gasping for air; her long fair hair lay in masses about her shoulders, and an old shawl was wrapped around her.

Rose drew back involuntarily. She had last seen Mary in the fulness of life and health, and now death was written in her face. The bright colour rose for a moment to the pallid cheeks, and then faded, leaving them whiter than before, though a sweet smile played over the wan, sunken features.

Mrs. Tyndall put the air cushion under the girl's shoulders, and taking the basket from Rose's hand she brought out some little delicacies and a bottle of raspberry vinegar. The sick girl eagerly swallowed some, and it seemed to revive her. Then Mrs. Tyndall smoothed her tangled hair with a gentle touch, and bathed her forehead and hands with water.

Rose stood by while Mrs. Tyndall read words from God's own book. She then repeated a hymn, which seemed to comfort her—the same hymn which has sounded like music in many ears, when heart and flesh fail:

"Jesus, Refuge of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
When the surging waters roll,
When the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last."

"Other Refuge have I none," Mary repeated; "but I have that, and He is always the same. I try to be patient, ma'am," she said, looking up with a pathetic earnestness; "and it will not be long now."

"No, Mary, not very long. I think," Mrs. Tyndall answered,

"Come nearer me. You are Miss Benson, aren't you?" the sick girl said, turning her large dark eyes on Rose. "I hope you will be always as well and happy as you are now. Yet if trouble comes, I hope you will have Jesus near, as I have."

Rose bent down and kissed the pale forehead, and said,

"Thank you, I am sure."

"Come and see me again. Does she know all about me?" Mary asked of Mrs. Tyndall. "If not, tell her; tell her, ma'am, will you? It may do her good."

So on their way home Mrs. Tyndall did tell Rose Mary's sad history; of her anxiety to get away from the country; of her giving up a good quiet place in Burnly to take one in Cranchester, where the servants were not properly guarded from temptation, but allowed too much liberty,—out of an evening in the crowded busy thoroughfare, and no care exercised beyond the work they did and how it was done; if that was satisfactory, the rest was thought of little importance. Poor Mary made very bad acquaintances, and was persuaded by them to give up going to church on Sunday, and to take pleasure instead. One afternoon she was out on the river near Cranchester, with some giddy, foolish companions, when the boat was upset close to the bank by mismanagement, and they were all thrown in the water. Mary was wetted through, of course; and it was no wonder that, in walking home in the face of a bitter east wind she caught cold. Inflammation of the lungs brought her to the very brink of the grave, and when she was able to be moved, after a partial rally, she only came home to die.

"But," said Mrs. Tyndall, "I think Mary is happier now than she ever was in her days of health."

Rose made no reply to this. They walked on silently, and nothing more was said till they came to the vicarage gate, and Rose gave the empty basket into Mrs. Tyndall's hand.

"Thank you, and good-night, Rose. May God bless you."

Something in Rose's heart stirred in response to the gently spoken words, and the girl replied, "Thank you, ma'am, for being so kind to me." And so they parted.

(To be continued.)

Little Foxes and the Tender Grapes.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE WRONG TRAIN;"
"BENEATH THE CROSS," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

ENVY AND DISCONTENT.



"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes."—*Song. Sol. ii. 15.*

ENVY—a little Fox, and yet a great and terrible one.

It is little, for it can lurk unseen in the remotest corner of the heart. It can hide itself unperceived where you would never suspect its presence. But it is *great* and *terrible*, for it bears the closest resemblance to the great prince of evil, and is the source and spring of the greatest crimes.

Can we call it a little *Fox*? It certainly spoils all the tender grapes of love, kindness, benevolence, and the like. But still I think it deserves a worse name. I would rather call it by the name given by Jacob to Dan: "A serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horseheels so that his rider shall fall backward."

Yes, it is one of an evil brood. Malice, jealousy, envying, bitterness,—what are all these but deadly scorpions, serpents, crocodiles, with evil eyes ever seeking their prey, ever with the poison of slander and evil-speaking doing endless mischief and bringing untold misery to themselves as well as their victims?

But we speak of Envy. It is painted in no fair colours in the Word. Its deadly doings are unfolded before us, and we may see plainly how watchfully we should avoid it. "A sound heart is the life of the flesh; but envy the rottenness of the bones," "Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous; but who is able to stand before envy?"—Prov. xiv. 30; xxvii. 4.

Envy—what has it done? Let us see. Go to the first congregation that ever

assembled for Divine worship. Two brothers meet and bring their offerings. One is brought in faith, obedience, and humility. The other is brought in a very different spirit. The offering itself was not acceptable, neither was the temper and spirit of him who brought it. So the sacrifice of Abel is marked with God's approval, but that of his elder brother is rejected. Then comes envy. Cain hates his brother and lifts up his hand against him. The first murder has been wrought, and righteous Abel lies slain beside his altar.

And does not this evil affection still come into mar the worship and the service of God? Whence comes too often the strife that creeps into the Church, the Sunday school, the vestry-meeting, or the assemblies of the Church's pastors or officers? One man is preferred to a higher position or to a higher class. One member is invited to speak or pray, whilst another is not. A certain pew is a great bone of contention, and offence is taken if other persons are asked to sit in it. One person is supposed to be slighted because not asked to be present on such an occasion. Ah! where is the parish and congregation where such things as these have not disturbed the peace and harmony that ought ever to prevail in the Church of God?

But take another example of envy. There is a large family of brothers. One of them, a younger one, walks in the fear of God, whilst the others walk in the way of their own eyes. The younger brother is a favourite with his father and receives special proofs of his love. More than this,

he has dreamed a dream. The sheaves in the field make obeisance to his sheaf. He dreams again, and the sun and moon and stars bow down to him. He tells his dreams, and this stirs up the anger and jealousy of his brethren. So they wait for an opportunity to do him harm. At length they are with him in the field, and rise up against him and cast him into a pit. Then covetousness comes in, and they sell him to the Midianites. They deceive their old father by saying that his son has been slain by some evil beast. Meanwhile Joseph is carried into Egypt and serves in Potiphar's house.

Ah; what years of misery did envy thus bring into this family. And still in home-life envy is found at work. It breeds constant disputes between brother and brother. It separates those who should be of one heart and soul. It generates hard, bitter words of a parent's ways and doings. It stirs up the husband to reproach the wife—perhaps for that which is quite beyond her control. One member of the family loves to bring up some old grievance, or a fault committed years ago. Or perhaps a taunt is uttered because such a one was of humbler birth, or had less means than another.

Yea, even at the funeral of a parent or a brother, I have known envy to break out. The will is opened. One receives less than he expects. And whilst the deceased has scarcely been an hour in the grave, sad bickerings and heart burnings and angry words disturb the peace of those who have thus met together.

Then from envy comes the fearful sin of evil-speaking. At breakfast or dinner, perhaps, the whole conversation is about the faults or mistakes of some one else. It is so easy to see the spots on another's dress, or the threadbare coat, or perhaps the gray hair, or the bald head, or the stooping gait; and as easy is it to discover and blaze abroad some evil thing of those we know.

Sometimes there is a saving clause. There comes a little spice of praise and then a whole bushel of blame. "Such a one is well disposed—he means no harm—but—but—but . . ." And then one thing is said after another, which, if they were true, would prove he was very ill-disposed, and meant a great deal of harm.

Would that we all remembered the caution of our Lord about the mote and the beam! Too often is there a huge beam in our own eye, when after all it is but the tiniest splinter we love to talk about in a neighbour. It were wise for us all to be very cautious what we say at our own fireside: we may spread about a report that may injure another more than we think. We may teach children and servants this evil habit of slander. We may reap a harvest of trouble for the repetition of an unguarded word. "Curse not the king, no, not in thy thought" (envy); "and curse not the rich in thy bedchamber" (evil-speaking in the home): "for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."—Eccles. x. 20.

But we have other illustrations of the power of envy. A young man is honoured of God to strike a blow for his country and to slay the proud giant who defied the armies of the Living God. Shouts of triumph arise, and the whole country rejoices in one who has succoured them in their hour of peril. But this is too much for the king. "Saul eyed David from that day henceforth." Never did he cease to seek to slay him. And though David loved and honoured him as the anointed of the Lord, and returned only good for evil, yet was David never safe for a moment from the envy of the king.

We remember, too, a chief councillor in the court of Babylon. He is faithful in all things, and fulfils to the uttermost every duty laid upon him. But envy comes in. His advancement has made him

enemies. So they seek his ruin. They make him an offender because of his fidelity to Jehovah. When the writing is signed that no prayer shall be made but to the king, they bring their accusation. They compel the king to order him to be cast into the lions' den. But it is all in vain. Their malice and envy only covers them with shame and brings them to destruction. They fall into the pit they made for Daniel. And the lions gain the mastery over them ere ever they reach the bottom of the den.

It was the same with wicked Haman and Mordecai. Through envy Haman seeks to slay Mordecai and all the seed of the Jews throughout the kingdom. But the judgment falls upon his own head. Haman is hung upon the gallows he made for Mordecai.

These instances may remind us that "high places are slippery places." Envy creeps into courts and palaces. Men and women in high rank and position are not free from the snare. The murder of rulers and princes is often brought about by it. The schemes and intrigues of place-hunters are often ruinous to the best interests of a country. Terrible wars desolate whole provinces, and nations lose their best and bravest sons through the insatiable envies and jealousies and ambitions of a powerful monarch.

I name but one other example of the fearful effects of this evil. It brought about the greatest crime which man ever committed. There once appeared on earth a Man without spot of sin. In every action He was holy, harmless, and undefiled. Moreover, His whole life was one act of unwearied benevolence. He never sought His own, but was ever seeking the weal of others. But envy slew Him. "The chief priests for envy delivered Him to Pilate;" they ceased not their efforts until He was condemned; yea, even when in His grave, envy feared lest He should arise to their confusion. Though purposed in the infinite

wisdom and goodness of God as a ransom and propitiation for the sins of the whole world, yet it was through envy that wicked men with wicked hands crucified and slew the Prince of life.

Yea, so great a sin is envy that it nailed to the cross the Incarnate Son of God! Nothing is too bad, nothing too great a sin for envy to dare and to do.

"From envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, good Lord, deliver us!"

But how can this evil be overcome and rooted out? What means shall we employ to rid us of this destructive foe?

Remember, it is only in Christ that you can overcome. You must be in Him by faith, and abide in Him if you would have power against any temptation. And it is very especially so in this case. It is Christ dwelling in the heart by His Spirit, by whom alone you can gain the victory. If you want to live a holy, loving, Christ-like life, you must believe in Him as your Saviour, and trust in Him as your Helper. The joy of Christ's salvation, the peace which He giveth, the comfort of His love, subdues the natural envy and corruption of the heart.

Besides this, He gives special grace for special need. We read in James iv., "*The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy.*" But what follows? "*He giveth more grace.*" If there be the envious spirit rising up continually, there is grace given to trample down this serpent's head.

Then another rule. Take a good antidote for this vice. Mingle together a few grains of self-knowledge, a few grains of true humility, and add a few drops of the oil of charity, and take it whenever you are tempted to think evil or speak evil of another. This will be an unfailing remedy for all times and seasons when needed.

Then offer genuine intercessory prayer on behalf of any one against whom you are likely to offend in this way. Pray for those over you, or whose success seems to

overshadow your own, or whose interests clash with your own. Stir up your heart through the Spirit to pray for them, and in the battlefield of your secret chamber you will conquer this evil before you descend into the arena of common life.

Last of all, I would say, be envious, but in a right way. Cherish envy, but mind the direction it takes. Envy those in possession of great grace, and follow in their footsteps, and overtake them if you can. Envy all those excellent virtues which you see in your fellow Christians, and

whatsoever is right and good even in the children of the world. If you see one noted for his thoughtfulness and considerateness for others, determine to be like him. If you see one walking in very close fellowship with God, ask yourself why you do not yourself more enjoy the same communion. If you see one abounding in all good works, liberal in gifts, ready to help the poor and needy, ever having a kind word for one and another, walk in his footsteps.

"Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works."

The Sick Child; or, Going to the Sea.

BY THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., RECTOR OF LONDESBOROUGH, E. YORKS.



HAT drooping eyelid, and pale cheek,
And silent tongue, of sickness speak—

Of childish strength and joy worn down
In some close street of the dark town.

But a wise mother's thrifty hand,
And a kind father's self-command,
In loving rivalry combined,
Fresh roses for their darling find.

Long days of labour and of care
Have paid the price of bracing air,
Blown softly from the laughing waves
Which ripple round the ocean caves.

And now, with steeds of fire, the train
Is panting tow'ards the azure main,
And soon on breezy rocks the three
Will sit beside the murmuring sea;

Will watch with interested eye
The distant sails that glimmer by,
Or children playing on the shore,
And white waves smiling evermore.

And strengthened in a little while
The child herself will run and smile,
And quite forget, amid her glee,
The vanished pain and misery.

Oh happy father, when he sees
Those cheeks which brighten in the breeze!
Oh music to a mother's ear
That merry laugh which echoes near!

It overpays self-sacrifice
To see the light of those sweet eyes,
And mark the bounding steps which show
The joy of health's returning glow.

And thanks from grateful lips ascend,
Like incense, to that Heavenly Friend,
Who makes the thorns of trouble bear
The pleasant fruits of praise and prayer:

And who, life's discipline complete,
Prepares for us those mansions sweet
On yonder everlasting shore,
Where sighs and sickness are no more!

Infant Education.



MOTHER once asked a clergyman when she should begin the education of her child, which she told him was then four years old.

"Madam," was the reply, "you have lost three years already. From the very first smile that gleams over an infant's cheek, your opportunity begins."—*Bishop of Norwich.*



THE SICK CHILD; OR, GOING TO THE SEA.

"Long days of labour and of care,
Have paid the price of bracing air,"

Blown softly from the laughing waves,
Which ripple round the ocean caves."

Carton's Companions in the Almonry at Westminster.*



It was eventime when, after a day of listlessness, the printers in the Almonry at Westminster prepared to close the doors of their workshop. It was a tolerably spacious room, with a carved oaken roof. The setting sun shone brightly into the chamber, and lighted up such furniture as no other room in London could then exhibit. Between the columns which supported the roof stood two presses—ponderous machines. A *forme* of types lay unread upon the *table* of one of these presses; the other was empty. There were *cases* ranged between the opposite columns; but there was no *copy* suspended ready for the compositors to proceed with in the morning. No heap of wet paper was piled upon the floor. The *balls*, removed from the presses, were rotting in a corner. The *ink-blocks* were dusty, and a thin film had formed over the oily pigment. He who had set these machines in motion, and filled the whole space with the activity of mind, was dead. His daily work was ended.

Three grave-looking men, decently clothed in black, were girding on their swords. Their caps were in their hands. The door opened, and the chief of the workmen came in. It was Wynkyn de Worde. With short speech, but with looks of deep significance, he called a *chapel*—the printer's parliament—a conclave as solemn and as omnipotent as the Saxons' Witenagemot. Wynkyn was the Father of the Chapel.

The four drew their high stools round the *imposing-stone*—those stools on which they had sat through many a day of quiet labour, steadily working to the distant end of some ponderous folio, without hurry or anxiety. Upon the stone lay two uncorrected folio pages—a portion of the "Lives of the Fathers." The *proof* was not returned. He that they

had followed a few days before to his grave in Saint Margaret's church had lifted it once back to his failing eyes,—and then they closed in night.

"Companions," said Wynkyn—(surely that word "*companions*" tells of the antiquity of printing, and of the old love and fellowship that subsisted amongst its craft)—"companions, the good work will not stop."

"Wynkyn," said Richard Pynson, "who is to carry on the work?"

"I am ready," answered Wynkyn.

A faint expression of joy rose to the lips of these honest men, but it was damped by the remembrance of him they had lost.

"He died," said Wynkyn, "as he lived. The Lives of the Holy Fathers is finished, as far as the translator's labour. There is the rest of the copy. Read the words of the last page, which *I* have written:—

"Thus endeth the most virtuous history of the devout and right-renowned lives of holy fathers, worthy of remembrance to all well-disposed persons, which hath been translated out of French into English by William Carton, of Westminster, late dead, and finished at the last day of his life."†

The tears were in all their eyes.

"Companion," said William Machlinia, "is not this a hazardous enterprise?"

"I have encouragement," replied Wynkyn;—"the Lady Margaret, his Highness' mother, gives me aid. So droop not, fear not. We will carry on the work briskly in our good master's house. So fill the case."

A shout almost mounted to the roof.

"But why should we fear? You, Machlinia, you, Letton, and you, dear Richard Pynson, if you choose not to abide with your old companion here, there is work for you all in these good towns of Westminster, London, and Southwark. You have money; you know where to buy types. Printing *must* go forward."

* Fulfilling our promise in July, we now give from Charles Knight's most interesting volume, "The Old Printers and the Modern Press," the supposed conversation in the Almonry at Westminster after Carton's companions had realised the loss of their master.

† These are the words with which this book closes.

"Always full of heart," said Pynson. "But you forget the statute of King Richard. You forget the statute. We ought to know it, for we printed it. I can turn to the file in a moment. It is the Act touching the merchants of Italy, which forbids them selling their wares in this realm. Here it is: 'Provided always that this Act, or any part thereof, in no wise extend or be prejudicial of any let, hurt, or impediment to any artificer or merchant stranger, of what nation or country he be or shall be of, for bringing into this realm, or selling by retail or otherwise, of any manner of books written or imprinted.' Can we stand up against that, if we have more presses than the old press of the Abbey of Westminster?"

"Ay, truly, we can, good friend," briskly answered Wynkyn. "Have we any books in our stores? Could we ever print books fast enough? Are there not readers rising up on all sides? Do we depend upon the court? The mercers and the drapers, the grocers and the spicers of the city, crowd here for our books. The rude uplandish men even take our books; they that our good master rather vilipended. The tapsters and taverners have our books. The whole country-side cries out for our ballads and our Robin Hood stories; and, to say the truth, the citizen's wife is as much taken with our King Arthurs and King Blanchardines as the most noble knight that Master Caxton ever desired to look upon in his green days of jousts in Burgundy. So fill the case."*

"But if foreigners bring books into England," said cautious William Machlinia, "there will be more books than readers."

"Books make readers," rejoined Wynkyn. "Do you remember how timidly even our bold master went on before he was safe in his sell? Do you forget how he asked this lord to take a copy, and that knight to give him something in fee; and how he bargained for his summer venison and his winter venison, as an encouragement in his ventures? But he found a larger market than he ever counted upon, and so shall we all. Go ye forth, my brave fellows. Stay not to work

for me, if you can work better for yourselves. I fear no rivals."

"Why, Wynkyn," interposed Pynson, "you talk as if printing were as necessary as air; books as food, or clothing, or fire."

"And so they will be some day. What is to stop the want of books? Will one man have the command of books, and another desire them not? The time may come when every man shall require books."

"Perhaps," said Lettou, who had an eye to printing the Statutes, "the time may come when every man shall want to read an Act of Parliament, instead of the few lawyers who buy our Acts now."

"Hardly so," grunted Wynkyn.

"Or perchance you think that, when our sovereign liege meets his Peers and Commons in Parliament, it were well to print a book some month or two after, to tell what the said Parliament said, as well as ordained?"

"Nay, nay, you run me hard," said Wynkyn.

"And if within a month, why not within a day? Why shouldn't we print the words as fast as they are spoken? We only want fairy fingers to pick up our types, and presses that Doctor Faustus may some day make, to tell all London to-morrow morning what is done this morning in the palace at Westminster."

"Prithee, be serious," ejaculated Wynkyn. "Why do you talk such gallymaufry? I was speaking of possible things; and I really think the day may come when one person in a thousand may read books and buy books, and we shall have a trade almost as good as that of armourers and fletchers."

"The Bible!" exclaimed Pynson; "oh that we might print the Bible! I know of a copy of Wickliffe's Bible. That were indeed a book to print!"

"I have no doubt, Richard," replied Wynkyn, "that the happy time may come when a Bible shall be chained in every church, for every Christian man to look upon. You remember when our brother Hunte showed us the chained books in the Library at Oxford. So a century or two hence a Bible may be found in every parish. Twelve thou-

* To "fill the case" is to put fresh types in the case, ready to arrange in new pages. The bibliographers scarcely understood the technical expression of honest Wynkyn.

sand parishes in England! We should want more paper in that good day, Master Richard."

"You had better fancy at once," said Letton, "that every housekeeper will want a Bible! How some men's imaginations run away with them!"

"I cannot see," interposed Machlinia, "how we can venture upon more presses in London. Here are two. They have been worked well, since the day when they were shipped at Cologne. Here are five good founts of type, as much as a thousand weight—*Great Primer*, *Double Pica*, *Pica*—a large and a small face, and *Long Primer*. They have well worked; they are pretty nigh worn out. What man would risk such an adventure, after our good old master? He was a favourite at court and in cloister. He was well patronized. Who is to patronize us?"

"The people, I tell you," exclaimed Wynkyn. "The babe in the cradle wants an Absey-book; the maid at her distaff wants a ballad; the lawyer wants his statutes; the scholar wants his Virgil and Cicero. They will all want more the more they are supplied. How many in England have a book at all, think you? Let us make books cheaper by printing more of them at once. The churchwardens of St. Margaret's asked me six-and-eightpence yesterday for the volume that our master left the parish;* for not a copy can I get, if we should want to print again. Six-and-eightpence! That was exactly what he charged his customers for the volume. Print five hundred instead of two hundred, and we could sell it for three-and-fourpence."

"And ruin ourselves," said Machlinia. "Master Wynkyn, I shall fear to work for you if you go on so madly. What has turned your head?"

"Hearken," said Wynkyn. "The day our good master was buried I had no stomach for my home. I could not eat. I could scarcely look on the sunshine. There was a chill at my heart. I took the key of our office, for you all were absent, and I came here in the deep twilight. I sat down in Master Caxton's chair. I sat till I fancied I saw him moving about, as he was wont to move, in his furred

gown, explaining this copy to one of us, and shaking his head at that proof to the other. I fell asleep. Then I dreamed a dream, a wild dream, but one that seems to have given me hope and courage. There I sat, in the old desk at the head of this room, straining my eyes at the old proofs. The room gradually expanded. The four frames went on multiplying, till they became innumerable. I saw *case* piled upon *case*; and *forme* side by side with *forme*. All was bustle, and yet quiet, in that room. Readers passed to and fro; there was a glare of many lights; all seemed employed in producing one folio, an enormous folio. In an instant the room had changed. I heard a noise as of many wheels. I saw sheets of paper covered with ink as quickly as I pick up this type. Sheet upon sheet, hundreds of sheets, thousands of sheets, came from forth the wheels—flowing in unstained, like corn from the hopper, and coming out printed, like flour to the sack. They flew abroad as if carried over the earth by the winds. Again the scene changed. In a cottage, an artificer's cottage, though it had many things in it which belong to princes' palaces, I saw a man lay down his basket of tools and take up one of these sheets. He read it; he laughed, he looked angry; tears rose to his eyes; and then he read aloud to his wife and children. I asked him to show me the sheet. It was wet; it contained as many types as our 'Mirror of the World.' But it bore the date of 1877. I looked around, and I saw shelves of books against that cottage wall—large volumes and small volumes; and a boy opened one of the large volumes and showed me numberless block-cuts; and the artificer and his wife and his children gathered round me, all looking with glee towards their books, and the good man pointed to an inscription on his book-shelves, and I read these words,

MY LIBRARY A DUKEDOM.

Suddenly my master seemed to stand beside me, and smilingly exclaimed, 'This is my fruit.' I have encouragement in this dream."

* There is a record in the parish book of St. Margaret's of the churchwardens selling for 6s. 8d. one of the books bequeathed to the church by William Caxton.

"Friend Wynkyn," said Pynson, "these are distempered visions. The press may go forward; I think it will go forward. But I am of the belief that the press will never work but for the great and the learned, to any purpose of profit to the printer. How can we ever hope to send our wares abroad? We may hawk our ballads and our merry jests through London; but the citizens are too busy to heed them, and the apprentices and serving men too poor to buy them. To the country we cannot send them. Good lack, imagine the poor pedler tramping with a pack of books to Bristol or Winchester! Before he could reach either city through our wild roads, he would have his throat cut or be starved. Master Wynkyn, we shall always have a narrow market till the king mends his highways, and that will never be."

"I am rather for trying, Master Wynkyn," said Letton, "some good cutting jest against our friends in the Abbey, such as Dan Chaucer expounded touching the friars. That would sell in these precincts."

"Hush!" exclaimed Wynkyn; "the good fathers are our friends; and though some murmur against them, we might have worse masters."

"I wish they would let us print the Bible though," ejaculated Pynson.

"The time will come, and that right soon," exclaimed the hopeful Wynkyn.

"So be it," said they one and all.

"But what fair sheet of paper is that in your hand, good Wynkyn?" said Pynson.

"Master Richard, we are all moving onward. This is English-made paper. Is it not better than the brown thick paper we have had from over the sea? How *he* would have rejoiced in this accomplishment of John Tate's longing trials! Ay, Master Richard, this fair sheet was made in the new mill at Hertford; and well am I minded to use it in our Bartholomæus, which I shall straightly put in hand, when the Formschneider is ready. I have thought anent it; I have resolved on it; and I have indited some rude verses touching the matter, simple person as I am:—

"For in this world to reckon every thing
Pleasure to man, there is none comparable
As is to read and understanding
In books of wisdom—they ben so delectable,
Which sound to virtue and ben profitable;
And all that love such virtue ben full glad
Books to renew, and cause them to be made."

"Fairly rhymed, Wynkyn," said Letton. "But John Tate the younger is a bold fellow. Of a surety England can never support a paper-mill of its own."

"Come, to business," said William of Mechlin.

"Thou art my King."

Psalm xliv. 4.

BY THE REV. JOHN P. HOBSON, M.A., AUTHOR OF "FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE," ETC

(Suggested by the perusal of "My King," in *The Day of Days*, by Miss F. R. Havergal.)



AVIOUR Divine, Thou art my
King,
My King in Heaven above;
Low at Thy feet myself I fling,

And long to show my love.
But dare I any words employ
To speak of love to Thee,
When Thou didst bear so much with joy
To show Thy love to me?

Oh yes, I dare to say I love:
For all this love of mine
Descended on me from above,
A kingly gift of Thine.
But, Lord, send forth in mightier
stream
This first, this noblest grace,
That brighter still the love may beam,
Reflected from Thy Face.

Thy servant then, my King, to be
 I'll reckon a delight;
 The heaviest burden borne for Thee
 Becomes a service light.
 A loyal subject I would be,
 A very slave of Thine;
 But all Thy slaves have liberty,—
 A liberty divine.

Since Thou dost let me thus employ
 This thrilling, matchless Name,
 Thy praise alone shall be my joy
 In life, in death the same.
 Thee I would worship and adore,
 Would honour and obey, [more,
 And know Thee, love Thee, serve Thee
 My own true King, for aye.

"I WILL BE THY KING."—*Hosea xiii. 10.*

A Dream in Harvest.*



"For it is beautiful only to do the thing we are meant for."

THE harvest was glorious.
 "Now I shall no more
 hear my children cry for
 food, and have to chide
 their useless tears," said
 the poor man.

"We shall have such a
 Harvest Home," said the farm folk, as in
 merry companies they turned homewards
 from their work, and looked up at the broad
 bright harvest moon.

"It is a great thing for us," was said at
 every hearth in the land.

"It is an untold blessing for my people,"
 said the Queen in her palace.

"Come and thank the Giver," said the
 church bells of dear old England; and the
 Queen in her palace, and the dweller in every
 pleasant English home, and the peasant in
 every English hamlet, rose up at the sound
 of that voice and went to thank the Giver.

"I wish I were the sunshine," thought I,
 "to do such good; it has ripened the corn
 and made the land so glad."

"You are not the sunshine, you see; but
 you are sure to possess your own especial
 means of being useful," said a little invisible
 preacher within.

"People praise the sunshine, and no won-
 der. I should like to do so much good,"
 persisted I; "not for the sake of the praise,
 of course."

"Oh, no, of course," laughed the officious
 little voice.

I turned off from the high road into a field

where the corn had not yet been reaped;
 and sitting sulkily down beneath the hedge,
 began to meditate, looking at the yellow
 wheat and the scarlet poppies waving so
 drowsily; and I suppose it must have been
 that same drowsy waving that soothed me
 to sleep. At first, the scene on which my
 waking eyes had rested, still hovered about
 my slumber.

The golden corn and the scarlet poppies
 waved to and fro, to and fro; bending, rising
 so softly, so dreamily, and then faded away
 dimly into indistinct likeness to living
 beings. No longer were there around me
 the corn and the poppies and the meadowy
 flowers, but men and women gliding gradu-
 ally out from the uncertain confusion of my
 fancy; and I was fairly in dreamland.

* * * * *

It must have been old England, for her
 fields and trees and cities and homesteads
 are not to be mistaken. But there seemed
 to be some remarkable people in the land.
 There were some who wore long robes of
 yellow, almost like gold, and as they glided
 silently about I heard joyful voices welcome
 them, and many blessed them; and often, as
 the words of gratitude were uttered, the
 golden-robed would charge a little messenger
 to carry the praises to where they were most
 due, and he would start up and tell it all in
 sweet thanksgiving music at the gate of
 Heaven.

Then, besides the golden-robed, there
 were others wearing scarlet mantles of rich

* From "Earth's Many Voices." London: Christian Knowledge Society. A most attractive volume.

velvet; they swept along very proudly with a high look, heeding no sound of sorrow or of joy, but sometimes eyeing the golden-robed with a glance of envy.

"It must be nice to see people kneel to you," thought a scarlet mantle. So he went and walked beside a wearer of the yellow; for it struck him that keeping by his neighbour's side might perhaps be a means of getting at least a show of honour. Therefore, when people blessed the one, the other smiled and bowed, taking to himself a share of the distinction in virtue of companionship.

Most miserable hovels sometimes lay in their way. Still they persevered: the one slipping in, in his quiet fashion, to do his welcome errand: the other lingering a moment on the doorstep to exchange a greeting; and as the rich mantle disappeared in the gloom of the wretched home, folks said, "Dear me, how humble-minded!"

Soon they left the public track and came to a house where there was great desolation and uncleanness and want; and the golden-robed entered as usual, but his companion turned aside to the high-road again and walked alone.

By-and-by he met a gentle-looking being clad in blue, and saw a traveller stop to shake hands and then bless little blue-robe as he went on his way.

"Am I to be less thought of than an insignificant creature like this?" muttered scarlet-cloak; "but I will make myself a name somehow." So walking up he asked blue-robe very civilly why the traveller blessed him?

"I only wished him God-speed," he answered. So scarlet-cloak stationed himself by the roadside, and stretched out his hand officiously to every passer-by, crying in a loud tone, "I wish you God speed;" but to his surprise no one blessed him, for he did not say it at all like little blue-robe.

Then he passed on, and saw one who wore a crown of tiny white stars; and as she stood meekly by the pathway some one going by thanked her for an act of courtesy which scarlet-cloak had not observed.

"She, too, gets praised," thought he; "but I will make myself a name somehow yet." So he went up and asked, "Why did the passer-by thank you?"

"I only offered some of this fragrant perfume which I have here."

So scarlet mantle took his post by the pathway, and to the next passenger offered some perfume in a rich ruby cup; but to his annoyance the passenger only drew back with a gesture of aversion; and scarlet-mantle found he could not pass for the lady in the ivory coronet. Then in great vexation he turned away, just in time to see an old man stretch out his hands in blessing towards his former companion the golden-robed.

"Why did that old man bless you?" asked he in an angry tone.

"I only gave him a little food," was the reply.

"I will make myself a name somehow," thought the other; so he brushed his mantle that it might look more bright and conspicuous, and arranged its folds that they might hang with more striking grace, and went to distribute food.

But he was decidedly not at his right work, for it seemed as if food from him were poison; since some who received it went off into an unnatural lethargy, and some into a state of frantic madness. Still they stretched out their hands again and again, calling for more, and scarlet-mantle looked round proudly; for although he saw that his work did evil, some men called him a benefactor. He had made himself a name, and that was enough.

There was another wearer of the scarlet. He also saw how some were always doing good; and he looked at the want around him, and longed to do something better than walk about in velvet and self-admiration. So he went to the golden-robed, and asked, "What do you do, that you gladden human hearts?"

"I only give a little food; it is all I can," was the answer.

"But I have no wholesome food to give," sighed scarlet-mantle; and he walked on until presently he met the lady with the ivory coronet.

"How do you do people good?" he asked again.

"I can only offer this perfume to refresh them," was the answer.

"I have no costly perfume," said scarlet-cloak sorrowfully; and he went on until he met the blue-robe.

"What is your way of doing good?" he asked once more.

"I can only wish people God speed," answered blue-robe.

"Alas! I have not a sweet voice like yours," sighed poor scarlet-cloak.

"But I am sure you can do something else," said the cheerer, nodding a bright little head and smiling a pleasant smile, which sent scarlet-cloak on his way with a hope that there might be some good which he could do; and he kept a quiet look-out for a chance to be useful.

Once a hand beckoned him to a scene of festivity where his brilliant array was hailed as an ornament; and gladly he looked his brightest, since he could heighten joy.

Once the cry of agony called half-hopelessly to him to come and try if he could give relief; and then to his inexpressible delight he found that in his touch there was a magic which could soothe the most racking

pain. From that time he hovered about the chambers of the sick, to see what he could do. But at last there came a drawback; for he found it was only by doing little that he could do good, while by doing much he was sure to do harm. So he set himself carefully to restrain his eager will,—glad if unthanked and unnoticed he could lull one sufferer to sleep, or diminish the sharpness of one bitter pang. Therefore, although it seemed hard to do things on so small a scale when he had a heart longing for great things, he did his mission quietly, and was content.

The dreamland sun went down. I heard in dreamland a thanksgiving hymn fade away as I lost my friends in the darkness of night; but when the sun arose again with a new day, there burst forth such a sound of joyful wonderful song, that I awoke from my sleep, and I found only the lark darting up to heaven, and the sunlight shining upon the golden wheat and the scarlet poppies in the farm-field, and upon the little speed-well and the meadow-sweet in the grass beside me;—that was all.

"Round the Corner Waiting."

[A worthy old woman in one of our rural villages, who died not long since, left a lot of manuscripts, chiefly copies of all sorts of rhymes, and some few original. A goodly number were religious poems, or loyal and patriotic ballads, in memory of public events of interest. Thus her time and thoughts were well occupied during many lonely hours. It is not known whether the quaint bit of advice to village lads or lasses which is subjoined may be her own composition or otherwise. It agrees with 1 Thess. v. 22,—*"Abstain from all appearance of evil."*]



ROUND the corner waiting! What will people say?

If you wish to see me, there's a proper way.

Village tongues are *ever* ready with remark;

Eyes are at the casement if a dog but bark.

Round the corner waiting! What will people say?

If you wish to see me, there's a proper way.

When the Church hath bound us—linked two hearts in one,

I shall care but little how their tongues rail on;

But until the bridal, never let them find

Aught to cause me blushes—hurt my peace of mind.

Round the corner waiting! What will people say?

If you wish to see me, there's a proper way.

Fifty things are stated, things you'd ne'er suppose,

If but something secret in a neighbour shows.

Boldly take the right way, and their lips are stayed;

All are quick to censure if you seem afraid.

Round the corner waiting! What will people say?

If you wish to see me, there's a proper way.—From "*Hand and Heart*."



OUR ISLAND HOME.

"What was it that I loved so well about my childhood's home?
It was the wide and wave-lashed shore, the black rocks crowned with foam.
My earliest steps would wander from the green and fertile land
Down where the clear blue ocean rolled, to pace the rugged strand.
Oh! how I loved the waters, and even longed to be
A bird, or boat, or anything that dwelt upon the sea."

E. C.

England's Martyr-Bishops.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK.

VI. NICHOLAS RIDLEY, BISHOP AND MARTYR.

(Continued from page 187.)



On our last we left Ridley on his return to prison at Oxford. On the 15th October, the day preceding his martyrdom, he was visited by the Bishop of Gloucester and the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. He was once more asked to recant, and was promised that on such condition only should his life be spared. To this last appeal the venerable martyr with his usual firmness replied:—

"My Lord, you know my mind fully herein; and as for the doctrine which I have taught, my conscience assureth me that it was sound, and according to God's Word (to His glory be it spoken); the which doctrine, the Lord God being my helper, I will maintain so long as my tongue shall wag, and breath is within my body, and in confirmation thereof seal the same with my blood."

His visitors thereupon proceeded to "degrade" him from the office of priesthood. "And so, committing you to the secular powers, you know what doth follow," said the Bishop of Gloucester.

Ridley still protested. The Bishop of Gloucester further admonished him: "You were best to hold your peace, lest your mouth be stopped;" a sentiment which was re-echoed by one Edridge, the Greek Lecturer, who thus importuned the Bishop: "Sir, the law is he should be gagged, therefore let him be gagged!" This is another of Rome's expedients, admirably adapted for completely *silencing* opponents!

After this, the priestly vestments were *seriatim* peeled off. When the executors of this office came to remove the surplice and thus deprive him of the power to "sing" the mass, Ridley, in rather a playful mood, addressed them: "What power be you of, that you can take from a man that which he never had! I was never a

singer in all my life,—and yet you will take from me what I never had!" After this "scene" was over, Ridley requested the Bishop of Gloucester to convey to the Queen a petition on behalf of his suffering sister and her husband. While reading this petition Ridley wept, and thus feelingly apologized, saying, "This is nature that moveth me: but I have now done!"

It is said that, during the interval which elapsed between his condemnation and his death, a wealthy nobleman, Lord Dacre, offered to Queen Mary the sum of ten thousand pounds on condition of sparing Ridley's life. The offer, however, was rejected. The Queen persecuted on principle and as a religious duty; and to the latest moment of her life she continued thus on principle to "wear out the saints of the Most High."

The night before his martyrdom he gave evident tokens of the "joy and rejoicing of his heart," in anticipation of his approaching deliverance from the hands of wicked men. At supper, he invited his friends to his "*marriage*"; "for," said he, "to-morrow I must be married." This was his hope—"a hope that maketh not ashamed" (Rom. v. 5). In the primitive Church the days of the martyrs' deaths were called their "*birthdays*" (*natalitia martyrum*),—a beautiful illustration of the early faith of the Church which opened up no painful purgatory, but rather expressed its heartfelt praise and thankfulness to Christ, who is our Life, because that "when He had overcome the sharpness of death, He did open the kingdom of heaven to all believers." Ridley, however, called his martyrdom his "*marriage-feast*"; and indeed with a bright and burning torch of fire, he went forth to meet the Bridegroom;

and being ready, his lamp trimmed, and he himself already one with Christ, "he went in with Him to the marriage: and the door was shut!" (Matt. xxv. 10).

"Though my breakfast shall be somewhat sharp and painful, yet I am sure my supper shall be more pleasant and sweet!" Such were the words of playful and innocent rejoicing that escaped the lips of the venerable martyr, on the memorable vigil of his introduction to the "marriage-feast." Surely, this man experienced Christ Jesus as a "hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of waters in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land"! (Isa. xxxii. 2.)

On the 16th of October, 1555, a day ever memorable in the history of the Church, Ridley was led, in company with his true yokefellow Latimer, to the place of execution, over against Balliol College,—the place where the "Martyrs' Memorial" of Oxford now stands. A sermon was preached, as though in mockery of the solemn scene, and further exhortations were administered to the sufferers, urging them to recant.

"Will you begin to answer the sermon, or shall I?" said Ridley to Latimer. To whom Latimer replied, "Begin you first, I pray you." "I will," said Ridley. These noble martyrs then delivered their final testimony to the truth. "So long as the breath is in my body," said Ridley, "I will never deny my Lord Christ, and His known truth: God's will be done in me!"

Ridley was the first to burn, but the last to die. After he had made certain requests, pertaining especially to his see of London, the executioner kindled the fatal faggot, and laid it at Ridley's feet. It was at that terrible moment, when the "bitterness of death" was first tasted, that the venerable Latimer gave utterance to that

spirit-stirring exhortation—"Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. WE SHALL THIS DAY LIGHT SUCH A CANDLE, BY GOD'S GRACE, IN ENGLAND, AS I TRUST SHALL NEVER BE PUT OUT!"

Surely, heaven responded with a loud AMEN to that martyr-protest, ascending on the wreath of coiling smoke to the firmament above, and penetrating into "the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." May England never thwart the lasting fulfilment of that hopeful augury, that superhuman pledge of light and glory!

Ridley left behind him a valuable document, entitled, "A Farewell Address of Ridley to his Friends."* In the course of this letter he apostrophizes the various scenes of his life,—all the associations of his early friendship, his education, his ministerial labours, and his episcopal duties. This is a truly pathetic piece of composition, and sounds to our ears like a word of warning from the grave—like the "Voices of the Dead." For example, he bids farewell to Cambridge, to Pembroke Hall, to the parish of Herne, to which place he owns himself "a debtor for the doctrine of the Lord's Supper, which at that time I acknowledge God had not revealed unto me," etc.

He bids farewell to the Cathedral Church of Canterbury, "the Metropolitane See, whereof I once was a member"; and to Rochester, "some time my Cathedral See"; and to Westminster Abbey; and to his beloved diocese of London, saying,—“O London, London! to whom now may I speak in thee, or whom shall I bid farewell? Shall I speak to the prebendaries of St. Paul's? Alas, all that loved God's Word, and were the true setters-forth thereof, are now (as I hear say) some burnt and slain, some exiled and banished, and some holden in hard prison, and appointed daily to be put to most cruel death for

* The "Farewell Letter" is published *in extenso* in "Foxe's Acts and Monuments," vol. vii., p. 552, Edit. *ut supra*. Also in "Works of Bishop Ridley" (Parker Society), p. 395.

Christ's Gospel's sake. . . . O thou now wicked and bloody See! why dost thou set up again many altars of idolatry, which by the Word of God were justly taken away?" etc.

Truly, we may say that Ridley, "though dead, yet speaketh." Whether we regard him as a collegian, or as a minister, or as a bishop,—in each and all alike his consistency, his faithfulness, his earnest contention, his protest even unto death, convey the eloquence either of warning or instruction to the men of this generation. His *Protestantism* cost him dearly. Who among us would be sufficient for these things? Thus through peril, toil, and pain, through the grave and gate of death, they passed,

to procure for us and for our children's children the blessing of an open Bible and liberty to read it.

All these instances and examples are given for our learning and instruction,—to teach us the inestimable value of the truth, that purchased inheritance, purchased by the precious blood of Christ, and witnessed to by "the noble army of martyrs." May this narrative tend to quicken many to earnestness in the faith, and to steadfastness in the truth—"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ" (1 Pet. i. 7)

Natural History Anecdotes.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS," ETC.

XXIII. NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

PASSING by the back window of a neighbour's house a short time since, I saw a favourite tom cat seated on a table, beside a narrow-necked cream-jug containing milk. No person was in the kitchen. He was smelling the milk and endeavouring to reach it with his tongue, but could not; at last he inserted one of his fore-paws and withdrew it, the paw saturated with milk. After he had licked it clean he dipped it in again, and kept repeating the process as long as I remained observing him, which I did for several minutes, and then left him to his employment, for I thought he had well deserved his reward by his ingenuity.

XXIV. HAPPY IMITATION.

A man, who had been a muleteer at Cadiz, and afterwards established himself as a barber at Gibraltar, in a restless spirit shifted to Ceuta, and, having invested a very small capital of which he was possessed in the purchase of those woven red caps which form the crown of the turban throughout Turkey

and Africa, resolved to set out alone to seek his fortune in the interior of the country. Long before sunrise he was off, and reached a wood before the noontide heat became insufferable.

In hot countries this period of the day is, as is well-known, appropriated to repose. He accordingly opened the valise which contained the treasure of red caps, put on one of them instead of his hat, and stretched himself under a tree. He slept comfortably till the sun was somewhat low in the horizon; when, on waking, he perceived to his horror the boughs of the tree under which he had been sleeping covered with monkeys in red caps! They had seen the Spaniard put on his, and, as soon as he was asleep, had, one and all, followed his example.

The poor man, with all the gesticulation common to his countrymen, bitterly deplored his hard case, stamped with vexation, and cast his red cap on the ground; when—happy and unexpected result!—all the monkeys did the same, and the Spaniard, with indescribable delight, quickly gathered up his treasure.

The Young Folks' Page.

XXIII. AN ARAB LEGEND.



THE Arabs have a fable from which we may learn a lesson.

Once upon a time a miller, shortly after he had lain down for an afternoon's nap, was startled by a camel's nose being thrust in at the door of his house.

"It is very cold outside," said the camel; "I only wish to get my nose in."

The miller was an easy kind of a man, and so the nose was let in.

"The wind is very sharp," sighed the camel; "pray allow me to get my neck inside."

This request was also allowed, and the neck was thrust in.

"How fast the rain begins to fall! I shall get wet through. Will you let me place my shoulders under cover?"

This, too, was granted; and so the camel asked for a little, and a little more, until he had pushed his whole body inside the house.

The miller soon began to be put to much trouble by the rude companion he had got in his room, which was not large enough for both, and as the rain was over, civilly asked him to depart.

"If you don't like it, you may leave," saucily replied the beast. "As for myself, I know when I am well off, and shall stay where I am."

This is a very good story; we hope the Arabs are all the wiser and better for it; but let us also try to turn it to good account.

There is a camel knocking at the heart of us all, young and old, seeking to be let in; its name is Sin. It comes silently and carefully, and knocks: "Let me in;" only a very small part at first. So in comes the nose; and it is not long before, little by little, it gains entire possession. Once in possession, the master soon becomes the tyrant. Thus it is that bad thoughts enter the heart; then bad wishes arise; then wrong deeds; until evil habits rule. "It is the first step that leads astray;" if the first step is not taken, the second will never be known.

XXIV. CONCLUSIVE REASONING.

A BOY was once tempted by his companions to pluck some ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

THE BIBLE MINE SEARCHED



I hope many Sunday-School Teachers will arrange to receive answers to these Bible Questions from their scholars during each current month. Probably a Prize would stimulate interest. Answers are not to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. W. S. LEWIS, M.A., VICAR OF ST. GEORGE'S, WORKING.

SOUL FOOD.

What does the Bible describe as the appointed food of the soul; and where does it speak of this food,—

1. As a thing of savour and taste;
2. As the secret of man's life;
3. As the means of his growth in grace;
4. As the cause of wonderful joy;

"You need not be afraid," said they; "for if your father should find out that you have taken them, he is so kind that he will not hurt you."

"For that very reason," replied the boy, "I ought not to touch them; for though my father may not hurt me, my disobedience would hurt my father."

XXV. "LET ME WEAR TWO."

"Love is of God."

THE following incident, recorded in the life of Sir David Baird, supplies a touching illustration of self-denying love.

Baird, then a young officer, and several other gentlemen of the British army, had fallen into the hands of their enemy Tippoo Saib, and were thrown into a dungeon, where they endured great miseries, heightened by the fact that some of the party (Baird included) were suffering from wounds. One day they were alarmed by the sound of a great clanking of iron outside their prison, and their fears were not lightened when the massive door unclosed and a party of natives, bearing heavy sets of fetters, entered, and flung down the irons on the floor of the dungeon. They were followed by a swarthy official of the tyrant, who gave command that a pair of fetters should be fastened on the limbs of each of the captives.

Then a grey-haired officer amongst the English came forward. He was himself scarred with many a wound; but thoughtless of self, he pointed to young Baird, and besought mercy for him. "That officer," he said, "has been wounded on the leg, the wound is yet green; to put a fetter on it would cause his certain death."

What cared the barbarous Asiatic whether the captive lived or died? His orders were simple, and could not be changed. He gave reply that there were just as many pairs of fetters as there were prisoners, and that, come what might, all must be worn!

"Then let me wear two," said the grey-headed hero.

I know not whether the generous request was granted; it seems probable that it was so, as Baird lived to quit his dungeon, and to enter as a triumphant victor the city which had been the scene of his sufferings; while the man who had offered to wear his fetters died in the prison of Tippoo!

A. L. O. E.

ANSWERS (See August Number).

THE BEASTS OF THE FOREST.

The first reference in this question is to Daniel in the den of lions. The "exalted messenger" was the angel mentioned by him in Dan. vi. 22. The other "messengers" and wild beasts are mentioned in Mark i. 13, in connection with the story of the temptation of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

What Daniel said of Christ is mentioned in Dan. ii. 34, 35, 44; vii. 13, 14, and elsewhere. And our Lord's testimony to Daniel as a prophet is to be found in Matt. xxiv. 15.

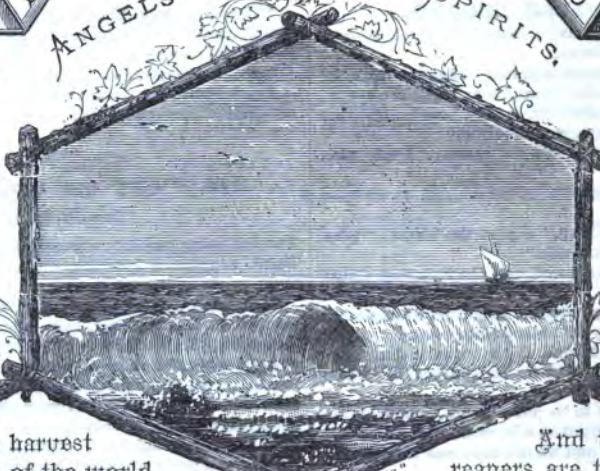


SUN.—1st day.
Rises 5.14. Sets 6.45.

SEPTEMBER. Moon.—New, 7th, A. 1.0.
Full, 22nd, A. 3.35.



ANGELS AND EVIL SPIRITS.



The harvest
is the end of the world,
ST. MARK xiii. 39.

And the
reapers are the angels.
ST. MARK xiii. 39.

1	S	He shall send His angel before thee. Gen. xxiv. 7.
2	S	14th S. af. Trin. Let all the angels of God worship
3	M	The angel went behind them. Exod. xiv. 19. [Him.
4	Tu	I send an angel before thee. Exod. xxiii. 20. [xxii. 22.
5	W	The angel of the Lord stood in the way. Num.
6	Th	The angel of His presence saved them. Isa. lxiii. 9.
7	F	God hath sent His angel and shut the lions' mouths.
8	S	God maketh His angels spirits. Ps. civ. 4.

9	S	15th S. after Trin. Praise Him all His angels.
10	M	Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels.
11	Tu	He shall give His angels charge over thee. Ps. xci.
12	W	The angel of the Lord encampeth } Ps. xxxiv. 7. [11.
13	Th	Round about them that fear Him. }
14	F	The Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless
15	S	the lads. Gen. xlviii. 16.
16	S	16th S. af. Tr. Angels came and ministered unto Him.

HE THAT
OVERCOMETH... I WILL
CONFESS HIS NAME BEFORE MY
FATHER, AND BEFORE
HIS ANGELS.

Are they not
all ministering spirits,
HEB. i. 14.

Sent
forth to minister?
HEB. i. 14.

17	M	Thousands of angels, the Lord is among them.
18	Tu	Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Jas. iv. 7.
19	W	Satan hath desired to have you. Luke xxii. 31.
20	Th	The God of peace shall bruise Satan. Rom. xvi. 20.
21	F	St. MATTHEW. Satan hindered us. 1 Thess. ii. 18.
22	S	Lest Satan should get an advantage of us. 2 Cor. ii. 11.
23	S	17th S. aft. Trin. Satan... taketh away the word that was sown. Mark iv. 15.

24	M	Get thee behind me, Satan. Matt. xvi. 23.
25	Tu	God spared not the angels that sinned. 2 Pet. ii. 4.
26	W	Lest... he fall... into the snare of the devil.
27	Th	Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light.
28	F	Seeking whom he may devour. 1 Pet. v. 8.
29	S	St. MICHAEL the Archangel... said, The Lord rebukes thee. Jude 9.
30	S	18th S. af. Trin. Your adversary the devil. 1 Pet. v. 8.

HARK, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life where sin shall be no more.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

AS soon as ever Christ was born, the Angels sang; till then we never hear of their singing below since the Creation. At the Creation the sons of God shouted for joy. When man fell, the Angels hung, as it were, their harps on the willows. But when Christ, the second Adam, was born, the Angels sang at midnight, "Glory to God in the highest." I pray God we may all die singing that anthem, and sing it to all eternity.—George Whitefield.





THE WRITING ON THE SHORE.

"And with fingers half careless, half earnest, she writes
What the Covenant Spirit within her indites,

What she learned yester-eve, at her own mother's knee,
The one Truth of the wise, the great Creed of the free,—

'God is Love.'"

See page 219.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The Writing on the Shore.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.



Y the Sea : by the Sea :
And the mighty waters are meek and mild,
Serene as the heart of a little child ;
With a ripple as soft as a mother's kiss
They are charming the shore into dreams of bliss,
As if this were one of the Happy Isles,
Where loveliest Summer for ever smiles.
And over the ripple is cheerily blown,
In musical exquisite monotone,
Fairly gentle, yet fresh as the wave,
The breeze's bugle in reach and in cave ;
And above the cliffs and the league-long down,
Where the golden gorse, and the heather brown
Breathe odorous messages far and wide
To the sea-birds aloft, and the barks on the tide
And over them all in the infinite Blue,
The ever-old and the ever-new,
Is the sun in his might ! And the truth of it all,
From the fair fresh dawn to the evenfall,
From the Blue below to the Blue above,
Is, " God is Love."

By the Sea : by the Sea :

A little maid lies on the sunny shore,
Her hour of pursuit and of merriment o'er :
All in quiet content, though in frolic no more,
She thinks not of sunshine, or ocean, or air ;
Yet above, and behind, and around they are there ;
And their power is upon her ; their mystical sense
Of the Loving, the Awful, the Sweet, the Immense
Holds in thrall, all unknowing, her child-innocence.

And with fingers half careless, half earnest, she writes
 What the Covenant Spirit within her indites,
 What she learned yester-eve at her own mother's knee,
 The one Truth of the wise, the great Creed of the free,
 Heart-secret of ages, last witness of Time,
 Depth of all the most sweet, Height of all the sublime.
 So she writes—and behind her the infinite sea,
 And over, the heaven's immensity,
 And about her, the music, the fragrance, the light,
 All of dear unto sound, unto sense, unto sight,
 With *her*, in Amen from below, from above,
 Write, "God is LOVE."

"Only Once"; or, Rose Benson and Robin Lethbridge.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE ON THE WOLD," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

LETTERS.



TWO days after Mr. Hylton had left Hatherly, Rose heard the postman's step coming up the garden, and went to meet him.

"Two letters this morning," said old Styles, who had gone his rounds in that district for nearly forty years, and could tell the story of the first "queen's head" he ever delivered, and of "them queer covers all crowded with figures" of which he had a specimen in an old tin box in his cottage. "Two letters, grand ones, they be! I always admire these here little pictures which the gentry seal their letters with. This here is a grand one, you should preserve it, Rose," said the postman as he trotted off.

The colour came to Rose's face as she turned into the kitchen with the letters. With a sudden impulse she thrust the one addressed to her into her pocket, and laid the other on the table by her father's plate. The blacksmith was cutting thick wedges of cucumber and dipping them in vinegar as a relish to the brown loaf, in which he had made considerable inroads.

"A letter! who is it from, then? Open it, child; you have readier eyes to read writing than I have."

Rose obeyed, carefully preserving the crest

and cypher as she unfastened the envelope. The contents were written in a faint, tremulous hand, and were as follows:—

"Lady Janet Hylton writes to express her deep gratitude to Mr. Benson and his daughter for their attention and kindness to her son, and begs their acceptance of the enclosed as a token of her gratitude."

The enclosed was a crisp Bank of England note for ten pounds.

"We don't want this, father," said Rose; "everything was charged for that we provided. You won't keep it?"

"Well, I don't know," said the blacksmith. "It's meant well, and £10 is a nice thing for you, Rose."

"For me! I should not touch any of it: I can make enough by my own hands. I don't want Lady Hylton's money; not I!"

And Rose began to gather together the plates and cups and saucers, and carry them away to the kitchen behind.

"What's come over the girl of late?" the blacksmith said half aloud. "She is different somehow."

Meanwhile Rose was reading her own letter, not without a pang of self reproach for her short sharp words to her father, and not without a feeling of dishonesty in hiding the second letter from him.

This letter was scarcely longer than Lady Janet's, but it conveyed a great deal: and the blush on Rose's cheek deepened as she read, and she felt very uncomfortable even in

the midst of her delight that Mr. Hylton had not forgotten her. Still, what right had he to address her with such freedom, or to say, "You know you must come as you promised to Cranchester, and I shall find you out there"? Had she promised? and if she had, how could she keep it? She felt she was wrong in concealing Mr. Hylton's letter. It was in vain that she tried to persuade herself it was "only once," and "what could it matter?" "There was nothing to tell her father, and nothing to be really ashamed of." The last words were however read and re-read many times. "I was terribly tired with my drive home and all the fuss when I got there, and I missed my good little nurse. I hope she missed her troublesome patient. G. H."

That letter with the grand cypher was the first Rose received, but it was not the last; and on this bright happy village girl a shadow of discontent grew and deepened. She allowed her mind to dwell on unrealities; and as the weeks of the bright summertime went by she grew less and less obliging to her neighbours, and less and less attentive to her father's comfort.

The leaves were beginning to show patches of gold amongst their green leaves, when one evening Rose was standing by the gate, and Robin Lethbridge came up. He had been very patient all these months, and the unselfishness of his great love for Rose was always felt. She was often sharp and generally indifferent in her manner to him, and though he felt it in the depths of his true manly heart, he took it all with patience and forbearance.

Rose hardly noticed Robin's presence, but went on fondling a little grey and white kitten she held in her arms.

"I have brought you a letter," Robin said, "from my aunt at Cranchester. She was not sure how to direct to you; so she sent it to our place, and asked mother to let you have it."

Rose took the letter from Robin's hand, and with the kitten still in her arms opened it. It was not from Mrs. Smith at all, but from Sophy, saying she had not forgotten her promise of asking Rose to pay them a visit, and that if she could come to see them in the following week she would be very

glad. "Tom says he will take you to see the good company at the theatre, and we will have some fun." The writing was sharp and pointed, and the paper a bright pink, and there was a scent of common perfume about it.

"What does my aunt say?" Robin ventured to ask after a silence.

"It is not from your aunt at all," was the answer; "it is from Sophy. A very kind note. She has asked me to go to Cranchester next week, and I shall be glad enough to go."

Robin made no rejoinder, and they stood in silence for some minutes. Presently he said,—

"The town life won't suit you, I fancy; how long will you be gone?"

"How should I know? As long as they will keep me. I shall get Betsy Simpson's girl to come in and keep the house for father," she went on almost eagerly, and more to herself than to Robin.

Then she turned away to go in doors.

"Won't you say, good bye, Rose?"

"Oh! good bye; give my love to your mother."

Seeing her father in the porch she joined him, and Robin did not attempt to follow her but walked slowly and sorrowfully away.

"Go to Cranchester, my Rose-bud; well, that is a new notion; but I am glad you should have a little treat, for you don't look the thing somehow. When are you going?"

"Mrs. Smith says next week," Rose answered, putting her arm round her father's neck as she stood by him. "I can go into Burnley on Tuesday by the carrier, and then take the train. It is only '*for once*,' father, or I should not like leaving you."

"Oh! that's all right," said the blacksmith; "I shall get on well enough. Besides, one day I must look to lose you when you go up to the farm yonder. Eh, Rose?"

"Don't talk of such a thing, father," Rose said hastily; "I can't bear it," and she left him hastily and went up to her own room.

CHAPTER X.

OUT IN THE WORLD.

Rose's preparations for her journey were all made in good time on Monday, and she went

over to the vicarage to bid Mrs. Tyndall good bye.

"You have never left your father before, Rose, have you?"

"No, ma'am; not since I was grown up. I went to Cranchester once with my Aunt Pearce, but that is long ago. I hope father will get on well. I shall only be gone a week. It's only for once."

"If the people you are going to see are nice and respectable——"

Rose caught up the word:—

"Mr. Smith keeps a large linen-draper's shop, ma'am, and Mrs. Smith is Mrs. Lethbridge's sister."

"So I heard," Mrs. Tyndall replied. "As far as position goes, I daresay theirs is superior to yours. But, Rose, I have misgivings that the Smiths are not your only attraction in Cranchester. Do not be angry or vexed with me," she said, for Rose's face grew scarlet, and her beautiful dark grey eyes flashed:—"It is only because I take such a deep interest in you, that you must hear me as a friend. You have no mother, Rose, and I must warn you about Mr. Hylton. He was brought into your father's house, and most carefully and well nursed there; but it is not desirable for you to keep up any communication with him now he is gone, and I do earnestly advise you by no means to meet him in Cranchester, if he proposes it, best to decline it firmly and decidedly. Do not be angry, Rose."

But Rose was angry, and she said:—

"I am already old enough to take care of myself, and I don't want to be spoken to as if I were a child. Good evening, ma'am."

"Dear Rose, we are none of us able to take care of ourselves, and our Father in heaven is so ready to take care of us if we ask Him. Do not forget to pray for guidance and help, my dear child; and shake hands with me, Rose."

The girl drew up her slight form, and said proudly, "Good evening, ma'am," scarcely returning the pressure of the hand which took hers: and so they parted.

The next morning the carrier's cart stopped at the turn by the vicarage, and Rose, after running back a second time to kiss her father, climbed lightly to her seat and jolted away.

Although Cranchester was scarcely twenty miles from Hatherly, the journey was a long one. The carrier never hurried himself, and he and his old horse understood each other and took their own time. Rose had a long waiting at Primley station, and it was nearly twelve o'clock before she reached Cranchester. She was rather bewildered on the wide, crowded platform, and disappointed that there was no one to meet her. The country girl and her small neat box did not command much respect or attention from the porters, and she had to wait patiently till she could get an answer to the question modestly put three or four times, "Please, which is the way to Mr. Smith's, in Longhope Street?"

"Longhope Street! that's close to St. Matthew's Church. You'd better take the 'bus; that's the way," pointing to a flight of steps. "Down there you'll find the 'busses."

As Rose reached the entrance to the station, at the bottom of the steps she saw a carriage drawn up and a footman just closing the door. A very smart, grand lady was lying back in it, and next to her was Mr. Hylton. Rose could scarcely refrain from uttering an exclamation, but Mr. Hylton's eyes only met hers for a moment, and then he turned his head away. Then there was a prancing of horses' feet, and before Rose could recover herself the carriage had rolled away.

"'Swan' 'bus, miss, this way." "Spread Eagle' 'bus, miss." "Cab, miss; cab here."

Rose was too confused to answer or discriminate; she got into the first omnibus which presented itself, and was soon borne away whither she scarcely knew. An undefined pain was at her heart. Mr. Hylton had seen her, and had taken no more notice of her than if she had been an entire stranger: and this after all he had said; this after all those long weeks of illness, when she had waited on him and been patient with him as no one else could have been. Poor Rose! it was a hard lesson, and there were harder yet to come.

"Where for, miss?" the conductor asked, as they rattled through a long, busy street.

"Mr. Smith's, please," Rose said, "in Longhope Street."

"What number?"

Rose had not the faintest idea, so she said,—

"Mr. Smith is a linen draper; a large shop with plate-glass windows."

"Oh, I daresay; but Smith isn't a very uncommon name, you see, nor plate-glass windows very rare either."

There was a familiar tone in the man's voice which Rose resented, and she spoke no more till the omnibus stopped with a jerk before a large shop, the articles in the window profusely ticketed, and found herself set down on the pavement with her box. To her relief a narrow side door opened, and she heard her name, "Miss Benson!" Rose went up to the door, and found Mrs. Smith in the passage.

"Sophy was so sorry she could not come and meet you, and so was I. But Sophy has a swelled face, and is as cross as two sticks; and Tom he is never able to leave his office in the morning. But I am vexed you were not

met, that I am. I said, 'Look out for the 'bus, Newson,' and I heard it stop, and ran down."

All this was said as Rose was following Mrs. Smith up a long flight of dark stairs covered with oil cloth which had seen its best days. At the top of the stairs Sophy met them, her face being tied up with a scarlet handkerchief, and her whole appearance very unlike the smart young person who had talked so glibly of her town life at Brookside Farm.

"What did I come for?" Rose inwardly said as she went into a small bedroom up another flight of stairs; "what did I come for? Oh, I wish I had stayed at home!"

The Smiths however meant to be kind, and every effort was made to let the village maiden "see all there was to be seen," as Mrs. Smith expressed it.

(To be continued.)

Little Foxes and the Tender Grapes.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE WRONG TRAIN;"
"BENEATH THE CROSS," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

DISTRACTION IN PRAYER.

"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes."—*Song Sol. ii. 15.*



HAVE no intention of saying much about the listless, heartless prayers which some persons are content to offer. Not a few professing Christians go to church from Sunday to Sunday, but in God's sight their worship is altogether in vain. The lips speak, but the heart is dumb. The knee is bent, but the soul is unhumbled. Their thoughts are in the end of the earth. Whether it be the confession or the thanksgiving, the prayers or the hymns or chants, it matters not; for business and a multitude of worldly matters engage the mind, and there is no room for true worship.

I heard a man one day boasting of his devotion to business. He was a wealthy

man, and had more than a thousand workmen employed in his factory. "Seven days a week," he said, "my mind is full of my work. If I came to hear you, unless it were something very striking, I should not know a word you had been saying." I am afraid such a spirit is very common. Even those who go regularly from habit to the House of God are often living altogether unmindful of the truths they hear, or of the petitions they offer. Such is mere lip service, and profits nothing, but is rather abomination in the sight of God. How many sit before God as His people, and yet not one solitary petition is offered in earnest during the whole service. All kinds of subjects fill the mind and occupy the attention. Money,

dress, letters, orders in business, a coming entertainment, yea, even envious and malicious thoughts, are permitted to reign within the heart, and those who are apparently devout worshippers are content to have it so.

If this be so with any reader, remember the grievous sin you commit. God is not mocked. He has a window into your heart, and sees the innumerable multitude of vain thoughts which occupy the temple where He would dwell. You cannot deceive Him with such formal and hypocritical worship. You want thorough conversion to God. You want the Holy Ghost to awaken your conscience and show you your peril. You need to be born again. You need a new heart and a right spirit. You are yet unsaved, and unless you flee to Christ for pardon and grace you will be undone for ever.

I remember reading an incident that bears upon this point. A lady in church was struck one day with the last prayer in the service: "Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of Thy servants, as may be most expedient for them," etc. The thought occurred to her, "What desires and petitions have I offered to God? I have never really asked God for anything." Conviction of a life of sin, and of her dead and profitless worship, flashed across her. The Holy Spirit worked mightily within her heart, and she saw plainly that she had been hitherto a stranger to God. The following Sunday she came in a very different spirit. With her whole heart she could now enter into the words of the General Confession: "We have erred and strayed like lost sheep. . . . We have left undone those things we ought to have done, and have done those things we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us."

But whilst with some there has been nothing better than lip worship all their days, yet on the other hand there are many true, humble-minded Christians, who deeply

grieve over their wanderings in prayer. They would fix their thoughts, but they cannot. They would pray with the whole heart, but something comes in, perhaps some thought on the subject about which they are praying, some thought about yesterday's trouble or to-morrow's work, or a pressing duty, or a visit to a friend, or a bill to be met; and it carries them right away, and a little afterwards they recollect themselves, and very far indeed have they travelled from the felt presence of God. This experience is constantly a source of fear and distress to them. The sin is confessed but yet returns. This little Fox, distraction and wandering in prayer, mars their joy both in private and in public worship; it makes them afraid at times that they are not truly the followers of Christ.

Now how can this evil be met? How can this little Fox be killed, or kept out of the vineyard?

I fear that we shall never be wholly free from its incursions, but we may be enabled by God's grace in some measure to keep it under.

It is well before prayer in church or at home to secure a few quiet, silent moments of meditation. We want to place ourselves consciously in the presence of God. Through the help of the Spirit we should think of some word of Scripture that may help us. "Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them." "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret Himself shall reward thee openly." Let us say to ourselves: "My Father is here; He seeth in the secret chamber of my heart; He is present to mark each desire, each sigh, each word of prayer." Let us look up and behold our great High Priest, pleading for us before the throne, and yet bending down His ear to hearken to the petitions

which we offer. Let us see Him and realise Him to be very nigh,—nearer than the one sitting by us in the church; nearer to us when praying in secret than a mother to the child whom she is nursing on her lap. We want more faith in prayer. Nothing keeps off vain, impertinent, restless, untimely thoughts as this does. If we have faith that Christ is nigh, that He is favourable to us because we trust only in His blood and mediation, that He has all help for every need and emergency, and that He is faithful in hearing and abundantly fulfilling our petitions, this will help us more than anything.

My first remedy therefore for this evil is to *exercise more faith*. Speak as in God's ear. Do not pray as if you were praying in the air, or to yourself, or to the walls of your room, or to the Pastor in the church; but pray as if you saw Christ before you with your very eyes. Ask of Him what you wish and require, as if you heard His voice at the moment saying to you, "Ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." True, genuine, lively faith like this will do for you more than many rules.

But a few other hints may be added.

Pray with your lips as well as with your heart.

I am persuaded that in most cases it is helpful to use the voice in prayer. In Church it is helpful to yourself, and to the rest of the congregation, when you repeat audibly the petitions in our beautiful Liturgy. If we uttered aloud the General Confession, the various responses, and the Amens, it would make our worship far more lively and profitable. I have read of one instance where a careless man was awakened to a deep conviction of his sin by the earnest reality with which a working man by his side repeated the Confession. It stirs up also the heart of the Minister when he thus hears the devout and hearty responses of the people.

In private prayer also it is a means of help to repeat audibly the prayers you offer. It drives away drowsiness. It helps the memory. It stirs up the heart to some kindred petitions. So that where it is possible I would counsel you to utter aloud the prayers and praises which you present before the mere seat.

Then learn the habit of *frequent self-recollection*.

Keep your spirit under the control of careful watchfulness; and when you find you have wandered in thought, forget the past and pray afresh; ever trusting in the Atoning blood to remove the iniquity of your holy things, the pollution of the "unclean lips." Stir up the heart anew that the petitions which yet remain may be more fervent for any that have been lost through a wandering mind.

Endeavour to *throw double earnestness into such prayers as sum up your various needs*.

For instance, in the *Liturgy* should you be conscious that several of the petitions have been offered which you have not heartily followed, still look up in faith, and with all your heart offer those that remain, specially the one which seems to *sum up* all your spiritual necessities: "That it may please Thee to give us true repentance, to forgive us all our sins, negligences and ignorances, and to endue us with the grace of Thy Holy Spirit, to amend our lives according to Thy Holy Word." Let your whole soul be thrown into this prayer; and in answer to it what various gifts and graces may you expect!

In the same way, whether in church or in family or private worship, *the Lord's Prayer* should especially call forth our faith and hope. It is inclusive both of temporal and spiritual benefits. It is on behalf of the whole church as well as of ourselves. Therefore, whenever it occurs, let it waken us up to new effort and expectation. If in family worship attention has flagged, and

we have not been able, as we would wish, to keep pace with the various requests made, yet let us not fail to offer every syllable of this prayer so that the season of blessing may not pass unimproved.

And then, above all, never forget to honour the Holy Ghost as the Author and Prompter of all genuine prayer.

Every throbb of spiritual life is His work. Every acceptable petition is His breathing in the soul. It is only in the Spirit that you can ever pray so that your Father shall hear you. Without His aid the altar of the heart is dead and cold. Without His grace the bubbling spring is dried up. Without His perpetual assistance the flame will not ascend nor the water flow.

No words bear more directly on the subject of this paper than our Lord's words to

the woman by the well: "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth" (St. John iv. 24). And the Lord Himself tells us the secret power by which alone all such prayer can be offered. In the very same chapter we have His gracious promise to the woman: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up to everlasting life" (ver. 13, 14).

Here is the secret of true, hearty, joyful prayer. You must have the grace of the Spirit; you must ever be looking to Jesus to give you this living water, which shall spring up in heavenly affections, in fervent prayers, and in thankful praises, even to "everlasting life."

War and its Doings.*

BY THE REV. W. BLAKE ATKINSON, AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE HEART."



SEE! the demon of the battle
Hovers o'er his human prey,
As the nations, hot with passion,
Gather to the deadly fray!
Hark! the rifle's rapid volley
And the cannon's growing roar
Tell abroad the horrid tidings
Of the cruel curse of war.

Look how fast the ranks are thinning,
As the conflict spreads around,
And how thick the dead and wounded
Lie upon the shot-torn ground!
Listen how, above the tumult
Of the victor's shouting train,
From a thousand lips to heaven
Goes the bitter cry of pain!

* We give a specimen of the "War Illustrations" which are now appearing in "HAND AND HEART," our Penny Weekly Family Newspaper. Our readers will see that nothing is spared to secure the work of the first artists and engravers of the day.

A new Serial Tale by Mrs. Marshall, entitled "BASKETS AND BROOMS; OR, LIFE ON THE HEATH," will shortly commence in "HAND AND HEART." We shall be very glad if our friends will make a fresh effort to introduce the paper to the notice of others. From many similar recent reviews we quote the following:—

"Hand and Heart is a high-class illustrated penny weekly. No family should be without it. It is ably edited. The leading items of the news of the day—social, political, and religious—are given in an attractive form, rendering them instructive and profitable to the reader. The opinions of men and the press are also carefully noted and analysed. The illustrations are as good as the literary merit."—*Barnsley Times*.

"We cannot speak too highly of the worth of this well-managed journal. Its articles are well written, short, and to the purpose of its title—an educator uniting the Hand and Heart."—*Bradford Advertiser*.

"We desire to direct special attention to Hand and Heart. The art is as good as the literature."—*The Art Journal*.

The best way of helping us, is to ask booksellers to order a dozen copies, offering to buy any that are left on hand. We would always refund any amount thus expended. We only want the paper to be seen, that it may speak for itself. As an agency for doing good, we wish to extend our present large circulation tenfold; and the readers of *Home Words* can easily gratify our desire, if they will all help us with *Hand and Heart*.—Editor of *Home Words*.



Drawn on the spot.]

THE SHATTERED HOME.

[From "Hand and Heart."

Oh, ye sons of happy England,
 In your peace-crowned isle secure!
 Think upon the heavy burdens
 That your fellow-men endure:
 Let your honest hearts be open,
 Reach the ready helping hand;
 For the succour of the needy
 Take at once your willing stand!

While, amid his ghastly harvest,
 Death is binding up his sheaves,
 Let us glean into our garner
 All the busy reaper leaves:
 Thus, to aid the sick and wounded
 In the sight of God and man
 Work a nobler deed of conquest
 Than the proudest ruler can!

England's Martyr-Bishops.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK.

VII. THOMAS CRANMER: ARCHBISHOP AND MARTYR.



REVIEW of the individual martyrs of the Reformation would properly conclude with an account of the life and death of Thomas Cranmer, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury. It would be a review of the character and history of a great man. We regard Cranmer, notwithstanding some drawbacks, as *the* man of his age. The period of his life constitutes an era in the national and religious history of England, involving all that is dear in the memories of the past. He was one in whom were combined great learning and steady perseverance, high office and profound humility, great prosperity and deep adversity. His was a long and chequered career, a blessed seed-time—"sowing in tears," for golden harvests ever since,—“reaping in joy.” His life, too, was in itself an illustration of the vanity of earthly dignities and yet how they may be used to God's glory and the good of His Church. The life of Cranmer opened as in an obscure sunrise, continued through a brilliant day, and ended in a stormy sunset in the darkened west. Under God, he became the instrument of lasting good to England, in both its temporal and spiritual interests.

To understand the life of Cranmer, and rightly to appreciate the part he played,

it is necessary to know something of the times in which he lived. Circumstances draw out the character of men, and his lot was cast in a very eventful period. It will be well, therefore, if we can take a bird's eye view of the times in which he lived, and thus make ourselves familiar with the circumstances of his day, and the position he was called to occupy.

Cranmer filled the niche allotted to him as no one else could have filled it; he was the man for the emergency. He was not like Latimer or Ridley or Hooper, men of simple character. Cranmer was early introduced to Court; and if we call him a “courtier” it is not in the questionable sense of that term. He was much in the society of kings; he enjoyed the companionship and confidence of Henry VIII. He held the chief direction and control of spiritual things during the reign of Edward VI., and fell a victim to the blood-thirsty persecution under Queen Mary. He was a statesman, diplomatist, theologian, arbitrator, all in turns. At times the tangled thread of European politics was in his hand to unravel; and he could not withdraw himself from the stage of public life, even if he would. Hence the lives of other martyrs may be more edifying, but never so eventful, or prolific of such great results. Other names may be dropped out, but not the name of Cranmer. He is as essential

to the history of his times as Hamlet is to the play of Hamlet.

The sixteenth century opened a new scene on the stage of the world's history. Preparations for this new era had been made more than 150 years before. The labours of Wycliffe in the 14th century, afterwards continued by the Lollards of the 15th century, had contributed largely to the revival of intelligence and learning. At the beginning of the 16th century we find many minds and many men busy in laying the foundations of that "spiritual temple" of which Erasmus spoke, and from which the glory has never since departed.

Not for a long time before had so many distinguished names been included within a single generation as at the commencement of the sixteenth century. Ferdinand and Isabella, the "Catholic Kings," ruled over the kingdom of Spain; Henry VII. occupied the throne of England; the Wars of the Roses had ceased, and national wealth, prosperity, and peace went hand in hand. Twenty years later a galaxy of celebrated names appear. Charles V. was the Emperor of Germany and of Spain; Francis I. King of France, and Henry VIII. King of England, patronised the age of chivalry, and the Field of the Cloth of Gold; Leo X. (of the princely family of the Medici) sat upon the pontifical chair; Luther was in his prime; Tyndale was moving about the Continent, issuing his English Bibles; there was a general moving of the dry bones, by the Spirit of God returning in mercy to His Church and people.

Of the crowned heads of those days three were the most powerful kings,—the Emperor Charles and the Kings of France and England. These three were almost equally powerful, and therefore were the more jealous of each other. It was a triangular rivalry; and they courted each the others' aid, for a combination of any two of them would be fatal to the third.

Of the alliances thus made, one at least was fraught with influences that have not yet exhausted themselves. Henry VII. chose an alliance with Spain; and the Spanish princess, Catharine of Aragon, the daughter of Ferdinand, was married to his eldest son the Prince Arthur. The almost immediate sequel to this marriage was the death of Arthur; and Henry VII. not wishing to lose the ample dowry of the princess, and desiring to maintain the alliance with the Spanish Court, caused the widowed princess to be espoused to his younger son Henry.

As this marriage constituted the turning point of at least the temporal emancipation of England from the Roman yoke, it may be well to review the circumstances of its origin. The Prince Henry was a boy of but twelve years of age when he was by his father's policy affianced to his brother's widow. Now the marriage with a deceased brother's wife is directly forbidden in the Levitical law, and it was held unlawful in the Roman Catholic Church. Wareham, then Archbishop of Canterbury, opposed the projected union; but the Pope of that day, Julius II., settled the matter by granting a dispensation. Surely, if the marriage was lawful, there was no need of any dispensation; and if it was unlawful, a dispensation could not legalize it. It was against the Prince Henry's own wish to contract this marriage, and he signed a formal protest against it. The marriage was however in due time solemnized; and the issue of it was the birth of the Princess Mary.

Ere long, scruples, whether real or pretended, we do not undertake to say, arose in the mind of Henry, now Henry VIII. He communicated these to Dr. Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, his confessor, who pronounced the marriage to be sinful. The king himself was learned in the school-divinity of his time; he consulted the canon law, the casuists, the schoolmen, and especially the writings of Thomas

Aquinas, and found them all to be against such marriages. To these may also be added the name of Cardinal Wolsey, who for prudential causes and reasons of statecraft pronounced for the dissolution of the marriage. One thing however was needed—the dispensation of the Pope to annul the marriage; and the authority of Clement VII. was invoked, to undo what his predecessor had done.

But where was the great obstacle in the way of the king's wishes? The Pope was not his own master; he was then a prisoner in Rome, and the key was in the hands of Charles V., who was nephew to Catharine,

and would see to her interests. Clement was anxious to oblige Henry, and to retain England on his side; but he dared not disoblige the emperor. These negotiations with Rome continued for several years. In 1527 an ambassador was sent from England to Rome, and Clement promised to grant the dispensation. Soon after, however, he escaped from prison, and forgot his promise. Thus time and money were spent in vain, and the king was impatient of delay.

It is at this point of the story that we come upon the name of Thomas Cranmer, of whom we shall proceed to speak in our next paper.



The Golden Lane Exhibition of Donkeys and Ponies.

SOMEbody once remarked that he would give nothing for a man's Christianity whose very dog was not the better for his religion. The inference was that the Gospel, when allowed to exercise its legitimate influence, will benefit animals in the stall and in the field, as well as convey inestimable blessings to the souls of men. All this is quite in accordance with Bible principles, for a Christian man will certainly be merciful to his beast. This is a truth, moreover, which has of late years been verified before our eyes in an unlooked-for manner. The Gospel has extended its empire to Golden Lane and its once notorious purlieus, the consequence being that a reformation has taken place among the street-sellers and their cattle, which is in itself a Christian "evidence" of far greater potency than the best things of Butler and Paley. The wretched, cruelly-used donkeys, such as might be met with twenty years ago, are daily becoming scarcer in the metropolitan thoroughfares, and ere long they will probably entirely disappear. The Earl of Shaftesbury and Mr. W. J. Orsman have been the chief instruments in effecting this happy change, and now we have the annual Golden Lane Donkey and Pony Show, which costerdom would not willingly pass by.

The scene of the exhibition which took place recently is necessarily in the vicinity of Golden Lane, on a piece of open ground contiguous to the Foresters' Hall, Wilderness Row, where the "Robin dinner" was given to the waifs and strays by the readers of *Hand and Heart* last winter. Early in the afternoon the work commenced of marshaling and entering in the list the carefully groomed and gaily decorated animals, which by their gambols and general spiritedness betrayed no disinclination to be paraded before the public eye. The officials of the costers' societies wore the embroidered insignia of office; but the exhibitors generally seemed to have somewhat forgotten their own toilets, while attending to that of their quadrupeds. The preliminaries having been satisfactorily arranged, several hundreds of the men with their wives drank tea together in the large room beneath the hall. Before they had got half-way through this substantial meal, a ringing cheer announced the arrival of the Earl—the noble head of the Coster clan—and Lady Edith Ashley.

Now that his lordship has actually arrived, tea, cake, and bread and butter are things of minor importance; the sooner they are despatched the better, as the main business of the hour calls everybody into the grounds. The men hasten to take up their positions with their animals, and the women stand by,



OUR "PRIZE" DONKEYS.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast."

their eyes sparkling with admiration while the Earl and Lady Edith patiently go round the show to examine each donkey and pony, and to speak words of encouragement or give their encomiums where chiefly deserved. As the pressure would otherwise be unbearable, a covered carpeted platform is provided, and from a table on this erection the prizes are distributed during a general march past of the entire troop. The Earl is as delighted to award the money as the men are to receive it; and when a smart little goat not eligible for a prize is led past, his lordship quickly gives a reward from his own pocket. The spectacle was in all respects a remarkable scene; for only within the last ten years could so fine a drove of animals have belonged to the costers of London. The donkeys would have reflected credit on private owners of good social position; the ponies were well fed, unexceptionably groomed, and many of them overflowed with the spirit which is the best symptom possible of kind usage.

Having despatched the business of prize giving, the great hall was quickly filled with an expectant audience anxious to hear what the Earl and other friends would find to say to them. Mr. Orsman, who was the first to speak, showed that the company assembled would represent "a good spread," as in addition to the costers a number of meat-market porters were in the room. They must remember how greatly indebted they were to God for their noble president. When the Earl, some time ago, presided at a party of aged people in Golden Lane, he had confessed that he was "no chicken," and still he was always at work. His lordship was certainly not a chicken-hearted man, for the meetings he had attended would have killed an ordinary person. In regard to the Donkey Show, which they hoped to continue year by year, it was now almost impossible to meet with a bad donkey in the streets.

A costers' meeting without a speech or two from members of the fraternity would be out of keeping with our progressive times; so that when the Earl called for Wilkins and Hayward the two men come forward, and with excellent grace make interesting speeches. In spite of their unclassical English they show by their pointed remarks that they

are shrewd common-sense men of business.

One of the most telling testimonies in favour of the costers is their friendly feeling towards the police. Next to their chief, the Earl, and their benefactor, Mr. Orsman, they harbour special affection for Colonels Henderson and Frazer, the two commissioners of the force in London. Colonel Henderson is on the platform beside the Earl, and when he rises to speak he tells the congregated body of costers that as street-sellers he has nothing but good to say of them. They are a most amenable race. Even Sunday trading was being rectified by public opinion, and no difficulties were put forth by the costers themselves, who, moreover, would meet with nothing but kindness from the police.

Other speaking followed; and then a lady, Mrs. Griffiths, a co-worker with Mr. and Mrs. Orsman, stepped to the front to address a few words to Lady Edith Ashley, and to present her ladyship, in the name of the coster-women, with a really beautiful carriage clock. The presentation was made with admirable tact; and many were affected when assured by the Earl, who acknowledged the gift, that his daughter regarded them all as sisters in Christ. One present seemed to open the way to others; for two parcels of books, one pile being presented by Mr. Smithies, the other by the Editor of *Hand and Heart*, were given away to certain of the men as extra donkey and pony prizes.

The speech of the evening came of course from the Earl himself. It devolves upon his Lordship to say a word on behalf of an absent friend. "Coster," the donkey colt with which friends in the hall had presented him about two years ago, was not in the best of health, or he would certainly have been one in the show during that afternoon. The Earl goes on to say that without any reservation he has been really delighted. The show was a testimony to their humanity; it proved that they were acting in accordance with the dictates of the Spirit of God, and they would have their reward. They were respecting the animals' rights by giving them the Sabbath; otherwise the creatures could not do what they do. It was a sign of progress to see them with horses; and it would not be surprising if costers were to rise materially in

the social scale. Their example had improved the condition of street-sellers' cattle in London generally. People have inquired, whence comes the change? and the answer has been, from Golden Lane. His Lordship then inquires whether any of them have lost anything through their observance of the Sabbath? Without the Sabbath rest, in their station of life they would know nothing of domestic enjoyment. It was a great thing to

have such a body of men and women as they were stationed in London; they were a mainstay of truth and of the throne, and he desired no other fruits of his labours than to see such results.

Thus ended our Costers' Festival, our sketch of which will enable the reader to estimate the achievements of one of the most successful missions in the great wilderness of London.—*Hand and Heart.*

Home Makers, and How they Made Them.

BY MRS. CLARA L. BALFOUR.

II. ONLY A LITTLE CHILD.



SORROW never comes and leaves a man or woman just as it found them. They are always the better or the worse for the visitation. Sometimes grief is like a hard

sharp frost, that strikes to the very root of plant or flower, nipping the buds, and apparently all but killing the tree. Yet only apparently, for the frost breaks up the hard soil, opens it to receive the sun's rays and the soft showers, kills the noxious insects, and is in the world of nature a promoter of health and plenty. So it is in the human world with sorrow. To many all then seems hard and cheerless: sweet buds of hope are cut off or blighted; the tender promise that loving hearts cherished is checked by the keen blast of adversity. Yet to those who look upward when all around them is cold and dreary, though their hearts may be stricken and almost riven asunder, there comes soft showers of heavenly blessing during the night of gloom, and with the morning rays of light from above.

Happy those who can think in their afflictions of Him who, though He is the Lord of life and joy, was once for us "the Man of sorrow and acquainted with grief." But those who do not know the Saviour as their tender Helper and compassionate

Master, who is ever touched with feeling of their infirmity, are apt not merely to mourn under affliction and bereavement,—that all must do,—but to murmur and rebel. Then sorrow hardens them as fire hardens iron. They are made morose or stern or reckless by trouble.

I knew a home in which a great sorrow had this different effect. John Daniels and his wife Sarah had one little girl, the healthy survivor of several infants who had been born seemingly only to languish and die. Little Bessie had enjoyed seven years of blooming happy life when scarlet fever visited the district, and notwithstanding all the mother's devoted care and the father's tender love, she was snatched away from them in five days.

Those only who know what it is to have one cherished child left out of several,—one treasure saved from the wreck of many hopes,—can quite understand how little Bessie was beloved. The poor mother, who had kissed the last sigh from so many infant lips, had in her gentle ministering to her feeble little ones learned to look to Him who took the young children in His arms and blessed them. Of all the passages in Holy Writ, the one that Mrs. Daniels thought of the most and loved the best was that about children: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Her tender babes had not lived their brief lives in vain, for

they bore their mother's thoughts beyond the grave, and she became a woman of prayer. She was not by any means a loud professor; she said indeed little, but she felt much; and when Bessie was spared to be years older than her baby brothers and sister, she rejoiced with a full, loving heart, yet with trembling. When the separating blow came, she was cast down indeed, but not destroyed.

John Daniels was for a time quite shattered by the stroke. All his other little ones had been babies,—this one was his pet playfellow, and companion. He raged at first in his grief, like a madman. Then as this distraction passed off he grew moody and reckless. He insisted on moving away from the house, where he had long lived, to a new neighbourhood; and his wife, hoping that change would relieve his mind, did not oppose the removal. Indeed, she was a meek and quiet creature, who rarely opposed him at all. To be guided, to cling and obey, was her nature, which religion and sorrow had chastened into a quiet gentleness. She was not by any means a clever woman. Many home makers, if they have not had the benefit of education or the gift of natural talents, have had force of character and natural power of mind. Many a lowly woman in her home work and ways shows that she has those gifts, by the way she guides her house and employs her time. Mrs. Daniels was just a meek woman, keeping her home and herself neat and nice, doing her duty at her needlework and her cooking, spending her little money and time carefully.

So when Daniels said, "I hate the sight of the place—let's go," she assented, though she knew that her husband was giving up a better house than he was likely to get elsewhere; and moreover, when he fixed on Dulwich as a residence, she knew it was farther from his employment (at a West-end upholsterer's) than he could well go night and morning.

"I am afraid, John, you'll be miserable," she said when he took her to see the damp-looking little house he had hired.

"Miserable!" he answered; "Of course I shall be. I never expect to be anything else.—Do you?"

"I shall try, John, for your sake," she said.

"I don't mean to try; it's no use that I see."

Poor man! he was trying to bear his burden himself, and it was too heavy for him. He did not know or he had forgotten the words, "Cast your care on Him, for He careth for you."

Mrs. Daniels fears about their Dulwich home were realised. The winter was very hard, and her husband found it greatly increased his toil going such a distance to and fro to his work. He did not lose his health, but his spirit was gone, and he lost his work. After some time he was employed by an inferior firm and among a rougher lot of workmen.

"Cheer up, mate!" said a thoughtless, goodnatured fellow to him, just after singing a stave of "Begone, dull care," and invited him to take a glass. Daniels, weary of himself and all the world, consented. In fact, in his misery he had tried the method recommended of drowning sorrow in draughts of ale—with the effect of making his cares heavier and his purse lighter.

It was soon hard times in every way for Mrs. Daniels. She knew not what to do, for she could earn nothing by undertaking any work. She was not strong enough for rough work, though she did all her own house tending. She had no extra skill of the needle, for she had married early, and never learned to work for her living. Clearly she saw that poverty was coming; and her simple prayer of three words, "Lord, help us," went up, I think I may say, almost hourly. It was a very little prayer, but the spirit of it somehow comforted her, and kept her from despair.

One night John came home earlier than usual, and his footstep as he reached the door was steadier than it had been for the last three nights. The poor wife's drooping heart felt a little easier as she gave him a cheerful welcome, and hastened to make a cup of tea and put a comfortable meal before him. She rejoiced that she had dined on a crust of bread, as the bit of meat she had thus saved was soon smoking on his plate.

But he was pale and could not eat. Knowing his silent, not to say sullen moods, she did not pester him with questions. At length with a great sigh he said, "There's nothing but wretchedness in this world; I wish I was out of it." And then in answer to her inquiry, he told her that a heavy cornice had fallen from a lofty room on a fellow workman, and that he had helped to carry the poor fellow to the Westminster Hospital, hoping that he was only stunned, but that the surgeons had pronounced him dead of concussion of the brain.

This was not all. The man was a widower with five children.

Mrs. Daniels was not one to be content with giving merely a sigh or a tear—or a growl and a grumble, as her husband did—to such a story.

"John, I'd like to go, please—to go at once and see those children."

"I s'pose I may go as well?" said he; and so they sallied forth, and found indeed a sad scene: a young girl of seventeen, three boys between fifteen and eleven, and a little girl of seven, a small bright eyed little creature who hardly understood the grief which had befallen, certainly not the consequence to her and hers, but was alternately crying and coaxing the elder children with pretty tender words of endearment.

"Don't oon cry—Bessie will love oon!" she said, clasping her sister Mary's neck.

"Bessie!" the name struck to the hearts of the visitors. They stood still a moment and gazed at the child. Then Mrs. Daniels

crossed the room, took the little clinging creature in her arms and kissing her carried her to her husband, as he hastily dropped into a chair by the door. She put the child in his lap, saying, "Take this Bessie!" and then she returned to Mary, and laying the poor girl's tear-stained cheek upon her motherly bosom, she held her there, murmuring soft words of pity and mingling her tears with the orphan's.

It was hard—and she felt it so—that she had so little to give the poor family. John, it may be, cast a thought at his recent way of drowning sorrow, and felt it was a wasteful as well as disappointing experiment; but he held little Bessie in his arms, and hid his face in her curls, as she fell asleep on his shoulder.

A missionary of the district came in, and then an old man, an uncle of the poor fellow who lay dead; and though of course nothing was decided upon, yet much was put in train for the orphans. Mrs. Daniels stayed with them that night; and before her husband left to go home, he whispered to her, "Sarah, dear, couldn't we do with little 'Bessie?'" "Sarah, dear!" he hadn't called her "dear" for months; it was a forgotten sound from his lips—lost in his murmurings.

"Oh, if I may! Oh, I'll try to have her!" whispered the poor wife in reply, a choking sob rising in her throat.

So it happened that after the sad bustle of the inquest and the funeral, Mary was taken under the care of the family where the accident had happened, to be kindly reared and cared for as a superior attendant on one of the daughters of the house. The two elder boys had already gone to work, and they were received as regular apprentices by the firm their father had served. The youngest boy was got into a school; and Mr. and Mrs. Daniels had their wish,—little Bessie came to them.

It was wonderful what a load seemed to roll off John Daniels' spirits directly he

began to exert himself for others; still more marked was the change in his habits from the time the orphan child came into his home.

"Come home soon to Bessie," was her morning plea as he went to work. "Oh, I so glad, so bery glad!" was her evening salutation as she ran to fetch his slippers, and climbing his knee prattled to him while he took his tea. Then when her bed time came, she would always say the simple prayer her sister had taught her, kneeling at John's knee.

"She says them best to you," was Mrs. Daniels' quiet word. Good, faithful soul, she had read in her Book—the only book

she knew much of—for, as she said, she was "but a poor scholar"—"A little child shall lead them"; and truly the soft clasp of this little one's hand led the strong man out of the Slough of Despond, and her tiny feet showed him the way into the right path.

He worked better; he spoke better, for he feared to say harsh coarse words before Bessie; and he lived better, for he left off dangerous luxuries and kept to homely comfort. As he never prayed before, I cannot say he prayed better; but this can be said,—

"Angels 'mid their songs rejoiced
And cried, 'Behold, he prays!'"

The Autumn of Life:

THE COMFORT OF THE HOLY GHOST.



WHEN the leaves of life are falling,
When the shadows flit appalling,
When the twilight voice is calling;—

Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When youth's verdure all is fading,
When I pass into the shading,
Life's long load at last unlading;—

Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When the frost of time has found me,
When the chains of age have bound me,
When the evening mists surround me;—

Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When the worn-out flesh is sinking,
When from burdens it is shrinking,
And from earthly ties unlinking;—

Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When the gates of life are closing,
All its lattice-bolts unloosing,
And the spirit seeks reposing;—

Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When these skies look wan and dreary,
When the inner man is weary,
Worn out by the adversary;—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When past sins are flocking round me,
When the fiery arrows wound me,
As if hell would then confound me;—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When my farewells I am taking,
And these lower rooms forsaking,
To my upper home betaking;—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

Holy Spirit, strength in weakness,
Holy Spirit, health in sickness,
Give me comfort, patience, meekness;
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

Ah, Thou wilt not then forsake me,
Strong in weakness Thou wilt make me,
To Thy bosom Thou wilt take me,—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!
HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

Natural History Anecdotes.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS," ETC.

XXV. THE DOG AND THE NIGHTINGALE.



VERY remarkable story of a dog and a nightingale is given by Mrs. S. C. Hall, in her "Animal Sagacity," which may, perhaps, prompt considerate thoughtfulness in some of our young readers, by showing how much suffering may be inflicted on parent birds when deprived of their young.

A gentleman went, some time ago, to the house of a Mr. Webb, a large sheep farmer, at Babraham, in Cambridgeshire; and, while they were at dinner, he heard the "jug, jug" of a nightingale close outside the window.

On asking about it, the answer was, "Poor thing! she is only taunting the house-dog."

A nightingale "taunting a house-dog"; what could it mean?

It seems that the large dog, a species of Newfoundland, had followed his master down the drive, past a laurel-bush, where the nightingale had built its nest. He discovered and snapped at it, and just missing the old bird as she flew off, devoured all the young ones. I am glad that it was not my dog; for although it was his nature, and Pilot is a very faithful animal, I do not think I could have ever liked him again. But from that moment, the bird never left the dog. She followed him when he walked, continually sitting either upon his kennel-top, or on a bush hard by, asking for its young ones. Actually, if Pilot followed his master into the house, the bird, usually so shy and timid in its nature, would accompany him to the very doorstep, and wait till he came out again,—just like an avenging spirit.

The sympathy of the family at Babraham was greatly excited by the sorrow of the poor mother, who mourned for her children—a bird Rachel, who "would not be comforted, because they were not!" and they would have rejoiced most heartily if they could have replaced the nest and the little ones. Their surprise was great that the poor bird could keep up its mournful song so long. So long as Pilot was

in sight, she continued upbraiding him night and day. Sometimes Pilot was permitted to join the family circle, when they took their work or tea on the lawn. It was his custom to ascend the front steps, and seat himself by the door of the hall; even then the poor wailing bird would hop on the steps after the dog, and the dog never offered to molest her. For three weeks or a month the family always knew where Pilot was by the wearisome wail of the devoted bird. Once the sorrowful notes ceased to be heard, and Mr. Webb's family thought she was gone, but suddenly the musical knell was resumed, and there was the mourner on a high birch-tree across the lawn, and, almost at the same moment, Pilot was seen passing under the tree!

Surely this touching incident cannot but affect all who read it. They will feel deep sympathy for the suffering mourner, though but a bird; and no doubt the story will influence the young to abstain from an "amusement" that causes such intense sorrow; while their parents will surely learn hence to discourage, nay, to forbid, a practice that hardens the heart, and may therefore be the seed of fruit that is only poison.

XXVI. THE REMEMBERED PRISONER.

A pair of sparrows, which had built in the thatched roof of a house, were observed to continue their regular visits to the nest long after the time when the young birds ought naturally to have taken flight. This unusual circumstance continued throughout the year; and in the winter, a gentleman who all along observed them, determined on finding out the cause. He therefore placed a ladder, and on mounting, found one of the young ones detained a prisoner by means of a string or scrap of worsted, which formed part of the nest, having become accidentally twisted round its leg. Being thus disabled from procuring its own living, it had been fed by the continued exertions of the parents.



BY THE SEA.

FOR a sight of the sea,
 For a breath from the breezy down,
 From the whirl of life for a season free,
 From the rush of the crowded town.
 Away! to the sparkling sand,
 Where the rippling waters run,
 With a laugh and a leap to meet the strand,
 Rejoicing in the sun.
 There through the morning hours
 Shall the happy children play;
 Piling and shaping their sand-built towers,
 For the waves to carry away. J. L. H.



AT RAMSGATE.

The Young Folks' Page.

XXVI. HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.



ONE day the Duke of Buccleuch, a Scotch nobleman, bought a cow in the neighbourhood of Dalkeith, where he lived. The cow was to be sent home the next day. Early in the morning, as the duke was taking a walk in a very common dress, he saw a boy trying in vain to drive the cow to his residence. The cow was very unruly, and the poor boy could not get on with her at all. The boy, not knowing the duke, bawled out to him in broad Scotch accent, "Hie, mun, come here and gie's a hand wi' this beast!"

The duke walked slowly on, not seeming to notice the boy, who still kept calling for his help. At last, finding that he could not get on with the cow, he cried out in distress, "Come here, mun, and help us, and as sure as anything I'll gie ye half I get."

The duke went and lent a helping hand.

"And now," said the duke, as they trudged along after the cow, "how much do you think you will get for the job?"

"I dinna ken," replied the boy; "but I'm sure o' something, for the folks at the big house are guid to a' bodies."

As they came to a lane near the house the duke slipped away from the boy and entered by a different way. Calling his butler, he put a sovereign into his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy who has brought the cow."

He then returned to the end of the lane where he had parted from the boy, so as to meet him on his way back.

"Well, how much did you get?" asked the duke.

"A shilling," replied the boy, "and there's the half o' it to ye."

"But surely you had more than a shilling?" said the duke.

"No," said the boy, "sure that's a' I got; and d'ye no think it's plenty?"

"I do not," said the duke; "there must be some mistake; and, as I am acquainted with the duke, if you return I think I'll get you more."

They went back. The duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

"Now," said the duke to the boy, "point me out the person who gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap there wi' the apron," said he, pointing to the butler.

The butler fell on his knees, confessed his fault, and begged to be forgiven; but the duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign and quit his service immediately. "You have lost," said he, "your money, your situation, and your character by your deceitfulness; learn for the future that honesty is the best policy."

The boy now found out who it was that helped to drive the cow; and the duke was so pleased with the manliness and honesty of the boy that he sent him to school and provided for him at his own expense.

XXVII. LOVE'S SWEET LESSON.

Saviour! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,—
Loving Him who first loved me.

With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move:
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever now that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy Face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

THE BIBLE MINE SEARCHED.



We hope many Sunday-School Teachers will arrange to receive answers to these Bible Questions from their scholars during each current month. Probably a Prize would stimulate interest. Answers are not to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. W. S. LEWIS, M.A., VICAR OF ST. GEORGE'S, WORSHIP.

A GOOD NAME.

The man who had this name is only mentioned twice in the whole of the Bible, and then only in connection with and in dependence on another. We are told a little of what he heard, nothing whatever of what he said, and only one thing of all he did. Yet we know him to have been a man of great courage and faith, and one to be thoroughly depended on at a most critical time. We also know that he had a band of exceedingly choice companions as faithful and brave as himself; and that his one work prepared for their work in a very wonderful way.

Who was this man? Who were his exceedingly choice companions? What was that one deed of his of which we are told? And how does it prove him to have been the kind of man above described?

ANSWERS (See September Number).

SOUL FOOD.

The food referred to is God's Holy Word itself, which is spoken of as specified in the question in the following texts, viz.,—

1. Heb. vi. 5.
2. Deut. viii. 3; Luke iv. 4.
3. 1 Pet. ii. 2.
4. Jer. xv. 16.
5. Ps. xix. 10.
6. Ps. xix. 10; (again) cxix. 103.
7. Job xxiii. 13.

Also, if we bear in mind that this Holy Word of God is the declaration to us of God's will, we shall see, from our Saviour's case in John iv. 34, how best to employ this "food," viz., by "doing" or "acting upon" the things which it says.

SUN.—1st day.
Rises 6.2. Sets 6.36.

OCTOBER. Moon.—New, 6th, A. 9.53.
Full, 22nd, M. 7.31.



Jesus said,
Ye are My friends,
St. JOHN xv. 14.

If
ye do what-
soever I command you.
St. JOHN xv. 14

- | | | |
|---|----|--|
| 1 | M | Bear ye one another's burdens. Gal. vi. 2. |
| 2 | Tu | A friend loveth at all times. Prov. xvii. 17. |
| 3 | W | There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. |
| 4 | Th | A man that hath friends must show himself friendly. |
| 5 | F | Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not. |
| 6 | S | Pray for them which despitefully use you. Matt. v. 44. |
| 7 | S | 19th S. aft. Trin. Love your enemies. Matt. v. 44. |
| 8 | M | Faithful are the wounds of a friend. Prov. xxvii. 6. |

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 9 | Tu | Do good to them that hate you. Matt. v. 44. |
| 10 | W | Many waters cannot quench love. Cant. viii. 7. |
| 11 | Th | He that loveth not, knoweth not God. 1 John iv. 8. |
| 12 | F | If thine enemy hunger, feed him. Rom. xii. 20. |
| 13 | S | Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth. Prov. xxiv. 17. |
| 14 | S | 20th S. aft. Trin. Pray one for another. Jas. v. 16. |
| 15 | M | Show the proof of your love. 2 Cor. viii. 24. |
| 16 | Tu | Speak evil of no man. Tit. iii. 2. |

DO GOOD
AND LEND, HOPING
FOR NOTHING AGAIN; AND
YOUR REWARD SHALL BE GREAT, AND
YE SHALL BE THE CHILDREN
OF THE HIGHEST.

The Lord make
you to abound in love.
1 THESS. iii. 12.

Love is
the fulfilling of the law.
ROM. xiii. 10.

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 17 | W | Be pitiful, be courteous. 1 Pet. iii. 8. |
| 18 | Th | St. LUKE. Edify one another. 1 Thess. v. 11. |
| 19 | F | Love worketh no ill to his neighbour. Rom. xiii. 10. |
| 20 | S | Comfort yourselves together. 1 Thess. v. 11. |
| 21 | S | 21st S. aft. Trin. He prayed for his friends. Job xlii. |
| 22 | M | Comfort the feeble-minded. 1 Thess. v. 14. [10.] |
| 23 | Tu | Be patient towards all. 1 Thess. v. 14. |
| 24 | W | Be at peace among yourselves. 1 Thess. v. 13. |

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 25 | Th | Condescend to men of low estate. Rom. xii. 16. |
| 26 | F | Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you. |
| 27 | S | Showing all meekness unto all men. Tit. iii. 2. |
| 28 | S | 22nd S. after Trin. St. SIMON & St. JUDE. Love as brethren. 1 Pet. iii. 8. |
| 29 | M | Support the weak. 1 Thess. v. 14. |
| 30 | Tu | Have fervent charity among yourselves. 1 Pet. iv. 8. |
| 31 | W | Charity suffereth long, and is kind. 1 Cor. xiii. 4. |

THOU, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight:
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the only blind:
Oh now, to all mankind, Let there be light!

Spirit of Truth and Love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight:
Move on the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place, Let there be light!

THE missionary Elliot used to say, "Prayer and pains will accomplish anything."
Cary's motto was, "Expect great things from God, attempt great things for God."
Speak for eternity; but, above all, cultivate your own spirit.—M'Cheyne.
All other joys go less, to the one joy of doing kindnesses.—Herbert.



"OUR BOAT MUST OUT."

"Our boat must out, whate'er betide;
Would you have us leave our babes to bide,
And our wives without their bread?"—W. C. BENNETT.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

“Our Boat must out.”

BY W. C. BENNETT.



FISHER, fisher, put back, I say !
There's storm brewing north, man, there away ;
There'll be wreck and death out at sea to-day :
Why to-day put out ? I said.

Then straight his hoarse rough voice replied,
“ Out the boat must go, whate'er betide ;
Too many at home for us to bide
Ashore while the bairns want bread.
No, no ! no, no ! my master, no !
To sea my boys and I must go,
Though the squall be black ahead.”

“ Fisher, fisher, put back, I say !
See, the moaning billows are white to-day,
And black the squall comes up the bay ;
They're mad who put out,” I said.

But hoarse and harsh his voice replied,
“ Our boat must out, whate'er betide ;
Would you have us leave our babes to bide
And our wives without their bread ?
No, no ! no, no ! my master, no !
To sea my boys and I must go,
Though there's wreck and death ahead.”

“ Now, God, oh guard the boat, I pray,
The boat that to seaward bears away ;
And God shield those whom that boat to-day
To peril bears out,” I said ;

And God the bold hearts guard and guide
 Who to-day will out whate'er betide,
 Nor safe ashore will basely bide
 While their homes are wanting bread;
 And oh, wild winds, when fierce you blow,
 Spare those who to-day to sea must go,
 Though the squall be black ahead.

"Only Once"; or, Rose Benson and Robin Lethbridge.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE ON THE WOLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

TEMPTATION.



IN the third day of Rose's visit Sophy cast off her invalid wraps, and said, as the afternoon was so fine, they would go and walk in the park; the band was playing, and there were sure to be

lots of people. Rose resisted Sophy's desire that she would just brighten herself up with a bit of cherry coloured ribbon, and a flower to match in her bonnet: for Rose's shady hat was decreed to be too countrified for the park.

"No, I don't like finery," Rose said, very decidedly; "it does not suit me."

"Now there you make a mistake," Sophy replied. "Tom has a friend who saw you at the Crown, and he said you would be lovely there; lovely, if you had more style."

Rose's look of disgust was lost on the voluble Sophy; and on their way to the park she had almost exhausted every subject of conversation.

"Now we will sit down and look at the company," she said. "There, you never saw dresses like those before, did you?"

Rose never had. Hatherly folk were not wont to follow the fashion, or trail long trains of grey silk over the common.

After a few minutes Sophy rushed away to speak to some one she knew, and Rose was left alone. She had scarcely disappeared behind a clump of shrubs when Rose started as she heard her name, and looking round she saw Mr. Hylton.

"Well, little Rosebud, have you forgotten me?"

Something in his tone made Rose answer with dignity, "No, sir; I hope you are quite well."

"I am not quite well," he said languidly. "I suppose I shall never be quite well again; my head spins round at a moment's notice, and I am sick and tired of everything. I thought you would come, though you did say you should not think of it. Now you are come, I must see something of you. How long have you been here? When did you arrive? Come, Rose, talk to me, and tell me about Hatherly. How is the silver Hamburg that broke its leg? and how are the roses getting on? Do you know, in spite of my cracked skull, I often wish I was back in that dear little room, with you to read to me."

The last part of this speech neutralized the first. Had not Mr. Hylton asked Rose which day she arrived, and did he not know as well as she did? But then, it was so pleasant to think that he remembered Hatherly, and remembered her. She looked at his face, still bearing the traces of his illness, and she felt that sort of tender interest in him which a woman generally does feel for those who have leaned on them in times of weakness and pain. The refined, well modulated face had a charm too for Rose, and every minute she was with him the gulf which she had felt was between them when the carriage rolled away from the station, on the day of her arrival, was bridged over.

"Now I must take you somewhere," Mr. Hylton said, "you and your cousin."

"Sophy is not my cousin; she is no relation to me," Rose interposed.

"Oh, well, that does not matter; she will do; and find a fourth person, Rosebud, because you know three is no company. Where shall we go? Let me see; to-day is Friday. We will go on Monday to see Culmstock Abbey, which will do as well as anything else; not that we, any of us, care for abbeys, I daresay."

Sophy, who had now seated herself by Rose, agreed to the place with the greatest delight; and it was arranged that Mr. Hylton should meet them at a small station on the main line, on Monday at twelve o'clock.

"We will dine at the Spenser Arms, and enjoy ourselves."

Rose gave but a languid answer to the proposal, and when they had parted from Mr. Hylton she became very silent. Sophy was brimming over with satisfaction. Nothing was talked of the next two days but the expedition; and a smart, giddy young woman, the wife of one of Mr. Smith's shopmen, was invited to fill the fourth place.

Mr. Smith's dry remark at dinner on Sunday did not escape Rose's attention.

"Well, in my young days three girls did not go off with a gentleman for a day's pleasuring; but times are changed."

"Dear me, Mr. Smith," said his wife, "Mrs. Lawford will look after them; you know nothing about it; it's a great compliment to the girls; you know nothing about it."

"Perhaps I don't, my dear," was Mr. Smith's rejoinder. He was so accustomed to be repressed, or to use a common saying, "sat upon," by his wife, that he said no more.

In spite of herself Rose felt restless and uneasy. There was a conscious though weak sense that her course was not right; and yet there was no real desire to free herself from this snare of the tempter. If she had committed her way to God, He would at once have made His way plain before her; but she was launching forth on the dangers and perils of life's troubled sea without seeking or desiring the guidance of Him who is the only safe Pilot, and the only sure Refuge.

Sunday was a fair, calm September day, too fair and bright to last. Rose left the Smiths in the sitting room after tea, and went up to her room to be alone. She was anything but happy in the society she had

found. A strange longing came over her for her home and her father; and the earthly love in her case was a type of the heavenly. The memories of the past were pleading with her, and almost unconsciously she felt a void which only God could fill. The bells of a church near were ringing for evening service. Rose felt compelled to put on her bonnet and jacket, and go to church. She was ready and out of the house before she had time to consider what the busy throng of Cranchester would be on the Sunday evening. The pavements were crowded, and Rose, unused to anything but the free side common near her home, felt half frightened, and half determined to make her way through it. Presently she was conscious of a friendly grasp of her hand, and Mr. Hylton's voice said,—

"Where are you going all alone?"

"To church, sir," Rose said; "that church where all the people are going."

"Oh, nonsense! Come for a turn with me."

"No, sir," Rose said decidedly. "I am going to church."

"Well, wilful people must have their way; and I will come too, then."

They entered the church together, and the service went on, scarcely heeded by either. Rose would have prayed if she could; but her heart was unresponsive, and the words of the prayers awoke no echo within. A hymn was sung, and a verse arrested her: they were the same words she had heard last in Mary Guest's cottage. Mary had passed away many weeks before, but the hymn seemed to bring her back to Rose's memory with a wonderful distinctness:—the pale, wan face, illuminated by the bright smile as the sound of Jesus' Name fell on her ear. Had she not indeed found Him the Refuge of her soul?

CHAPTER XII.

DELIVERANCE.

THE sermon had for its key-note the hymn which preceded it. The preacher was earnest and eloquent—every word told. Rose seemed to see before her a picture of her own life—youth, health, vigour, but without God. Gifts, learning, rank, were all touched upon—were all taken at their true value; and all

were weighed in the balance as in the abiding presence of the Lord, and found to be wanting. With her beautiful eyes fastened on the preacher, her lips parted, her head thrown forward as if to catch every word, Rose was studied by her companion with the deepest attention. She was wholly wrapped up in the message of God to her soul—he was thinking only of her.

The church was densely crowded, and as they left it Mr. Hylton suddenly allowed himself to be separated from Rose, and a young man of his own rank in life touched his arm.

"You in a church, Hylton! Wonders never cease; and who is the little rustic beauty you have picked up? Introduce me to her, will you?"

They were in the porch now, which was dimly lighted, and faces were hardly discernible.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," Mr. Hylton said in answer to his friend, in a low sharp tone.

"Oh, I see; it is a serious case, and——"

"Nonsense; she is only a blacksmith's daughter—a nice little thing I found alone in the crowd of these streets."

"A blacksmith's daughter!" and the words were repeated in a louder tone by the other with a short laugh. "Well, what does that matter?"

Almost immediately Mr. Hylton heard Rose's voice—

"I must bid you good evening, sir; I am going home."

"Wait one moment; let me take care of you." He followed her quickly, and tried to take her hand.

"No; good-bye, Mr. Hylton," she said. "I feel I have been wrong. A blacksmith's daughter is not in her right place with you."

"What nonsense! Rose, don't be absurd."

But Rose went on, with wonderful calmness: "Sir,——"

"What do you call me 'sir' for? You did not do that in those happy times in the cottage. Why, Rose, I am beginning to give up swearing, and other things you don't like, to please you!"

She faltered a little at this, but went on:—"Sir, I feel as if I had just awoke from a dream. I have been very foolish and very

wrong. But I will—I will—be different now. I shall always remember you—always; and I hope you will be happy. Good-bye."

"But I shall see you to-morrow, Rose. We are going to have a splendid day of it; this is only nonsense. That preaching has upset you." For, by the light of the gas lamp close to Mr. Smith's door, he saw her face was very pale.

"I shall go home to-morrow, sir," she said. "And I shall tell Sophy that the excursion is given up."

"You will?" he said angrily. "And what right have you to treat me like this?"

Her lips trembled, and she shuddered at the oath which followed.

"You *shall* come, I say."

"Oh, do not speak to me so, sir," Rose said; "and don't try to alter what I say. I will not come to-morrow—I am going home."

"Beg pardon for disturbing you, I am sure,"—it was Tom Smith's nasal provincial voice,—*"but I want to pass into the house."*

"I am coming in, Tom," Rose said eagerly; and as Tom fitted his latch-key in the door, Rose slipped past him and disappeared up the long, stuffy passage, and ran swiftly upstairs to her own room.

There I will not follow her, nor tell how she wept in the bitterness of her soul, nor how the cry of her heart ascended to her Father in heaven, who heard that cry, and was to her a Refuge from the storm which swept over her young soul, as all the waves and billows of temptation and trial surged round her.

* * * * *

The next morning Rose packed up her box, and said she was going home.

"Well, it's but a shabby visit," Mr. Smith said; while Sophy, who had exhausted all her powers of persuasion to induce Rose to change her determination about the excursion, said she was very disobliging and ungrateful.

The omnibus rattled off with Rose and her box about three o'clock; and she never was more relieved than when she found herself really on her way home. Tom came running breathlessly into the station, as the train was moving, to say "good-bye," and narrowly

escaped an accident in his anxiety to grasp Rose's hand once more.

"You'll come again," he shouted, as he ran along by the gliding carriage, "You'll come again."

"Thank you for being so kind to me," Rose said in reply; and then she was gone.

That night at Mr. Smith's supper table Rose was discussed, as departed guests in all ranks of life often are.

"I can't make her out," Mrs. Smith said, "to rush off at an hour's notice, and scarcely to thank one for one's kindness."

"She was so queer, too," said Sophy. "It's my opinion Mr. Hylton and she had a row last night; you saw her at the door with him, didn't you, Tom?"

"Don't talk about your betters," was Mr. Tom's polite reply.

"Well, there, I don't like being cheated out of my day's pleasure," said Sophy, "though it has turned out a wet afternoon, and no mistake—hark to the rain on the sky-light! and the wind is raging."

"Yes; it's a roughish evening," said Mr. Smith.

The train was delayed half-way between Manchester and Burnley by an accident which had happened to a luggage-van. Thus it was nearly dark when at last Rose found herself at Burnley. The rain was falling in torrents, and the wind blowing a fierce gale. The calm autumn days were over, and winter was approaching. The carrier had waited half an hour beyond his usual time, and then had departed; so Rose found herself alone at Burnley, with a walk of six miles before her. She left her box under the care of the station-master in the little forlorn shed which sufficed for the passengers who were dropped at Burnley Road; and in the mud and the rain she began her long,

solitary walk. She was desolate and sad, and yet she had a sense of having turned resolutely away from temptation, and of seeing before her a Light which would lead and guide her to a safe Refuge.

But the experience was a bitter one through which the light-hearted, happy girl we first saw on the common on a light May morning had now to pass through, as she dragged her weary steps homeward. The pitiless rain drenched her, the boisterous wind almost hurled her umbrella from her hand before she had gone many yards, and she made slow progress. It was a thinly-populated district, and she met no one on her way.

The road across the common was before her at last, and—oh! joy—the burning of a red light in the distance, which she knew to be that of the forge. Her eyes filled with tears, which trickled down her cheeks unheeded, and her heart gave a great throb of thankfulness.

The light cheered her on, and she made quicker progress, in spite of the howling wind which rushed across the wide open space—as if in search of something on which to vent its fury.

A little to her left, high above her, Rose soon saw another light—like a star in the gloom. What could it be, she thought? and then she remembered that it must be a light in the farm at Brookside. She had so entirely forgotten Robin of late; and now the remembrance of his pure, disinterested love, which she had so scorned and repulsed, flashed upon her mind.

"Poor Robin! did he feel something of the pain which she felt now? Had she not been scorned, and spoken of in contempt as 'only a blacksmith's daughter'?—and this by one who had professed to think there were none to compare to her. Well, it was over now."

(To be continued.)

The Cruse that Falleth not.

"**I**S thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine, it shall serve thee and thy brother.
Love Divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.
For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain."

AUTHOR OF "SCHONBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

England's Martyr-Bishops.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK.

VII. THOMAS CRANMER: ARCHBISHOP AND MARTYR.

(Continued from page 230.)



THOMAS CRANMER was born at the village of Aslacton, Nottinghamshire, in the year 1489. In due time he entered Cambridge University, and became a fellow of Jesus College. He married, and thus forfeited his fellowship. His wife, however, having died within about a year of the marriage, Cranmer was re-elected fellow; he afterwards took orders, and subsequently held the office of Divinity Professor to the University. In this capacity he already gave signs of the better influences of the future; for he is said to have required of candidates for orders a more thorough acquaintance with Holy Scripture than was usually demanded in those times.

In 1529 the plague broke out in Cambridge, and Cranmer repaired to Waltham Abbey, to the house of a Mr. Cressey. At the same time the king (Henry VIII.) also visited Waltham, and part of his suite, the king's secretary (Stephen), and Foxe, his almoner, were lodged in the same house with Cranmer.

At this date the question as to the validity of the king's marriage was discussed everywhere, and the royal officers entered into conversation with Cranmer on the topic that was in every man's mouth. Hitherto the question had been referred only to the Pope, with what results we have seen in our former paper. Cranmer advised that the matter should be referred to a commission of divines, with instruction to obtain the advice of the chief universities

of Europe, so that the question might be decided according to the law of God. This conversation being reported to the king, Cranmer was sent for; he was reluctant to come, but being "under command" he could not refuse; and at his advice the whole question was referred to the voice of the universities, at home and abroad, and Cranmer was nominated as chief commissioner.

The decision of the universities was almost unanimous, and to this effect, "that no such marriage was valid according to the Word of God."

During Cranmer's absence from England Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, died (1532), and the primacy was immediately offered to Cranmer. He declined the office, on the plea that he must needs take the oath of allegiance and obedience to the Roman Pontiff. A protest, however, was drawn up and delivered; he was then consecrated, in the month of March, 1533.

In the same year, the king's marriage with Catharine was declared null and void. The ceremony of proclamation was performed in the parish church of Dunstable. Cranmer and Gardiner were the judges, and by them the dissolution of the marriage was pronounced.

Thereupon Henry married Anna Boleyn, who now became Queen. In the following year (1534) the Papal supremacy was, by Act of Parliament, abolished, and England was set free, politically, from the yoke of Rome.

Nevertheless, Henry still continued a zealous papist at heart.* With one hand

* Robertson, in his "History of Charles V.," speaks thus of the uncertain and vacillating character of Henry VIII., and of the steady progress of the Reformation notwithstanding (Book V.):—"Henry himself, with the caprice peculiar to his character, continued to defend the doctrines of the Romish Church, as fiercely as he attacked its jurisdiction. He alternately persecuted the Protestants for rejecting the former, and the [Roman] Catholics for acknowledging the latter. But his subjects being once per-

he resisted Rome temporal, and with the other he upheld Rome spiritual. He abolished the papal power in England, but he would be his own Pope. Accordingly, we find him, in 1539, forcing the passage of the Act of Six Articles through the Houses of Parliament. This Act was so called, because it adjudged it as a felony, punishable by death, if any one contravened any of the following six doctrines: (1) Transubstantiation; (2) Communion, in one kind; (3) Clerical celibacy; (4) Vows; (5) the Mass; and (6) Confession to a Priest. This Act, by reason of its severity, and its still more severe enforcement, was called "The Bloody Statute," otherwise "The whip with six tails," or as Foxe called it, "That monstrous hydra, with six heads, that devoured so many men." The passing of this Act was strongly and resolutely opposed by Cranmer in his place in the House of Lords; but on the day of its final reading, the primate was ordered by the king to keep himself to his palace at Lambeth. The king came down to the House in person, and carried the bill against all opposition.

The Archbishop was constantly exposed to plots and conspiracies. The position he occupied and the confidence the king reposed in him, provoked the jealousy of many. Henry always proved himself his trusty friend. On one occasion Cranmer was summoned before the Privy Council on a charge of heresy. Henry hearing of this, sent for him at midnight, with a view to his protection. Cranmer expressed his willingness to go to the Tower, and in due time to prove his innocence, whereupon the king laughingly assured him, "Once there, any three or four knaves can easily be found to swear away your life, and you run headlong to your undoing."

The king's advice to Cranmer under these circumstances was to claim his right, as being himself a privy councillor, to meet his accusers face to face; and if this claim was refused, the king, drawing off his own signet-ring, gave it to the primate, to be presented to the council, as a token that the king revoked the whole matter into his own hands. Cranmer appeared before the court, after having been kept for many hours waiting among the "lacqueys" and serving-men in the outer hall. He demanded his right, but the Privy Council declined to grant it; thereupon he presented the ring, and I need hardly add, the members of the court were speedily found at the feet of their monarch.

Henry continued to be Cranmer's true and sincere friend to the last, and the confidence was fully reciprocated, and when the king was dying, Cranmer was by his death-bed, and closed the eyes of his royal patron and friend.

It was in Edward VI.'s days that the great work of Cranmer began, in influencing, guiding, and establishing the cause of the Reformation, and the re-constitution of the English Church. The Reformation in Edward's days advanced rapidly from stage to stage. The Act of Six Articles was repealed during the first year of his reign, and the reformers were thus set free to speak their minds. The Reformed Prayer-Book,—the first and second Prayer-Books of Edward VI.—purified the service of the Church, and restored the more scriptural model of doctrine, and of prayer as an expression of doctrine. The circulation of the Holy Scriptures by public authority spread still more widely the knowledge of God's word. The forty-two Articles of Religion (of Edward's days), afterwards digested into the "Thirty-nine Articles"

mitted to enter into new paths, did not choose to stop short at the precise point prescribed by him. Having been encouraged by his example to break some of their fetters, they were so impatient to break off what still remained, that in the following reign, with the applause of the greater part of the nation, a total separation was made from the Church of Rome, in articles of doctrine as well as in matters of discipline and jurisdiction."

of our day, contained an authoritative embodiment of true doctrine. The first book of Homilies was issued (A.D. 1547) as a help and guide to the clergy how to preach this true doctrine; and the second book of Homilies was promised and was even prepared, although it was not issued until 1563, in the earlier part of the reign of Elizabeth. Moreover, as I have stated in some of my former papers, the foundations were laid of some of the most important of the social, educational, and philanthropic institutions of our land.

In all these Cranmer took a leading part,—Edward's trusty counsellor, the church's trusty friend. His own views were progressive—out of darkness into light; and especially on the great vital and leading

question of the Lord's supper. Down to 1536-8, at the date of his examination and condemnation of Lambert, he seems to have held the doctrine of transubstantiation in the strictly Romish sense. About 1547 he seems to have passed over to the Lutheran idea of consubstantiation; and in 1549 it would appear he had come, and chiefly through the influences of Ridley, to the knowledge of the true doctrine of the nature of the Lord's presence in the sacrament—His presence to *the soul* of the *worthy* receiver.

The early death of Edward VI. brought that brief but useful reign to its close; and with the accession of Queen Mary a new chapter opens in the life of Cranmer. This we reserve for our next paper.

Fit an Apple Orchard.

BY BENJAMIN GOUGH, AUTHOR OF "SONGS FROM THE WOODLANDS," ETC.



ERE wandering in the early youth of June,
With bloom profuse swayed down, the pliant trees,
Breathed fragrance all around, while the sweet tune
Of joyous song-birds floated on the breeze
In concert of most pleasant harmonies.

Since then, a hundred genial nights and days
Have passed, and winds and rains, and summer rays,
Changed the rich blossom into luscious fruit;
A thousand bushels on a hundred trees,
Whose loaded branches, bending to the root,
Display the wondrous crop. Whoever sees
This bounteous orchard, let not praise be mute;
Sing to the Lord! Be joyful thanks expressed!
Then shall your garnered stores be doubly blest.

The Wise Kings; or, Why they went to War.

A FABLE WITH A MORAL.



CERTAIN king sent to another king, saying—

"Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—"

The other replied:—

"I have not got one, and if I had—"

On this weighty cause they went to war. After they had exhausted their armies and resources, and laid waste their kingdoms, they began to wish to make peace; but,



IN AN APPLE ORCHARD.

"Whoever sees
This bounteous orchard, let not praise be mute;
Sing to the Lord! Be joyful thanks expressed!
Then shall your garnered stores be doubly blest."

before this could be done, it was necessary that the insulting language that led to the trouble should be explained.

"What could you mean," asked the second king of the first, "by saying, 'Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—'?"

"Why," said the other, "I meant a blue pig with a black tail, or else some other colour. But what could you mean by say-

ing, I have not got one, and if I had—'?"

"Why, of course, if I had I should have sent it."

The explanation was satisfactory, and peace was accordingly concluded.

Are not most of the quarrels between individuals, as well as between nations, quite as foolish as the war of the blue pig with the black tail?



John Maynard: "Loyal to the Death."

JOHN MAYNARD was an honest, hardy pilot, who plied his occupation on the lake steamers. He was an upright, straightforward man, a good father of happy children, and his wife loved and revered the heart

that was in him; for she knew, and many knew, that it was as tender as it was brave and manly. On Lake Erie he stood at the wheel of the great two-storey steamers, and hundreds who had watched his careful eye and steady hand, and heard his calm voice when the sudden storms came down, felt that whatever any man could know or do for the safety of a ship wrestling with the waves, John Maynard knew and could do. He had made his reputation as a pilot by many years of watch and ward at the wheel. Thousands who had made the voyage with him, when the storm was on in its quick-raised fury, could tell, and did tell, how John bore himself in those hours of fear and danger.

But one summer day came after these years of sailanship, when he was to show the latent forces of his inner nature to the full. He was standing at his post that afternoon on the passage from Detroit to Buffalo, when a thin stream of smoke was seen ascending from below. "Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is," said the captain, in a quiet voice, to one of the deck-hands. He spoke in his ordinary tone, so as not to betray a sense of danger to any of the bystanders, knowing what a panic the least suspicion of fire would cause amongst the passengers. The man went down, and in less than a

minute reappeared with red eyes and face as pale as ashes. "Captain, the ship is on fire!"

That terrible word ran like lightning from deck to deck, and from cabin to cabin. In a breath of time five hundred men, women, and children were in an agony of terror, some half-paralysed and dumb with mortal fear, others shrieking in the face of the awful death before them. "Head her to the land!" shouted the captain. "Ay, ay, sir!" came John's steady voice from the wheel. "Where away?" "Seven miles south-east by east, sir." "What is the shortest you can do it?" "Three quarters of an hour, sir, at this rate." "Engineer, put on every ounce of steam she'll bear!"

All these quick questions and commands were crowded into a minute's space. The burning steamer headed to the land. Every man and boy, and every woman too, who could lift a pail, worked as with life's last desperate hope in the effort to keep down the flames. And the bravest might well be appalled at the impending wreck. There were no boats slung to the steamer's side by which a single soul might escape. Not a life-preserver was on board to aid a swimmer for life. They had not yet been heard of. The wooden vessel was as dry as tinder, from the summer sun. Over and above all, as if to make their destruction quick and sure, much of the lading between decks was resin and tar. This was reached in a few minutes by the lapping tongues of flame; and now the whole ship, aft from the forward deck was enveloped in pitchy smoke, flapped by the long red wings of the ascending fire. Crowded

at the bows the smoke-blinded multitude crouched in utter despair. Near them stood the captain, feeling how many lives must go down to death in a few minutes if they could not reach the land in that space. And at his post, invisible in the tar-smoke, stood John Maynard, with the very spokes of his wheel on fire, and the tiller chain at black heat. At this awful moment the land appeared at less than half a mile away. "John Maynard," shouted the captain through his trumpet. "Ay, ay, sir!" came John's voice thick and choked through the roar and smoke of the towering flames.

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?"

"By God's help I will."

His hair was scorched from the scalp. His eyelashes were burnt away, and his face began to blister against the waves of flame beating against him. One hand was burnt to crisp. He had a home too, and wife and children he loved with a love as pure and strong as the richest man in the crowd at the bows felt for

his. But with that one hand left him he held to the wheel.

"Two minutes more, John!" "One minute more, God bless you, John!"

At the end of that minute the blazing steamer struck its forefoot upon the beach, and the whole multitude the next minute stood upon it praising God and rejoicing with joy they could not utter at such deliverance from a most terrible death. But before their feet alighted upon the beach, the burning wheel-house, with the blackened and blistered form of John Maynard, fell with a crash through the charred decks into the hold of the red ruin.

All save he to whom the rescued owed everything escaped; but, "loyal to the death," Maynard died not in vain. The memory of the noble helmsman's deed of calm, self-denying, self-sacrificing devotion lives on—a stimulating motive to the life of heroism which spares not self when generous impulse prompts the sacrifice that may aid in danger, distress, or want.

ELIHU BURRITT.

Lord Jesus, Breathe on Me.

(John xxi. 22.)

BY THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., AUTHOR OF "WOODNOTES AND CHURCH BELLS."



HE breath from Thy dear mouth,
Thy Spirit sweet and free,
Is fragrant as the genial South;
Lord Jesus, breathe on me.

Breathe, Lord, and I shall feel
Thy peace within my breast,
A balmy gale will o'er me steal
From Paradise the blest.

Breathe, Lord, and I shall see
Thy wounded hands and side;
The veil which hid Thy face from me
Will suddenly divide.

Breathe, Lord, and I shall hear
The whisper of Thy voice,
Putting to flight my guilty fear
And bidding me rejoice.

Breathe, Lord, and power will thrill
This faltering mortal frame,
And clothe me with the steadfast will
To magnify Thy Name.

Breathe, Lord, upon me now;
Thy Spirit comes and goes,
Like wind upon the fluttering bough,
Its method no man knows.

But whence it comes I know,
From that dear mouth of Thine;
Oh! hither, hither, may it blow
On this poor heart of mine.

The gift is promised, Lord;
'Tis pledged as well as free:
I hang upon Thy faithful Word;
Lord Jesus, breathe on me!

The Blacksmith's Song.



LANG, cling, clang, cling !

Bellows, you must roar, and anvil, you must ring ;

Hammer, you and I must work, for ding, dong, ding !

Must dress my Kate and baby, and bread for us must bring.

So dong, ding, dong, ding !

Anvil, to my hammer make music while I sing,

Clang, cling, clang, cling !

Ding, dong, ding, dong !

Dear to Kate's ear, my old hammer, is your song ;

For while my anvil rings and clings, she knows there's nothing wrong ;

She knows we're busy earning what will be hers ere long.

So ding, dong, ding, dong !

She loves me more and more as she hears my anvil's song,—

Ding, dong, ding, dong !

Clang, cling, clang, cling !

Oh, well I love my smithy, when the birds in spring-time sing,

And the pleasant sun comes streaming in, the sun that loves to bring

Its gladness to me, working, and to hear my anvil ring—

Dong, ding, dong, ding !

And to see my iron glowing, and the sparks in showers spring,—

Clang, cling, clang, cling !

Blow, blow, blow, blow !

Bellows, you must work till the furnace is aglow.

Snug is my old smithy when, without, comes down the snow ;

When sooty wall and rafter in the blaze are all aglow.

Blow, blow, blow, blow !

What care I if the storm then, without, be high or low ?

Blow, blow, blow, blow !

Clang, cling, clang, cling !

Merrily the hours fly that hear my anvil ring ;

And quick my evening chair, and my pleasant book they bring.

Then while Kate works beside me, I'm happy as a king.

Clang, cling, clang, cling !

God give me always health and strength to make my anvil ring,

Clang, cling, clang, cling !

W. C. BENNETT.





THE BLACKSMITH'S SONG.
"God give me always health and strength to make my anvil ring."

Little Foxes and the Tender Grapes.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE WRONG TRAIN;"
"BENEATH THE CROSS," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

DAILY WORRIES.



"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes."—*Song Sol. ii. 15.*

HY, we have here a whole tribe of these dangerous enemies! With many really faithful, conscientious people, they are often the very worst foes that creep into their vineyard.

They take off the bloom and beauty of the fruit. They destroy the grapes before they are ripe. They dim the Christian's joy, so that he cannot let the world see the happiness Christ gives. They consume the strength which he wants for service. They shut his lips so that he can seldom praise God in gladness of heart. They dishonour the glorious Gospel and misrepresent the service of our great Master. So that by all means we ought not to let them alone. We want to search them out. We want to know how best we may get quit of them. Or, if we cannot do this at once, we want to do our best and keep them within bounds; and perhaps by-and-by we may be free from them altogether, or at least prevent them doing real harm to our pleasant-fruits.

In the very happiest condition it is quite unavoidable that we should often be subject to their attacks. Worries spring up from every point of the compass. There is no quarter from which they may not come. There is no relationship in life but is fruitful in producing them. More or less our natural constitution has to do with them. We may naturally be excitable, or nervous, or gloomy, or depressed, and then a disposition of the sort lays hold of the least thing and turns it into a trouble or a

care. Our bodily members may any one of them become the inlet of some annoyance, or suffering, or distress. The hand, the foot, the eye, the ear, a troublesome tooth, the aching head, a rheumatic limb, a stiff joint—any one of these, may be a perpetual trial and weariness to the spirit, though others may know but little or nothing about it.

Then look at the causes of worry that may arise in the home. A smoky chimney which won't be cured, a brickfield which comes close to your garden, a new house which overlooks your own, a large factory which sends forth volumes of smoke opposite your window, a neighbour living next door who is always quarrelling with you, or something else which has a peculiar power of disturbing the quietness of your mind—this is your worry, and it never lets you alone.

Then again, how frequently these petty troubles come to us through those we know and love. Human nature at the very best, has many weak points, and we are not slow to discover them in those who live with us or with whom we have much to do. Husband and wife cannot quite see alike about some domestic arrangement; a child is unruly and will not learn his lessons; a servant is always late in the morning; or dinner cannot be ready in time; or the room is only half swept or dusted; a friend is forgetful of a promise or inconsiderate of your feelings; a parent or guardian domineers over you, and does not give you the liberty you think you have a right to. Who can tell the unmentioned worries that come to us from causes like these?

Ah, these worries come to us in every imaginable way, and through every imaginable channel. They come to us now and then through the mistakes of some thoroughly Christian brother, or through the infirmities of very good people, and sometimes through the malice and wickedness and perversity of those who are far from God. They come to us through apparently trivial accidents. A letter is too late, a book is lost, something is mislaid. A rainy day spoils our plans; a train has not brought a friend we looked for; a favourite dog has strayed away; a wheel in the parish machinery or in our Day or Sunday school has stopped its work; something somewhere about some matter or other has gone wrong, and we seem left in a strait and are burdened and oppressed and troubled.

But whilst it is easy to see our worries, it is not by any means easy to bear them patiently or to cast them off. It is not easy to know what to do when one thing after another comes to disturb the mind. It is not easy to put away cares and anxieties about events which are coming on, and perhaps heavy sorrows which are looming in the distance. But a few helpful thoughts may be suggested. We may have more of God, and then the world's troubles will affect us less. We may gather from the treasury of His Word cheering light to guide us by the way.

And the first word of help I would suggest is this:—*that we must see a Father's Hand in our lesser trials and cares as much as in the greater ones.*

David recognised the Hand of God in Absalom rising against him in rebellion, but he saw it no less in Shimei throwing stones and dust and casting bitter words at him by the way. So let us see God's Hand in everything. These petty troubles and vexations are a part of our schooling for heaven. They are just as much sent from above as the fierce storm that wrecks our

home and leaves us desolate in a cold world. They all come to prove us and to humble us and to draw out the grace which God hath given us, to break the tie that binds us too closely to earth, and to knit the tie that may draw us nearer to heaven. Let us ever fix this in our minds. Let us say to ourselves—"My Father has permitted this. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without Him. The very hairs of our head are numbered by Him. So I will look up and believe and hope; I will trust where I cannot see. He is too wise to err, too good to be unkind."

A second point I would suggest is this, whilst we trust in our Father's care, we *must not spare active Effort to remove the cause of worry.*

If you will not rise up at night to close a door or to fasten a rattling window, you need not be surprised if perchance you lose a night's rest. So is it in many other things. A little determined effort may set many things right that would otherwise annoy you. Take things in time; make prudent arrangements for the future; think how to meet coming difficulties; use common sense in ordering your affairs; and you may save yourself many an unhappy hour. God's promises are never to hinder our diligence, but rather to encourage it. We must depend entirely upon God's help, but we must wisely and diligently use the means which He hath given us.

But the great remedy for worries is *simple, childlike, trustful Prayer.*

The Divine remedy is the sure and un-failing one—"Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God" (Phil. iv. 7). "Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you" (1 Pet. v. 7).

If we would be freed from harassing, distressing fears and cares, we must ever be exercising ourselves in prayer. Taking up our position as forgiven, reconciled children

by faith in the precious blood of Christ, we must learn to go boldly to the mercy-seat and leave all our troubles there. Every new care or worry should be like the sound of a bell calling us to prayer. It should quicken us to lift up our hearts to God. Hannah brought her care and sorrow to the Lord and left it with Him, for she went away and her countenance was no more sad. Hezekiah spread the letter before the Lord, and then soon his enemies were scattered and dispersed. So we should bring everything to God.

What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.

Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what endless pain we bear;
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

But in such prayer we want to be very *real*. We often lose the comfort we might gain by mere generalities. Tell the Lord what you require or are anxious about, and then leave the matter in His hands.

A young barrister was without a brief. "Do you pray about it?" was the question put to him by a godly relative. "Oh, yes; I pray to God to preserve and bless me." "But do you pray for parchments?" "Well, no; I never distinctly did that." The young man learnt the lesson: his prayer was heard; and not long after he had as much work as he could well do.

Pray distinctly about the special matter that is on your mind. I have often found a comfort in a single word summing up the whole cause of anxiety. Try the plan. Whoever or whatever it be, utter it before God. "*Lord, that particular person, that business, that bill that must be paid, that responsibility that lies upon me,—school, health, house, money, friend, my sight, hearing,—undertake for me. Order what is best.*"

Remove the burden or give me grace to bear it."

Cast on Him thy smallest care,
Utter but one word of prayer,
Tell Him thy most hidden grief,
Sure He'll run to thy relief.

Unspeakable rest of spirit is there in thus placing in the Lord's hand the matter that weighs upon the mind. However perplexing or distressing, He can find out the best way of ordering it for our good. He can reknit the broken thread, or unloose the ruffled skein, and bring light out of deepest darkness.

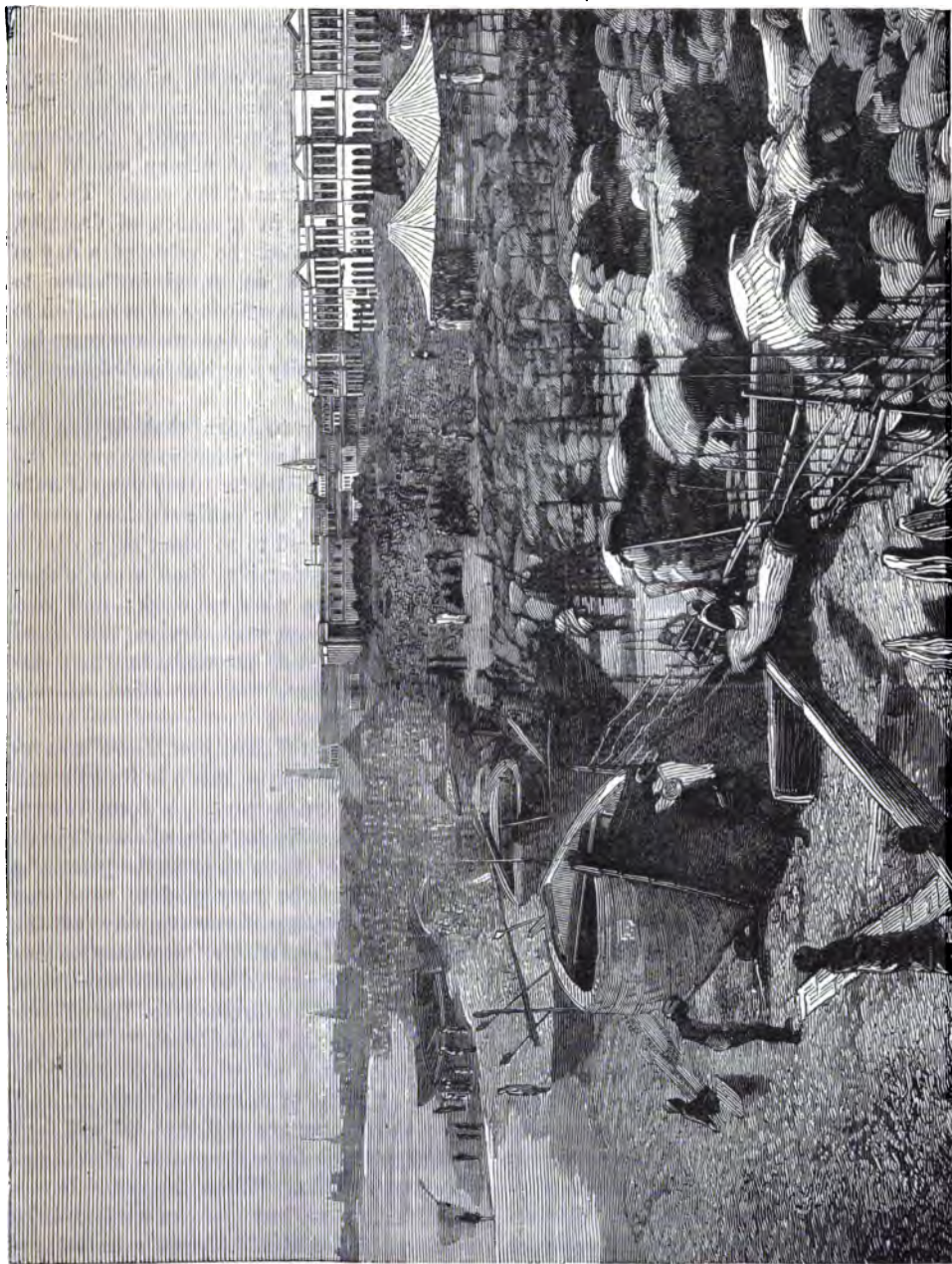
There is one other suggestion I would make. Find refuge from worries in the *Tenderness and Sympathy of Christ*.

It is such peace to trust one's self and all we have to His unfailing care. "My troubles are near," you may say, "always hovering around me on every side; but my Saviour-Friend is nearer still. He dwells in my heart, He is ever at hand, and here can I rest in peace. The world may look coldly upon me, old friends may forget and foes may be cruel and bitter; but my Saviour-Friend is infinitely kind! His heart never grows cold nor His ear heavy. He will never leave me nor forsake. He will be my Shepherd to guard and guide me; therefore I need never be afraid. My wants may be great, my sorrows great, but my Saviour-Friend has all resources at His disposal. He is rich to all that call upon Him, and He maketh all things work together for good. Therefore I have peace; I stay my weary spirit on this Rock, and I know that I shall never be confounded."

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee" (Isa. xxvi. 3).

"These things have I spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world" (John xvi. 33).





THE FAMINE IN INDIA.—RICE BAGS ON THE BEACH AT MADRAS.

[See page 260.]

The Indian Famine.

"HOW MANY LOAVES HAVE YE?"



HIS is the question which "the Lord's voice, crying unto the City" of England, asks, through the terrible Indian famine, of every English home.

Throughout our happy country the reapers have gone forth and put in the sickle; the waggons, creaking under their golden loads, have carried our food into the barns; the gleaners have been out to find "God's royal wheat—His children's meat;" Harvest-Homes have been celebrated with joy and gladness; Christian England has thanked God, who again has caused the harvest not to fail.

But throughout the southern provinces of India for months the heavens have been "as brass." No rain has come, no rice has grown. The poor Indian goes out, not to seek for rice, for he knows there is none, but to search for roots, or hay, or leather, or even for loathsome things wherewith to stay, if it may be, hunger's gnawing pain, which day and night torments him. The entire population affected by the famine amounts to about thirty-three millions, but it is scattered over nearly two hundred thousand square miles; and it is the way in which the population is thus scattered which constitutes the fatal difficulty of the present calamity.

Here, then, in this corner of England's "mighty city," millions of men, women, and children, are pining away, stricken through; and their voiceless misery makes an appeal to English hands for help, and to English hearts for pity. Noble subscriptions, as we know, have been made to alleviate the sufferings arising from this exceptional calamity; but, since the prospect

can scarcely improve till after January, there is a need-be for continuous effort. The Mansion House Fund rapidly increases, but even a *million* of money would not meet the necessities of the case. Two or three years since, in a season of drought, the *Times* estimated the value of a day of rain in England as equal in value to £1,000,000. The offering of a million to meet India's need is not, we are sure, beyond the capacity or the inclination of English hearts.

It is cheering to learn that during the last month rain has fallen in many of the worst Famine districts. But even if rain continues to fall, the panic-stricken people have been reduced to so starving a condition that considerable time must elapse before they are able to work; and vast numbers of those who survive the actual Famine must still succumb, in their enfeebled condition, from the effect of rain and cold nights.

The readers of "*Hand and Heart*" are responding to an appeal made in its columns for a "LOAF" COLLECTION. A form is supplied, and the collector asks a dozen friends to give each of them at least the *price of a loaf*. We shall be very glad to send one of these collecting forms to any of the readers of "*Home Words*" who may be able to help in this way, or to receive any sums, however small, addressed to *The Editor of "Home Words," Blackheath*.* It is true we cannot feed *all* who are starving in India. "Some of us cannot, perhaps, feed one; though we are told that £2 will feed a man in India for six months. But something we *can* do. When we say, 'It is a dreadful famine, but how can we feed those men out in India?' Jesus asks of us,

* Post office orders should be made payable to Mr. Charles Murray, Blackheath; and all sums received will be acknowledged in *Hand and Heart*.

'How many loaves have ye?' and we re-echo the question. God has been good to us. Let us count up our store; not in the spirit of pride or avarice, but in the spirit of thankfulness to Him from whom cometh every good gift; and then, with 'hearts' full of love and pity, let us take in our

willing 'hands' the loaves—the supply God has blessed us with, and give to those that need it." Let England take India's hand; and, thankful for plenty in her own borders, let our common prayer at the Great Father's Board be this—

"Give us this day our daily bread."

THE EDITOR.

Natural History Anecdotes.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS," ETC.

XXVII. CONSIDERATE BEARS.



O trap bears in Russia a pit is dug several feet deep, covered with turf, leaves, etc., and some food placed on top. The bear, if tempted by the bait, easily falls into the snare; but if four or five get in together they all get out again. They form a sort of ladder by stepping on each other's shoulders, and thus make their escape, and they don't forget the one who has been the chief means of procuring their liberty. They bring the branch of a tree, which they let down to their poor brother, enabling him speedily to join them in their freedom.

Sensible bears, we should say, are a great deal better than some people we hear about, who never help anybody but themselves.

XXVIII. THE POWER OF LOVE.

There is a most remarkable story (recorded, we believe, a few years ago in a paper in the *Quarterly Review*) of a French convict who was long the terror of the prison authorities by his violence and audacity. Time after time he had broken out, and made savage assaults on his jailers. Stripes and chains had been multiplied year after year; and he was habitually confined in an underground cell, from whence he was only taken to work with his fellow convicts in the prison-yard; but his ferocity long remained untamed. At last it was observed that he grew rather more calm and docile, without apparent cause for the change; till, one day when he was working with his comrades, a large rat suddenly leaped from the breast of his coat, and ran across the yard. Naturally the cry was raised to kill the rat; and the men were preparing to throw

stones at it, when the convict, hitherto so ferocious, with a sudden outburst of feeling implored them to desist and allow him to recover his strange favourite. The prison authorities for once were guided by a happy compassion, and suffered him to call back his rat, which came to his voice and nestled in his dress. The convict's gratitude was as strong as his rebellious disposition had hitherto proved; and from that day he proved submissive and orderly. After some years he became the trusted assistant of the jailers, and finally the poor fellow was killed in defending them against a mutiny of the other convicts.

XXIX. A GOOD SAMARITAN IN FEATHERS.

A lady living at Chelsea was accustomed to hang a caged canary among the branches of a tree just outside the window of her sitting-room. One morning, at breakfast, she observed a sparrow perched on the cage and carrying on an animated twitting with the prisoner inside. The nature of the conversation was soon rendered apparent by the sparrow taking its departure and presently returning with a fresh worm in its beak, which it dropped into the prison. Every morning, at the same hour, the kindly act was repeated; and the two birds became so intimate that the canary would take its daily supply of meat from the sparrow's beak. Some of the neighbours, hearing of this interesting friendship, hung their canaries outside the house; and the sparrow performed the same benevolent office for these; but his first visit was always paid to, and his longest conversation was always held with, his earliest

crony. These attentions continued until the autumn, when the sparrow disappeared. Certainly he deserved to be entitled "A good Samaritan in feathers."

XXX. A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A gentleman had directed a wagon to be packed, intending to send it to Worthing, whither he himself was going. For some reason his journey was delayed, and he therefore directed that the wagon should be placed in a shed in the yard, packed as it was, till it should be convenient for him to send it off.

While it was in the shed, a pair of robins built their nest among some straw in it, and had hatched their young just before it was sent away. One of the old birds, instead of being frightened away by the motion of the wagon, only left the nest from time to time for the purpose of flying to the nearest hedge for food for its young; and thus alternately affording warmth and nourishment to them, it arrived at Worthing. The affection of this bird having been observed by the wagoner, he took care in unloading not to disturb the nest; and the robin and its young returned in safety to Walton Heath, being the place from whence they had set out; the distance travelled not being less than one hundred miles.

Whether it was the male or female robin which kept with the wagon I have not been able to ascertain, but most probably the latter; for what will not a mother's love and a mother's tenderness induce her to do?

XXXI. THE COOK AND THE CAT.

In *Le Nord*, it is related that a cook was recently greatly perplexed by the disappearance, day after day, of a cutlet or steak from the kitchen table when she was preparing the dinner. In each day's tale there was a deficiency of one. At last it occurred to her that, as the bell was rung every day while she was preparing dinner, and when she went to the door there was nobody there, there must be some connection between the two occurrences.

This idea having entered her mind, she determined to satisfy herself on the point.

The bell rang at the usual time, but instead of answering it, she hid herself in the cupboard. She had hardly done so before a cat rushed into the kitchen, sprang on the table, seized a cutlet in its mouth, and vanished. Her mistress was made acquainted with this ingenious act on the part of the animal, and it was determined to set a watch to see how it had been trained to this mode of feline robbery. The discovery was soon made. At the usual time, when the cook had her dishes arranged for the stove, the concealed watcher saw the cat creep stealthily towards the bell-wire, hook her claws in it, give it a furious pull, and then rush away kitchen-ward.

XXXII. THE HOME BEREAVED.

Gentle reader, read the following touching lines of the poet Thomson, descriptive of the return of a bereaved parent bird to her robbed home; and if ever you have plundered a robin's nest, or that of any other bird, let me hope that you will "steal no more:"—

"To the ground the vain provision falls!
Her pinions ruffle, and, low drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade,
Where, all abandoned to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night, and on the bough,
Sole sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe, till wide around the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound."

Here is no "poetic licence;" but if you think there is, the following well-written "plain prose" of the amiable Mr. Jesse will satisfy the possible doubt:

"I had an opportunity," he writes in his "Gleanings in Natural History," "this summer of witnessing the distress of a robin, when, on returning to her nest with food for her young, she discovered that they had disappeared. Her low and plaintive wailings were incessant. She appeared to seek for them among the neighbouring bushes, now and then changing her mournful cry into one which seemed like a call to her brood to come to her. She kept the food in her mouth for a short time, but when she found that her cries were unanswered, let it fall to the ground."

The Young Folks' Page.

XXVIII. JOHN KITTO.



TN a small lowly dwelling in the good town of Plymouth, nearly forty years ago, sat an aged woman engaged in darning a stocking. That she was not rich, could be seen from her appearance; that she was ignorant, might be judged from the coarse, untidy scrawl in her window, which announced that she sold "milk and cream."

A poor boy, who happened to be passing with a book in his hand, stopped and earnestly fixed his eyes on this label, glanced in at the open door, and then, as if encouraged by the gentle face of her who sat plying her needle, ventured into the house.

"What do you want?" said the old woman to the stranger; but the boy answered not a word. Alas! the sounds of nature, the singing of birds, the tones of music, the voice of kindness, were to him for ever allenced. A fearful accident had quite deprived him of his hearing, and dreary stillness was around him till his death. But his eyes seemed to read that to which his ears could not listen; he now looked anxiously into the old woman's face, and opening the book which he carried, drew out of it a paper upon which "milk and cream" appeared, neatly drawn in coloured letters. He pointed to the window, and, speaking with difficulty in a strange and hollow voice, said to the woman, "This for a penny."

She replied, but he knew not what she said; he thought that she considered his little charge too much. "A half-penny, then," the poor child said; and distressed at seeing that her lips still moved, he put his fingers to his poor deaf ears, to show her the affliction which it had pleased God to send him. A kindly pitying look came over the face of the good old woman; she drew a penny from the till, and, beckoning him to wait till she came back, left the room, and presently returned with a nice cup of milk and a piece of cake, on which the deaf boy made a delicious repast.

May we not believe that this little act of kindness was not forgotten by Him who has promised that he who gives even a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple shall in no wise lose his reward?

But how little did the good woman dream that the poor

deaf boy who was trying to earn a few pence by the sale of his little slips of paper, was one who in after-life should earn for himself a distinguished and honourable name!—that the writings of Kitto should be known and valued by rich and poor in distant lands as well as in his own—that the queen herself should honour him with a pension—that he who drew the little label from the window should become an author who would direct thousands and tens of thousands to the blessed narrow path in which he himself walked!

I need hardly tell you that Kitto, even when a boy, was full of industry and perseverance. It was his delight to improve his own mind; and under every disadvantage he did so. He studied when in the poorhouse; he studied when labouring hard to earn his bread as a shoemaker's apprentice. But amongst the many volumes which he eagerly read, that which he most studied, that which he most read, was the Word of God, which makes men wise unto salvation. It is written of Kitto that, when quite a child, "the book he most valued was an old Bible."

Dear boys and girls, could this be said of you? Kitto was poor, but the true riches were his. He laboured hard, but he laboured not in vain; for he looked forward in humble faith to that blessed day when "the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped," and the first sound that breaks the long silence may be the welcoming voice of the Saviour.

A. L. O. E.

XXIX. MY MORNING PRAYER.

O God, Thou art my Father, and I am Thy child. Look in compassion upon me, and direct me in all my ways. Call me to Thyself; adopt me as Thine own; feed me, protect me, teach me, and cause me to rejoice in Thy love. Make me to obey Thy holy will this day, in all my words and ways, through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

XXX. MY EVENING PRAYER.

O Lord, I thank Thee for Thy care of me through the day. Forgive what Thou hast seen wrong in my conduct, and grant that each closing day may find me living nearer to Thee. Oh, that the end of my life on earth may be the beginning of my life of glory in Heaven! I ask all for Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake. Amen.

THE BIBLE MINE SEARCHED.



HE hope many Sunday-School Teachers will arrange to receive answers to these Bible Questions from their scholars during each current month. Probably a Prize would stimulate interest. Answers are not to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. W. S. LEWIS, M.A., VICAR OF ST. GEORGE'S, WORTHING.

OLD TESTAMENT CALLINGS.

Give instances in the Old Testament of persons called to great undertakings.

1. When keeping sheep in Palestine;
2. When keeping sheep out of Palestine;
3. When tending cattle;
4. When ploughing;
5. When threshing corn;
6. When in camp;
7. When at home;
8. When away from home;
9. When in prison;

10. When in exile;
11. Before birth;
12. After supposed death.

ANSWERS (See October Number).

A GOOD NAME.

This man was Phurah, the servant of Gideon, mentioned in Judges vii. 10, 11, but nowhere else, and both times only in connection with Gideon as his servant. The exceedingly choice companions of Phurah were the 300 mentioned in verse 7, being 300 chosen out of 10,000, these 10,000 being themselves a select band out of 32,000, who, in turn, had been the only men out of the many thousands of Israel to come to Gideon's help against the armies of Midian. See Judges vii. 1-6; vi. 34, 35.

What Phurah did is told in the two verses where he is named (see above); what he heard, in Judges vii. 13, 14. And how all this prepared for the work of the 300, we learn from vii. 11, 15. As for his faith and courage we cannot doubt about these when we see that God selected him by name to encourage the faith and courage of such a man as his master Gideon: "If thou fear to go down, go thou with Phurah thy servant."

Sun.—1st day.
Rises 6.55. Sets 4.31.

NOVEMBER.

Moos.—New, 5th, m. 8.48.
Full, 20th, A. 10.19.

LIGHT
FAY
GRACE
LIFE
IN
HOME

JOY
PEACE
RE
LOVE
HOPE

LIVING AND DYING.



Then
shall the dust
return to the earth as it was,
ECCLES. xii. 7.

And
the spirit shall re-
turn unto God who gave it.
ECCLES. xii. 7.

1	Th	ALL SAINTS. <i>Godliness is profitable unto all things,</i>
2	F	<i>having promise of the life that now is,</i>
3	S	<i>and of that which is to come.</i> 1 Tim. iv. 8.
4	S	23rd S. after Trin. <i>Pass the time of your sojourn-</i>
5	M	<i>ing here in fear.</i> 1 Pet. i. 17. [Ps. xvii. 14.]
6	Tu	Men of the world... have their portion in this life.
7	W	Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth.
		Is not the life more than meat? Matt. vi. 25.

8	Th	None of us liveth to himself. Rom. xiv. 7.
9	F	No man dieth to himself. Rom. xiv. 7.
10	S	Whether we live, we live unto the Lord. Rom. xiv.
11	S	24th S. after Trin. <i>Whether we die, we die unto the Lord.</i>
12	M	O death, where is thy sting? 1 Cor. xv. 55.
13	Tu	O grave, where is thy victory? 1 Cor. xv. 55.
14	W	Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. Acts vii. 59.
15	Th	Our friend Lazarus sleepeth. Luke xi. 11.

IF WE LIVE
IN THE SPIRIT, LET US
WALK IN THE

SPIRIT.
GAL. v. 25.

She that
liveth in pleasure
is dead while she liveth.
1 TIM. v. 6.

Walk
in newness of life.
ROM. vi. 4.

16	F	With Thee is the fountain of life. Ps. xxxvi. 9.
17	S	Lay hold on eternal life. 1 Tim. vi. 12.
18	S	25th S. after Trin. <i>Thy lovingkindness is better than life.</i>
19	M	I will bless thee while I live. Ps. lxxiii. 4. [Ps. lxxiii. 3.]
20	Tu	Our days upon earth are a shadow. Job viii. 9.
21	W	Let him take the water of life freely. [xxi. 17.]
22	Th	How oft is the candle of the wicked put out. Job
23	F	I have set before thee this day life. Deut. xxx. 15.

24	S	In Him was life. John i. 4.
25	S	26th S. after Trin. <i>As dying, and behold we</i>
26	M	<i>live.</i> 2 Cor. vi. 9.
27	Tu	As chastened, and not killed. 2 Cor. vi. 10. [39.]
28	W	Wilt thou lay down thy life for My sake? John xiii.
29	Th	A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth. Luke
30	F	xii. 15.
		ance of the things which he possesseth. Luke
		St. ANDREW. He being dead yet speaketh. Heb. xi. 4.

LORD, it belongs not to our care
Whether we die or live;
To love and serve Thee is our share,
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, oh, make us glad
The longer to obey;
If short, no labourer is sad
To end his toilsome day."—Baxter.

"AND now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in Thee." I have positively no expectation from any other quarter; and from the Lord I hope everything that infinite tenderness, power, and wisdom can effect, and I expect more than words can express. "Who is a God like unto Thee?"—Rev. T. Nettieage.

The sea ebbs and flows, but the rock remains unmoved.—Rutherford.



Drawn by N. B. STOCKER.

[Engraved by J. D. COORMA.]

THE WAY HOME.

"I will arise and go to my Father."



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The Way Home.*

"I WILL arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his Father."—*St. Luke xv. 18-20.*



RETURN, return,
Poor, long-lost wanderer,
Home;
With all thy bitter tears
And heavy burdens come:
Worn with sorrow, stained with ill,
There is One who loves thee still.
Lo, the Father comes to meet thee,
And from mercy's opening door
Words of life and promise greet thee;
Ah, return, delay no more.

Return, return
From strife and tumult vain
To quiet solitude
And silent thought again;
Then the storms shall sink to rest
That now war within thy breast.
Lo! the Spirit long neglected,
Waits with joys before unknown,
And the Saviour, long rejected,
Claims to seal thee for His own.

Return, return
To thy long-suffering Lord;
Fear not to seek His grace
And trust His faithful word;
Yield to Him thy weary heart;
He can heal its keenest smart.
He can soothe the deepest sorrow,
Wash the deepest guilt away;
Then delay not till to-morrow,
Seek His offered love to-day.

Return, return
From all thy wanderings Home;
From vanity and toil
To rest and substance come.
Come to truth from error's night,
Come from darkness unto light,
Come from death to life undying,
From a fallen earth to heaven:
Now the accepted time is flying;
Haste to take what God has given.
T. HASTINGS.

* Our Frontispiece is one of a Series which will appear in "*The Day of Days*" for 1878 as illustrations of the Editor's work entitled "The Way Home; or, The Gospel in the Parable: An Earthly Story with a Heavenly Meaning."

This volume has passed through several editions and reached a circulation of about twenty thousand copies. But being now out of print, as the cheapest possible mode of re-issue, it will appear during the year in "*The Day of Days*." Although in the book form it contained three hundred pages, and originally sold for 3s. 6d., it will only fill about ninety of the magazine pages; so that the cost in its new form will scarcely exceed fourpence—an example of the marvellous cheapness of magazine literature as compared with the cost of book production. The first chapter, "The Prodigal's Choice," will be given in "*The Day of Days*" for January.

“Only Once”; or, Rose Benson and Robin Lethbridge.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF “THE HOUSE ON THE WOLD,” ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

“WAIT.”



FATHER!”

The good blacksmith turned quickly from his work at the sound, and the ruddy light from the forge fell upon the drenched, weary figure, in which it was hard to recognise his little Rose.

“Father, I am come home,” she said, falling into his open arms. “I am tired—so tired,” and with a sigh of relief she laid her head upon the broad, stalwart breast, where she felt herself at home.

“Why, whatever is the matter with the child? She is as white as a sheet, and as cold as charity. My Rose, my pretty one, what is it?”

But Rose was too much exhausted to speak, and her father carried her in his arms out of the forge into the cottage, where the woman who had looked after him in Rose’s absence was on her knees before the fire, trying to persuade it to get up a blaze enough to boil the water for supper.

“Here, make way!” said the blacksmith, “and just run over to the Vicarage, and tell the good lady there my child is ill. Rose! Rose, my dear! look up. What did you come home so sudden for?”

The woman gave one prolonged stare at the wan white face, and bustled out of the cottage to do Jack Benson’s bidding.

Mrs. Tyndall was not slow in coming. No message to succour and help those in trouble was ever sent to her in vain. She was always ready, always tender and kind. When at last Rose opened her eyes, and consciousness returned, she asked her no questions, and only ministered to her with the sympathy which instinctively knows what is wrong without words.

Rose was at last laid in her own little white bed; and after a draught of warm cordial, her shivering was succeeded by burning heat. Rheumatic fever set in, and a long and painful illness followed.

Rose was wholly unused to sickness; her healthy, vigorous frame had hitherto never known an ache or pain; and the discipline was a hard one. Weary days, and still wearier nights of suffering, reduced the bright, blooming girl to the shadow of her former self. Her father would look at her with wistful, sad eyes, and then turn to brush away the tears, and say to one constant inquirer who night and morning never failed to come to ask for news of the one on earth most dear to him: “She is no better, Robin. She is fading away like a flower before my eyes.”

The long, dreary winter passed, and tokens of spring began to show themselves in the hedge rows: the “palm” put forth its soft, mouse-like buds, and the rooks began to think of their nests. Mrs. Tyndall was with Rose, and was reading to her in a soft, low voice. Presently she shut the book, and said:—

“Will you not come downstairs to-morrow, Rose? Your father is so anxious to see you there again, and Mr. Snow does not think it would hurt you.”

“I like being up here best, ma’am,” Rose said, “out of the way of every one. And what could I do if I came down? The least bit of needlework tries me so that I fall asleep over it, and then my legs have no more power in them than a baby’s.”

“The power is more likely to come with an effort; and besides, Rose, I think you should do what you can to cheer your father—think how he loves you. There is another, too, who is always coming here and longing to see you. Won’t you speak a kind word to him?”

Rose was silent for a little while, and then she said:—

“If it is right I will come down to-morrow. I dare say father can carry me now. I am not very heavy,” she added, with a sad smile. “I want you, please, ma’am, to write a letter for me, and to put this inside—it is a little thing Mr. Hylton wore on his watch-chain, and gave me when he left us. Will you please say I wish him well, and that I could not answer his letter while I was ill,

and that I could not even now hold a pen. Say what is right and best, ma'am; you know what I mean; I can't bear to talk of it, even to you, but I have told God all about it. How near He has seemed to me, and how I have almost heard His voice, lying all alone up here, thinking of the past! I do think, ma'am, all those books I read did me a world of harm, made me discontented with my life, and made me think how nice it would be to be a lady, with grand things, and jewels, and—I wish to say this because I do think those novels did me more harm than Mr. Hylton did. He was very kind to me, and he said I did him good, and that he would give up bad words to please me. It was only my own folly to suppose,—to think,—there could be any thought in him for me beyond. One of the novels I read to him told the story of a village girl who walked many miles to see a gentleman; and I had a craving to see Mr. Hylton again—you know the rest. It all came upon me with a sudden flash in church that Sunday night. God was very good to speak to me as He did, and show me I was in danger."

Presently Rose added with sudden earnestness: "How kind and patient, too, you and the Vicar have been to me, and you have taught me so much. Now, please, ma'am, I never wish to speak of all this again; it is quite over now, and if ever I get well I hope I shall be a good, useful daughter to my poor father. For his sake, I wish to live. I think——"

Mrs. Tyndall did what Rose requested; and the few dignified words in which she delivered Rose's message were like a nail driven in a sure place. And from that evening Mr. Hylton's name was never mentioned in the blacksmith's cottage.

Rose was carried downstairs the next day, and was not so tired as she expected. Two or three days added to her strength, and her father was fast regaining his cheerful spirits. He might be heard whistling over his work in the forge, and giving a cheery good-day to his customers who brought a horse to shoe or the tire of a wheel to mend.

It was a sweet spring afternoon, when the western sunshine was lying across the common, and the first brown bees were out

in search of flowers, that the blacksmith came in from the forge, and said:—

"My Rosebud, there's some one outside who would like to see you. Will you let him come in? Do, there's a good lass, for he has been so heavy-hearted about you."

The bright colour came to Rose's face, and she said hastily:—

"Not Robin Lethbridge, father."

"And why not Robin?" her father replied. "Don't say him nay, Rosie."

"Very well," she said; "but he must be told how I am—I mean, how ill I have been."

"As if he did not know. Why, Rose, his heart has been well-nigh broken about you, that it has."

The blacksmith strode down the garden again, and said to Robin, who was standing by the forge:—

"She'll see you, my boy; she'll see you; but don't flurry her; she is very weak, and soon upset."

Robin's faithful heart throbbed violently as he turned towards the cottage door.

"Shall I come with you?" the blacksmith called out.

"No, thank you. I'd sooner go alone."

How he had longed and hungered for this moment! And now it was come he almost shrank from it. His rap at the door was answered with "Come in;" and pushing it open, he entered slowly and softly.

Rose was on her sofa, in a half-sitting position, supported by cushions. Pain had left its mark on her; and Robin, whose experience of illness was very small, was quite unprepared for what he saw. Somehow there seemed a wider gulf than ever between them, and this fair, pale girl now looked, as her father said, as if a breath of wind would blow her away.

She held out her little thin hand to him, and he took it in his big rough one, brown with labour and exposure to the weather, but he could find no words. As we know, he was always slow of speech; and now his emotion nearly choked him.

"Sit down, Robin," Rose said. "I am much better," she added, for she saw his lips were quivering. "When I can get about I shall be quite well. I can stand now," she said cheerfully; "and I mean to try

to walk across the room very soon. How is your mother?" she went on, as Robin was still mute; "do thank her, with my love, for all the beautiful things she has sent me while I have been ill; and thank you, too, for bringing them, and coming so often to ask about me."

"It has been hard to know I could do nothing for you," Robin got out at last in a husky voice; "but I thank God you are better."

"Yes," Rose said simply and solemnly; "God has been very good to me. I have learned to love Him, Robin, since I have been ill; you will be glad to hear that, I know."

Was he not glad? Did he not feel that his prayers were answered for her?

"Rose," he said,—the dignity of his manhood and of his simple direct nature asserting itself,—*"to me, who love you better than anything in the world, this is good news. The best I could have. Oh, Rose, do you think you'll ever come to me—ever be my wife?"*

But Rose turned her face away, and said, not daring to look in his,—

"You would not be the better for having me, Robin,—a poor weak girl who would only be a trouble. No, Robin, it is not for me to think of being any one's wife. So don't speak of that."

"Well, I won't speak of it any more now then; but I will wait God's time. Yes, I will wait, praying that the day at last shall come when I may say you are mine."

As Robin spoke, his face was shining with a noble and tender emotion; and when Rose looked at him she wondered she had never thought before what a fine face his was—a face where the love of the God whom he served had shed abroad its peace—a peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

"Yes, I will wait," he repeated solemnly as he took one of the little wasted hands in his and kissed it; "and the Lord knows what is best."

* * * *

And he did wait; patience had its perfect work. And Rose lived to know the blessedness of being the wife of such a man as Robin Lethbridge.

God prospered him in the bag and the store. And before the young mistress went to Brookside Farm, the house had been greatly enlarged and beautified.

"Rose was always 'Sunday's child,'" some of the Hatherley people said; "for though she may be a bit lame, what is that when your husband lets you ride a nag, and drives you in a gig, just like a lady?"

"Rose is quite well," Mrs. Tyndall said to the blacksmith, one bright summer afternoon. "I have just come down from the farm, and I have brought this little basket for you."

Mrs. Tyndall had stopped by the forge in her little pony carriage and handed out the basket of fresh eggs and cream to Jack Benson.

"Your daughter bids me say," Mrs. Tyndall continued, "that she hopes you will go up to Brookside very early on Sunday to breakfast, before morning service."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am, I am sure, for taking the trouble to bring this," the blacksmith said, as he received the basket with a pleased smile. "My Rose deserves to be happy, she is a good daughter and a good wife; and if I do feel it a bit lonesome sometimes, and wish I could see her tripping across the common as she once did, I try to think she is well off with a husband like Robin, and his mother so took up with her that nothing is too good for her; and, in my opinion, I think she is about right."

"I think so too," Mrs. Tyndall said warmly. "We look upon your Rose as Hatherley property, and are all proud of her."

Then, with a smile and good evening, Mrs. Tyndall touched her pony with the whip, and drove towards the Vicarage gate.

The blacksmith stood where she left him, with the little basket in one hand, and his paper cap in the other.

"Bless her! she is happy, though she's almost a cripple, and has the look of a fading flower at times. Still, care and time may do much."

Rose Lethbridge would indeed never more trip across the common with a step so light that the daisies scarcely felt its pressure; never more would her glad ringing voice sound like an echo of the merry little brook as it went trickling on its way. The bright

active girl, with erect figure and head so proudly carried, was gone.

In her place was a subdued, gentle woman, whose step was feeble and slow; for the rheumatism had taken too firm a hold on her legs ever to be relaxed again. Her face was pale, and her voice very low and soft.

On this evening she is seated in the pretty porch before the farm with her work, over which her fingers fly as swiftly as of old. Presently her eyes are raised from her work, and a winning smile greets her husband as he comes up the hill with a parcel in his hand.

"You are home early, dear," she says, folding up her work.

"Not too early, I hope, for you, Rosie. See, I have brought you this from Burnley market."

"Another book; how kind you are!"

"'Oliver of the Mill.' Oh! I shall like it, I know. 'Thank you, Robin.'"

She raises her face to his for a kiss; and then how tenderly he puts his arm around her, and she leans on him as they turn into the house.

"I am getting so strong," she said. "I have been in the dairy to-day, and churned for ever so long. Mother says the butter is turning out first-rate; and I have made your favourite cakes for supper."

"You are wonderful," he replied proudly; "but don't go and over-tire yourself when I am not here; that vexes me. Now you are to sit still while mother gets the supper."

"Yes, sit still, Rosie, my dear; you have done enough for one day," said the good mother, bustling in. "But it does my heart good to see you able for it; that it does."

Then Robin brought the chair and the cushion in from the porch, put the footstool under his wife's feet, and, bending down, gave her another kiss.

"Our Father is very good to us!" she whispered. "Am I too happy?"

"Was *he* too happy?" he repeated, as he left her to take a last look over the place for the night. A strange pain smote him as he thought what it would be if he lost that wife who was dear to him beyond all words. Then he went to his unfailing Refuge, and committed her to the Lord, who loved her better than he could love her, and with whom he knew she was safe—safe for life and death.

So we leave them in their happy home, where, with the dews of evening, the peace God gives to His own children descended and brooded like a dove, serene and calm, tender and true—a peace bought for us by Him who gives it—and His parting legacy to His people.

THE END.

Little Foxes and the Tender Grapes.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE WRONG TRAIN;"
"BENEATH THE CROSS," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW SHALL I CONQUER?



"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes."—*Song Sol. ii. 15.*

OW shall I conquer? It is no easy question to answer. For though we may flatter ourselves that our foes are not so formidable because they seem to be little ones, yet their name is Legion. We have to battle with innumer-

able hosts of these crafty marauders. They are like wasps in a hot summer, when it is said, if you kill one, half a dozen come to the funeral. So it is with the foes of the vineyard. We cannot reckon up one of a thousand. In these papers I have selected a few specimens—Indolence, Selfishness, Indecision, Love of Money, Love of Dress, Envy, Murmuring, and the like; yet these

are but a few out of many. Multitudes beside are close at hand to attack us when they may. At all times, by all sorts of devices, at every possible inlet, they are ready to fall upon us and do us an injury. We might speak of errors creeping into the Church of God and destroying the purity of the faith, or of doubts as to the truth of God's Word which are so perilous to many souls. We might speak of the questionings of our unbelieving hearts as to the dealings of God in Providence, or the fulfilment of His gracious promises. We might speak of those unchaste and unholy thoughts which defile the soul, or the various evil tempers which disturb the quietness of home life. Whole tribes and armies of these our enemies are round about us, and ever seeking to do us a mischief.

But again we ask ourselves, How shall we conquer? It is said,—“There is no royal road to learning,” and so I would say, *There is no royal road to victory.*

I mean, there is no new and easy way by which we may dispense with pains and effort and trouble. We must follow the old paths that the saints of God have ever taken. We must take the lamp of truth in our hands, and learn the means which God hath appointed for this purpose, and then struggle on with courage and hope.

And there is encouragement in doing this. God hath promised us the victory. “Sin shall not have dominion over you.” “He shall subdue our iniquities.” “He will bruise Satan under your feet shortly.”

Only follow the directions of the Word and you may expect a conquering life now, and a final and complete conquest by and by. The vineyard shall be cleared, your foes shall be slain, and tears and trials and temptations shall be no more.

Perhaps we might be able to sum up our duty and our strength in this matter in one direction:—“*Build two new walls for the protection of the vineyard.*”

The old fence has too many gaps and breaches. In the life of the past there has been too little New Testament Christianity. There has been too much of the spirit of the world. There has not been the love, the reality, the zeal, the earnestness, the walking after the example of the Master, that there should have been. Hence it has been an easy thing for the foxes to make their way in and do great damage to such fruit as was found. But let us build, by God's grace, two new walls, and these will do much toward keeping off the enemy.

Our first wall must be *more Full Confidence in the Power and Grace of Christ.*

We must exercise more faith, and exercise it continually. We must learn to know the all-sufficiency of Christ's Almighty power, and the nearness of His help to all who rely upon Him.

Two passages of the Word should ever be linked together in our memories:—the one we may call the lock, the other the key; the lock,—“Without Me ye can do nothing;” the key,—“I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.”

It is only by true, lively, constant faith, that we can possibly overcome the temptations which in such various forms the world presents to us. “This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?” (1 John v. 4, 5). And when we read the wonderful narrative of God's heroes in Heb. xi., and the conflicts in which they triumphed, though all the powers of earth and hell were leagued against them, may we not learn the secret of victory in our conflict with the less prominent evils of which we chiefly speak?

It was by faith they conquered, and by faith we must conquer also. We must put forth our faith in moments when temptation is strongest. We must have faith to assure ourselves that Christ is with us, by our very side, according to His promise. We

must have faith to believe that His way is better than ours when the path looks dark and dreary. We must have faith to believe that He can lift us up and hold us up when we are falling, and restore us when we have sinned. We must have faith to commit our souls to His keeping, and to rest in His faithfulness and love.

It was the saying of a Christian woman who had many sorrows and many fears:—"I live upon that word of Christ, that He will 'in no wise cast out' those who come to Him. A hundred times a day I pray myself out of my own keeping into the keeping of Jesus."

Here, then, is one means of safety. We must trust the Saviour and trust Him fully. We must trust Him to ward off, by His mighty arm, the temptation which is too strong for us, and to strengthen us inwardly by the power of His Spirit. We must trust Him to cheer us with the consolation of His presence, and to give us needful help in every duty we have to perform.

"Oh, help me, Jesus, from on high,
I know no help but Thee;
Oh, help me so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be."

But with this we must add another safeguard. We must build another wall. We must exercise *Humble, Prayerful, Watchfulness against every form of evil.*

We must watch against evil that comes through the intellect as well as through the heart. We must guard against sceptical doubts and ensnaring errors. Through an increasing knowledge of Scripture, we must gain fuller confidence in its perfection and glory, and be able more clearly to discern the false views that would turn us from it.

We must refuse to act contrary to God's will in any matter, however much pleasure or profit the temptation may promise. We must rather tread a path of briars and thorns in the way of duty, than a path strewn with roses if it be a way of sin.

I have often thought of a lesson that may be taught us by a few words of the first Napoleon; it had reference to his second marriage. Paying no regard to the plain command of God, or the terrible sorrow he inflicted on one who had been faithful to him for above fifteen years, he divorced Josephine and married the young Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria. He expected that the marriage would tend to the strengthening of his dynasty; but it turned out just the other way. It was one cause amongst many of the overthrow of his dominion. And in his later days he saw it and spoke of it. "That marriage," said he, "was the cause of my destruction. In contracting it I placed my foot on an abyss covered over with flowers."

Ah, how many do the same thing! The path of pleasure or of worldly ambition, the eagerness to be rich, the tasting of the forbidden fruit of some sinful self-indulgence, the choice of an attractive companion whose influence is against all that is holy and good—how often something of this kind proves to be an abyss covered over with flowers. On the surface you see the flowers; there is much that is pleasant to the eye and gratifying to the natural tastes. But look beneath. There is a depth into which you may fall; bitter remorse, a wretched home, the loss of all true peace, a hopeless grave, a dark, dark hereafter,—yes, this may be the abyss into which you may be beguiled.

Therefore, if you would be safe, watch continually. Never think of any sin as if it were but a little one. The greatest misery may lurk beneath a single thought of evil cherished in the heart.

And whilst you watch, *pray* also.

"Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down—
Watch and pray."

And your prayers will be answered. You will be kept from evil. You will be

enabled to pass through things temporal so that you lose not the things eternal.

Watching unto prayer, relying upon the mighty arm of the Saviour, humbly treading the path of the cross, you need fear nothing. Temptations there may be, small and great; a legion of foes may desire your destruction, but the Good Shepherd will keep you to the end. Protected by His

tender care you shall never perish, neither shall any pluck you out of His hand.

"Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy; to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and dominion for ever and ever: Amen."

Going Home.

BY THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., AUTHOR OF "WOOD-NOTES AND CHURCH BELLS," ETC.



IRIED with the burden of the day,
The labourer plods his homeward way,

And bends beneath his fagot-load,
While snow conceals the accustomed road.

But yon red home-light cheers his eye,
And tells of rest and comfort nigh;
And a white splendour from above
Falls at his feet like heavenly love.

O blessed lights of Home and Heaven,
To weary mortals kindly given;
They brighten with the gathering gloom,
And fainting hearts with hope illumine.

That window with its ruddy glow
Shines, like a star, across the snow,
Or, like a finger, beckons home
The hands that toil and feet that roam.

Londesborough.

While yon fair moon through cloudy rifts
By God's command a glory lifts,
Which bids the wanderer look on high
And seek a Home beyond the sky.

Thanks be to God for that dear light
Which cheers us through this earthly night:
I mark it shining from afar,
'Tis Heaven's sweet Sun and Bethlehem's Star.

What though I bend beneath the weight
And burden of this mortal state,
I gather courage when I see
The radiant Love which died for me.

In patience now my load I bear,
And homeward with fresh hope I fare,
Nor suffer once my eyes to stray
From Him who is my lightsome Way!

Home Words:

REMEMBERED AND FORGOTTEN.

BY SAMUEL B. JAMES, M.A., VICAR OF NORTHMARSTON.



OW can Home Words be remembered and forgotten too? What are Home Words? How may Home Words be forgotten? How can we most easily remember

Home Words? If we get through these questions and answers, then our title will have been pretty well earned.

Question I. How can Home Words be remembered and forgotten too?

Answer to Question I. They may be remembered by A and forgotten by B. Everybody knows A, that thoughtful, duti-



GOING HOME.

[Drawn by C. O. MURRAY.]

O blessed lights of Home and Heaven,
To weary mortals kindly given;

They brighten with the gathering gloom,
And fainting hearts with hope illumine.

[See page 274.]

ful son of anxious parents, who remembers his father's parting words and consults his mother's parting gift. That parting gift was a "Lantern," simply. I wish I could quote places from which texts are taken as well as the words of texts of Holy Scripture.

And everybody knows, or at least everybody in the village knows B, that scapegrace, who is always in difficulties through forgetting the "home words" of his father and mother, nearly as good and quite as much to the point as those of B's.

Most people, again, know C, how he thrives through *forgetting* some "home words" that, though they are uttered in a so-called "home," are not of the home, homely, but of the wild and the waste, injurious and deadly.

And once again, here and there a villager and townsman has sad knowledge of D, who remembers "home words" so-called, words of wicked cursing and rebellion against Providence, to his loss and grief.

But there is another answer to Question I. We may remember at one time, and forget at another. We may also, underneath much outward forgetfulness, hear the still small voice of memory struggling to be heard in its mournful undertone of reproach or expostulation.

And now for Question II.—What are Home Words?

They are not necessarily "homely words," because, unhappily and incorrectly, we only apply the word "homely" to what is considered lowly; and we have not only "the cottage homes of England," but the "stately homes of England." "Home words" are words that belong to our homes below, as holy words are words that belong to our home above.

But these Home Words are not merely words made of the letters of the alphabet. There are those pictures,—are there not?—that used to hang over the mantelpiece; that one, flanked on each side by

letter racks, those two in the old "parlour" before everybody had drawing-rooms and dining rooms; that pretty water-colour of the girl playing bo-peep, that used to hang by the side of the bedroom door. Why, you could scarcely keep from tears, my friend of forty, fifty, sixty years of age, if suddenly brought face to face with those never-forgotten "home words." I am no more sure that those pictures of an innocent childhood will not be reproduced to the discomfort of lost sons and daughters in the dark ages to come, than Luther was sure (when little children asked him) that there will be no toys and pastimes in the kingdom of heaven.

Oh, that word *pastimes*! of the earth, earthy, transitory, shifting, unprincipled. What unsatisfactory words get into common use, and put on a respectable face, and make themselves useful and indispensable!

Garden walks are "home words," and so even are garden walls. Everything that reminds us of a home we have, or a home we once had, is a home word. And I should be glad to establish the position that oaths and curses, though made up of letters of the alphabet, and uttered within the four walls called "home," are not home words. They may be house words, number nineteen Baker's Alley words, cottage words, mansion words; but never "home words."

Question III. How may Home Words be forgotten?

We grant, on both sides,—the reader's side and my side,—that it is a sad and often a bad thing to forget "home words." How may that event easily happen?

Running away from home gives no escape from the memory of "home words"; though running away from home is an evil and conscience-searing deed of shame. I do not and cannot think that in all cases "absence makes the heart grow fonder;" nor, on the other hand, does it help a man

into forgetfulness of the "home words" that will reproach him in season and out of season for his misdeeds and shamefulneses.

"Homewords" are often forgotten through contempt. The young are apt to think themselves wiser than their parents, and to think of their parents as "well-meaning, but too fond of checking and restraining you." Home words are tyrannical, are they? well, wait and see. Although easily forgotten now, they will come up again by-and-by, and will seem some day, perhaps, both kind and wise.

Question IV. remains to be answered; and really it suggests that, insomuch as scarcely anybody wishes to *forget* Home Words, there was not much need of that Question No. III. But we like to be methodical. Question IV., then, is, How can we most easily *remember* Home Words?

Surely, by heeding them when they are spoken, and fostering their after-growth. Seed carefully sown in ground carefully prepared, is likely to take root. Sons and daughters can make their own hearts into greeneries and ferneries and vineries of the choicest description, socially and morally, if those hearts are "led by the Spirit" religiously.

"Home words" are home teachings, home leadings, home safeguards, home links, if once they become firm and lasting home memories. "There is no place like Home!" and if that is more than a pretty sentimental speech, to be uttered in a pretty sentimental voice; if we believe that there is no place like our own home or our children's home, then we shall not be likely soon to forget "home words."

All that has thus far been written is about "home words" in the plural number. Now I would fain write a paragraph or two about "Home Words" in the singular number.

Why, that's home *word*, of course! No;

not of course, and not in this instance home word. "*Home Words*" is a periodical as "*The Times*" is a newspaper, although *words* and *times* are of the plural number. I had a deep meaning, kind and courteous reader, in distinguishing "*Home Words*," the periodical from "home words" and parental memories, rather by a mere difference of number than by a wide difference of sense.

"*Home Words*," the magazine, is now getting to be an old friend, and to look at its readers with eyes which ask:

"Suld auld acquaintance be forgot?"

Its Editor would, I am very certain, welcome—does welcome, indeed—all home and fireside and other such associations. Right glad would he be, and would the humblest of his fellow-workers be, to know that among some wayfarers whose parental home has been broken up,—as all homes must be in this changeful world,—there would be the feeling, "Well, we have our '*Home Words*' in the singular number, though we've only the memory of our 'home words' in the plural number. It comes regularly with its words of good cheer, to remind us that we have brothers and sisters still, earthly relatives still."

And especially may it be so in parishes, now so many in number, wherein "*Home Words*" is localized. The "old parish" can send its message so, to all the islands and continents, all the straits and settlements, all the colonies and dependencies, wherein our sons and daughters go to live and die, and cast longing looks back to the Fatherland, the well-remembered "house where we were born," the never-forgotten "Home where we used all to live together." No place like Home, dear readers and friends; and no place to say so and feel so like a page of

"HOME WORDS."

We thank our warm and genial friend who has so well expressed our editorial

feelings and desires. We had hoped to insert, as in former years, a report of our

work and its progress; but our space is pre-occupied. Our readers will be glad to know that our report would have been a record of continued advance in the circulation of our three Home Magazines—*The Fireside*, *The Day of Days*, and *Home Words*. *The Fireside* is now entering upon its fifteenth year. *The Day of Days* is a Sunday magazine similar in size, type, and illustrations to *Home Words*, and we shall be glad for them to be inseparable companions. *Hand and Heart* has established its position as an *Illustrated Family Newspaper* of the highest class. The most satisfactory evidence of the reception awarded to it is found in the fact that more than 4,000,000 copies have been issued since January, 1876.

It must not, however, be thought that we

are disposed to "rest on our oars." As we have often said, "Whatever circulation we obtain we shall always aim to double it;" and certainly the need for effort is as great as ever. Pernicious literature still abounds. We could give facts and statistics that would startle our readers. But the question that concerns us is—"What can we do?" In the words of Bishop Thorold, "To deplore the evil and do nothing, is but the silly whimpering of a feeble and dishonest sentimentalism." St. Paul's method is the only reasonable one: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

The mission is a glorious one. The past is full of encouragement. With God's blessing, "without which nothing is strong," let us aim at greater things in the future.

THE EDITOR OF *Home Words*.

Man the Life-boat.



IN the life-boat! man the life-boat!

Help, or yon ship is lost!

Man the life-boat! man the life-boat!

See how she's tempest-tossed!

No human power, in such an hour,

The gallant bark can save;

Her mainmast gone, and, hurrying on,

She seeks her watery grave!

Man the life-boat! man the life-boat!

See the dread signal flies!

Ha!—she has struck, and from the rock

Despairing shouts arise;

And one there stands, and wrings his hands,

Amid the tempest wild;

For on the beach he cannot reach

He sees his wife and child!

Man the life-boat! man the life-boat!

Now ply the oars amain!

Your pull be strong, your stroke be long,

Or all will yet be vain.

Life-saving ark, yon doomed bark

Immortal souls doth bear;

Nor gems, nor gold, nor wealth untold,

But men, brave men, are there.

Speed the life-boat! speed the life-boat!

O God! their efforts crown!

She dashes on—the ship is gone

Full forty fathoms down;

Ha!—see—the crew are struggling now

Amid the breakers' roar—

They're in the boat—they're all afloat—

Hurrah! they've gained the shore!

RESCUE.

A Christmas Lesson.

GIVING is a test of receiving. The unfilled cistern cannot possibly overflow. A man seeking to impart grace

to the souls of others, has at least some proof that he has received grace for his own.



"SPEED THE LIFE-BOAT!"

Life-saving ark, yon doomed bark
Immortal souls doth bear;

Nor gems, nor gold, nor wealth untold,
But men, brave men, are there.

England's Martyr-Bishops.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK.

VII. THOMAS CRANMER: ARCHBISHOP AND MARTYR.

(Continued from page 250.)



THE death of Edward VI. was to Cranmer and the other Reformers the beginning of sorrows. By his will Edward disinherited his half-sister Mary, and devised the crown to Lady Jane Grey. Cranmer objected to this, preferring the succession of Mary, according to King Henry's will. Being, however, persuaded by the entreaties of his friends, he signed the document in favour of Lady Jane, and thus became compromised.

On the accession of Queen Mary it was reported that Cranmer said mass in Canterbury Cathedral. This rumour he at once contradicted in an elaborate paper. A copy of this paper was taken, and being reproduced in print throughout London, became the basis of accusation against him. The truth was the Queen owed him a terrible grudge, as the person who had brought about the divorce of her mother, and to whose influence the change of religion was chiefly attributable.

Cranmer was, accordingly, in due time summoned before the commissioners, and was ultimately sent to Oxford as a prisoner, in company with Latimer and Ridley. This was in April, 1554. Cranmer passed through the same disputations, and on the same questions, as detailed in our papers on Ridley and Latimer; and he too was delivered up to the custody of the Mayor of Oxford. These three godly bishops remained in prison till the following year, when the next steps of the process were taken against them.

It must be noted here that the persecuting laws of Henry VIII. and the preceding reigns had been repealed by Edward VI., and there was therefore no law of England

by which these men could suffer. The charge of treason had been withdrawn, and only that of "heresy" remained, and this before a Papal Court, which none of the prisoners recognised.

In Cranmer's case, he being a metropolitan, only the authority of the Pope could give sentence. A court was accordingly formed, presided over by Brooks, Bishop of Gloucester, with Martin and Storey as Royal Commissioners. The Commission sat at St. Mary's, and Cranmer was summoned to appear before it. On being brought up to the court, he first looked toward the Queen's Commissioners, and put off his cap and bowed his knee first to the one and then to the other. He then looked toward the Legate and put on his cap. Being remonstrated with for this, he answered that his oath would never permit him to acknowledge the Pope's authority in England, and added, "Neither would I have appeared this day before you, but that I was *brought* hither."

The process was somewhat different from that in Ridley and Latimer's case. Cranmer was ordered within eighty days to appear at Rome, being under the Pope's jurisdiction alone to deal with. This he assented to, if he would be permitted to go to Rome. But he was not so permitted; he was not allowed to leave the prison; and when the eighty days were expired, and he had not appeared at Rome, he was pronounced contumacious, and was accordingly condemned. A papal decree was issued (by Paul IV.), and on its arrival in this country (Feb. 1556) a new commission was appointed, consisting of Thirlby, Bishop of Ely, and Bonner, Bishop of London. The order of the Pope gave full powers to the court, and detailed the process which had been adopted

at the court in Rome. It stated that witnesses had been examined and counsel heard *on both sides* (!), and that nothing was wanting to the defence of the accused. On hearing this, Cranmer exclaimed with considerable and very justifiable warmth:—"O Lord, what lies be these! that I, being continually in prison, and never suffered to have counsel or advocate at home, should produce witness, and appoint my counsel at Rome! God must needs punish this open and shameless lying!" The Commission then proceeded to deprive and degrade him, to place him under excommunication, and deliver him to the secular authorities: and all this "without appeal."

Cranmer, however, did appeal, but of course in vain. His appeal was to the next general council. The Council of Trent had already held sixteen of its sessions, and was just at that time suspended for an interval which lasted for the space of ten years, 1552-62.

And now a cloud falls! and let us say or think as we may, it was a cloud, and a dark one too. It was on this wise. Cranmer had now been for three years a prisoner. So far he had witnessed a good confession. His comrades, Ridley and Latimer, had already, four months before, set a brave example. His enemies gathered round him, and urged him to recant, and save his life; and, in order the more easily to win him they relaxed his chains, and had him to the Dean's house at Christ Church, and here "He lacked no delicate fare, played at bowls, had his pleasure for walking, and all other things that might *bring him from Christ*." By promises and blandishments they wrought upon his broken spirit; they held the world and its vanities before his dazzled eyes. The former days of his power and wealth beckoned him back; the temptation was too strong for him; and—"tell it not in Gath"—but it has been told, and trumpet-tongued, it has been published all the world over,—Cranmer fell!

His recantation was brief but full—a complete renunciation of his faith. A succession of further submissions followed after his first abjuration; the breach, once made, became wider and wider, until, like a desolating flood, the foe entered, and the conquest was complete. And straightway it was in every man's mouth, circulated far and wide, that the great standard-bearer had fallen.

What shall we say about this? Nothing but woe and grief and sorrow; scarcely a bright spot to relieve the darkness! We can only say, as Fuller said of Bishop Jewell, when he too in a weak moment subscribed a false faith,—“To conceal this fault had been partiality; to excuse it, flattery; to defend it, impiety; to insult over him, cruelty; to pity him, charity; to be wary of ourselves in any like occasion, Christian discretion.”

And yet, for all this, Cranmer was not allowed to live; and then, perhaps, in the exercise of his freedom, like Bilney, again to provoke the death-sentence and wrath of his enemies. Amends, indeed, he made; but these were deprived of their grandeur and glory, for the end had come and could not now be averted. The Queen relented not; the recantation did not save his life; Cranmer was still condemned to die. And although this was the darkest page of all in his eventful life, yet he was given grace and fortitude at the last to deliver his soul, if not his body, as a prey from their teeth; and in the confession of a true faith he was enabled at last to die.

It was on the morning of the 21st of March (1556) that Cranmer was led forth for martyrdom. A great procession passed from the prison to St. Mary's. Dr. Cole preached the sermon, and Cranmer was the observed of all observers. The Martyrologist (Foxe) does not spare him: There on a stage, before the people, stood the archbishop, metropolitan, primate of all England, a privy councillor withal, in a bare

and ragged gown, with an old square cap, exposed to the contempt of all men, now in prayer, and now in tears—a spectacle for all men.

The sermon over, Cranmer snatched the little vindication that was yet within his grasp. At the last his spirit revived, and, drawing a paper from his bosom, he proceeded to read it in the hearing of the people. After delivering a profession of his faith, he proceeded,—“And now I come to that great thing which so much troubleth my conscience, more than anything that ever I did or said in my whole life; and that is, the setting abroad of a writing contrary to the truth; which now here I renounce and refuse, as things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death, and to save my life if it might be. . . . And forasmuch as my hand offended, writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall first be punished therefore; for may [if] I come to the fire, it shall first be burned.”

Cranmer had thus far delivered his soul of its heavy weight, when the crowd cried out, “Stop the heretic’s mouth, and take him away!”

He was taken to the place where Ridley and Latimer had suffered; an iron chain was

fastened round his waist, the fire was kindled, and, stretching out his arm, he thrust his right hand into the flame, saying, “This unworthy right hand!” “This was the hand that wrote it,” said Cranmer, “and therefore it first shall suffer punishment.” He stood steadily in the flame, the fire burned rapidly; and then saying, “Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,” he breathed his last, and his spirit went up to God who gave it.

I cannot refrain from appending to this narrative the following words of Mr. Froude (vol. vi., p. 429) on the last days of Cranmer:—

“Thus perished Cranmer. He was brought out with the eyes of his soul blinded, to make sport for his enemies, and in his death he brought upon them a wider destruction than he had effected by his teaching while alive. . . . The Court had overreached themselves by their cruelty. Had they been contented to accept the recantation, they would have left the archbishop to die broken-hearted, pointed at by the finger of pitying scorn; and the Reformation would have been disgraced in its champion. They were tempted by an evil spirit of revenge into an act unsanctioned even by their own bloody laws, and thus gave him an opportunity of redeeming his fame, and of writing his name in the roll of martyrs. The worth of a man must be measured by his life, not by his failure under a single and peculiar trial.”

“A Merrie Christmas.”

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, AUTHOR OF “UNDER THE SURFACE,” ETC.



MERRIE Christmas to you!

For we “serve the Lord with mirth,”

And we carol forth glad tidings

Of our holy Saviour’s birth.

So we keep the olden greeting

With its meaning deep and true,

And wish “a Merrie Christmas

And a Happy New Year to you!”

Oh, yes! “a Merrie Christmas,”

With blithest song and smile,
Bright with the thought of Him who dwelt

On earth a little while,

That we might dwell for ever

Where never falls a tear:

So “a Merrie Christmas” to you,

And a Happy, Happy Year!



The Young Folks' Page.

XXXI. THE CAROLLERS.



UNDERNEATH my window,
Where the snow lies white,
I can hear sweet voices
Singing in the night:
As the night-wind varies,
So they rise and fall,

In this quaint old carol

Joining one and all:—

"In the East a grey light

Prophesies the morn;

Up, and hail the daylight—

Christ the Lord is born!"

Ah, that quaint old carol,

Well its words I know,

First sung in the village

Long, long years ago!

In the growing daylight,

Many a time and oft,

Have the dark woods rendered

Back its burden soft:—

"In the East a grey light," etc.

As a child, how often,

Till the midnight dim,

Have I waked and waited

For that Christmas hymn—

Heard the footsteps coming,

Heard them stop beneath—

For the burst of music

Watched with bated breath:—

"In the East a grey light," etc.

Simple words of wisdom,

"Christ the Lord is born!"

Up, then, and be doing

On the Christmas morn!

Up, and raise the fallen!

Up, and aid the poor!

Keep for all your fellows

Open heart and door!

"In the East a grey light," etc.

"Up! if one have wronged thee,

Be the wrong forgiven!

Up! if any love thee,

Render thanks to heaven!"

So my heart interprets

This old melody,

That beneath my window

Voices sing to me:—

"In the East a grey light

Prophesies the morn;

Up, and hail the daylight—

Christ the Lord is born!"

XXXII. LITTLE KINDNESSES.

To draw up the arm-chair and get the slippers for father; to watch if any little service can be rendered to mother; to help a brother; even to leave an exciting game of ball, to show your sister how to get over a hard place in her lesson—how pleasant these little kindnesses make home!

A little boy has a hard lesson given him at school, and his teacher asks him if he thinks he can get it; for a moment the little fellow hangs down his head, but the next he looks brightly up. "I can get my sister to help me," he says.

That is right, sister; help little brother, and you are binding a tie round his heart that may save him in many an hour of dark temptation.

"Sister, I've dropped a stitch in my knitting; I tried to pick it up, but it has run down, and I can't fix it."

The little girl's face is flushed, and she watches her sister with a nervous anxiety, while she replaces the naughty stitch.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she says, as she receives it again from the hands of her sister, all nicely arranged. "You are so kind, Mary."

"Bring it to me sooner next time, and then it won't be so bad," says the gentle voice of Mary. The little one bounds away with a light heart to finish her task.

Brothers and sisters, "Love one another" is a good Christmas lesson. Learn it well, and ask God to help you to practise it all the year round. C. B.

THE BIBLE MINE SEARCHED.



We hope many Sunday-School Teachers will arrange to receive answers to these Bible Questions from their scholars during each current month. Probably a Prize would stimulate interest. Answers are not to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. W. B. LEWIS, M.A., VICAR OF ST. GEORGE'S, WORTHING.

THE KINDNESS OF CHRIST.

What remarkable instances of this do we find as exhibited,—

1. To a father;
2. To another father of high rank;
3. To a Jewish mother;
4. To a Gentile mother;
5. To several mothers;
6. To a father and mother;
7. To two sisters;

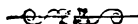
8. To a son-in-law and daughter;
9. To a sick man's friend;
10. To a dumb man's friend;
11. To a kind master;
12. To a perplexed host?

ANSWERS (See November Number).

OLD TESTAMENT CALLINGS.

The instances referred to last month will be found as below:—

1. David. 1 Sam. xvi. 1, 11-13.
2. Moses. Exod. iii. 1, 2, 10.
3. Amos. Amos vii. 14, 15.
4. Elisha. 1 Kings xix. 19-21.
5. Gideon. Jud. vi. 11-14.
6. Jehu. 2 Kings ix. 1-6.
7. Abram. Gen. xii. 1-3.
8. Saul. 1 Sam. ix. 15-20.
9. Joseph. Gen. xli. 14, 39-45.
10. Jephthah. Judges xi. 3-6.
11. Samson. Judges xiii. 5.
12. Jonah. Jonah i. 14, 15; iii. 1, 2.



LIGHT
 FAITH
 HOME
 GRACE
 LIFE

Sun.—1st day.
 Rises 7.48. Sets 3.52.
 DECEMBER.
 Moon.—New, 4th, A. 10.4.
 Full, 20th, M. 11.51.

JOY
 PEACE
 LOVE
 HOPE

GIVING AND RECEIVING.



His
 Divine power
 hath given us all things.

2 PET. I. 3.

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| 1 | S | Who giveth food to all. Ps. cxxxvi. 25. |
| 2 | S | Advent Sun. I will come again. John xiv. 3. [26. |
| 3 | M | There shall be showers of blessing. Ezek. xxxiv. |
| 4 | Tu | He giveth medicine to heal their sickness. Ps. cxlvii. |
| 5 | W | The Lord gave him favour. Gen. xxxix. 21. [3. |
| 6 | Th | Your heavenly Father will give the Holy Spirit. |
| 7 | F | God giveth wisdom, and knowledge, and joy. |
| 8 | S | It is more blessed to give than to receive. Acts xx. 35. |

It is
 He that giveth
 thee power to get wealth.

DEUT. viii. 18.

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| 9 | S | 2nd S. in Ad. The grace of God that bringeth salvation. |
| 10 | M | She hath done what she could. Mark xiv. 8. [17. |
| 11 | Tu | God giveth us richly all things to enjoy. 1 Tim. vi. |
| 12 | W | He giveth more grace. Jas. iv. 6. [18. Pa. lxviii. 19. |
| 13 | Th | Blessed be the Lord who daily loadeth us with bene- |
| 14 | F | Thou givest them their meat in due season. |
| 15 | S | Give us day by day our daily bread. Luke xi. 3. |
| 16 | S | 3rd S. in Advent. Your redemption draweth nigh. |

GOD
 SO LOVED THE
 WORLD, THAT HE GAVE HIS
 ONLY BEGOTTEN

SON.

St. JOHN III. 16.

The gift
 of God is eternal life,
 ROM. vi. 23.

Through
 Jesus Christ our Lord.
 ROM. vi. 23.

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| 17 | M | Give, and it shall be given unto you. Luke vi. 38. |
| 18 | Tu | Many brought gifts to the Lord. 2 Chron. xxxii. 23. |
| 19 | W | As every man hath received . . . even so minister. |
| 20 | Th | There is that scattereth, yet increaseth. Prov. xi. 24. |
| 21 | F | He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord. |
| 22 | S | He will pay him again. Prov. xix. 17. [Prov. xix. 17. |
| 23 | S | 4th S. in Ad. I will receive you unto myself. John |
| 24 | M | God loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Cor. ix. 7. [xiv. 3. |

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| 25 | Tu | CHRIST DAY. A Saviour which is Christ the Lord. Lu. ii. |
| 26 | W | St. STEPHEN. The Lord will give grace and glory. [11. |
| 27 | Th | St. JOHN. Ye have done it unto Me. Matt. xxv. 40. |
| 28 | F | LYNCHES. I will give you rest. Matt. xi. 28. |
| 29 | S | Use hospitality one to another. 1 Pet. iv. 9. |
| 30 | S | 1st S. after Christ. Thanks be unto God for His |
| 31 | M | unspeakable gift. 2 Cor. ix. 15. |
| | | Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Rev. xxii. 20. |

AS they offered gifts most rare
 At that manger rude and bare;
 So may we, with holy joy,
 Pure and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring,
 Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

In the heavenly country bright
 Need they no created light;
 Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
 Thou its Sun, which goes not down;
 There for ever may we sing
 Alleluia to our King.

IF sin were better known, Christ would be better thought of.—Marson.
 "Ye are not your own: ye are bought with a price." Oh that Christ had His own!—Rutherford.
 He only who forgets to hoard, has learned to live.—Kebels.

